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NEAR HOME:

OR,

THE COUNTRIES OF EUROPE DESCRIBED.


T. BOLTON Sc.

NEAR HOME;

OR, THE

COUNTRIES OF EUROPE DESCRIBED.

WITH ANECDOTES

AND

Numerous Illustrations.

THE WORLD WHICH GOD MADE
OUGHT TO BE GOVERNED
BY THE BOOK WHICH HE WROTE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THE PEEP OF DAY,"
ETC., ETC.

Fifty-first Thousand.

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PREFACE.

SUPERFICIAL, incomplete, trifling! Such is the true character of this book. *Inaccurate* we hope it is not; but errors, in spite of care, may have crept in; and the world, old as she is, would not sit still for her picture. But why superficial, incomplete, and trifling? Because it is intended for a race of beings whose taste must be consulted.

Some maintain that by reading solid books children will become solid. The physician is not on their side: he prescribes milk for babes, and an inspired apostle has sanctioned the prescription. 1 Cor. iii. 2.

Is not the *desire* for useful knowledge the best preparation for its acquisition? And how is the desire to be imparted? By endeavouring to render knowledge attractive. When once the desire is excited, the chief difficulty of the teacher has vanished, and now the child will

learn more *without* a teacher, than before *with* one. Now he will relish dry books, and dip into deep books, and feed on solid books. The little work which first won his fancy is cast aside as superficial, incomplete, and trifling; but it has served its purpose.

It is not with the hope of superseding solid works that this little prattler is sent forth. Primers, Outlines, and Introductions, Digests, and Epitomes, frown not on the upstart, nor deem it an intruder; Gazetteers, Cyclopædias, and Geographical Dictionaries, regard not with contempt your humble pioneer, nor call it a pretender. Those who read *it* will soon cast it aside to consult *you.*

Children are not always to remain at school, nor in the school-room; and if while there they get a distaste for knowledge—facts, rules, tables, lists, lines, axioms, and accidence, though become so familiar by weekly recapitulations, will slip out of their minds in a few years, and habits of application be broken in a few months. If teachers could be convinced that every lesson, in which a child, however it has increased its knowledge, has increased its *dislike* for knowledge, is a lesson worse than lost,—then they would consider not only how *subjects* ought to

be treated, but *pupils.* There are many who do great justice to their subjects, while they do great injustice to their pupils. The nature of the one is understood, but not the nature of the other.

Are the usual plans of education successful in developing intelligence? How is it, then, that while the elements of all the sciences are taught to children, it is not rational treatises nor true histories that are most in demand by adults—but—but—Novels?

Under the common system we often find—the younger the child the more reasonable the creature. Every year which adds to its knowledge seems to diminish its sense. What can be the reason of this result? Does it not arise from administering knowledge in a form unsuited to young minds? Because we have the power to *make* them learn, it is forgotten how desirable it would be to make them *delight* in learning: yet, unless that wish be excited, all the pains of teacher and pupil will be thrown away, and some untaught youth who *has* the wish and has gratified it in precious moments, stolen from the last, the loom, the plough, and the anvil, will outstrip boys and girls who have won prizes, and worn medals, and distinguished

themselves at public examinations and exhibitions.

But while it is desirable to pursue the right path to knowledge, it is *much more* desirable, nay, it is absolutely necessary, to remember that the attainment of secular knowledge is not the end of life. The service of God is that end, and knowledge is valuable, because it is an admirable tool with which to work for our Heavenly Master. In this little book, the attempt is made at every turning to instil religious principle, and to show that the world which God MADE ought to be governed by the Book which He WROTE.

"To desire to know—to know, is CURIOSITY.

"To desire to know—to be known, is VANITY.

"To desire to know—to sell your knowledge, is COVETOUSNESS.

"To desire to know—to edify one's self, is PRUDENCE.

"To desire to know—to edify others, is CHARITY."—*St. Bernard.*

"To desire to know—to glorify God is RELIGION."—*Added by a saint seven hundred years afterwards.*

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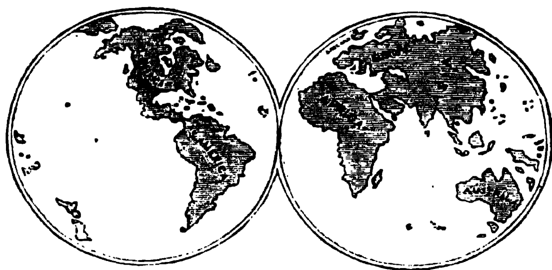
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NEAR HOME.

PART I.



THE WORLD.

WHAT is this I hold in my hand? It is very small, not much bigger than an orange; yet this little thing is like the great world in which we live. The world indeed is very big. Look out of the window. You see a little piece of the world; but you cannot see it all.

There is another world you can see—I mean the moon.

It is hung up above the sky. There is nothing under it to keep it from falling. It is God who keeps it where it is.

This world in which we live is like the moon. It is round like the moon. There is nothing under it to keep it from falling, yet it does not fall.

But we know a great deal more about this world than we do about the moon. We do not know the name of one place in the moon; but we know the names of many places in this world.

At the beginning of this book there is a map of the world. But the map is flat, and the world is round. A map is not as much like the world as a globe is—but then we cannot put a globe into a book.

Look at the map.

Some of it is dark and some is white. The dark part shows you where the land is, and the white part shows you where the water is.

Is there most land or water in the world?

Oh, most water, a great deal.

There is one large piece of land called Europe; there is another called Asia; another called Africa; another called America. Now these four great pieces are called the four quarters of the world.

There are a great many little pieces of land with water all round, and they are called islands.

The top of the map is called the north.

The bottom is called the south.

The right side is the east.

The left side is the west.

ENGLAND.

Would you like to see the piece of land in which you live?

Is it England?

Look for it. See, it is one of the islands. It is close to Europe.

Can you tell me anything about England—Is it a pleasant land?

Yes; I think it very pleasant.

What makes it pleasant?

It is not very hot, nor is it very cold. In some countries it is so hot that the green grass is withered and made brown by the sun. In some countries it is so cold that no trees will grow. But in England there is fresh green grass, and high-spreading trees. Still I must say one thing against England: the air is sometimes so thick with fogs that you cannot see across the land.

What kind of fruit grows on our hedges? Not oranges,—but blackberries.

What sort of birds perch in our trees? Not the green parrot,—but the robin-redbreast.

What sort of beasts are found in our woods? Not fierce wolves,—but playful squirrels.

What sort of cottages do the poor people live in?

In cottages with windows and chimneys, and a room up-stairs, and sometimes a little garden in front full of gay flowers.



English Cottage.

What sort of people live in England ?

The children usually have light hair, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks ; but their hair grows dark as they grow older. Many people have fair, round, blooming faces, and stout, strong limbs—but only those who live in the country.

The English are reckoned a happy people, because they are well treated by the Queen and the great lords. People are not put in prison unless they do wrong, and no one is killed unless he first kills another.

But the best of all is, that in England there are many Bibles. The people may learn about

God, and about His Son the Lord Jesus Christ, and about that heavenly place where saints and angels dwell.

It was not always so. Once the people in England worshipped idols of wood and stone, but now every child there may say—

> "I thank the goodness and the grace
> Which on my birth have smiled,
> And made me in these Christian days
> A happy English child."

SCOTLAND.

This country is joined to England. Look for it on the map. It looks like a big head, and England looks like the body. It is a great deal prettier than England. There are hills which reach to the clouds, covered with yellow broom and purple heath. English boys would soon be tired of climbing these high hills, but the Scotch laddies run up and down the steep hills, as you would run up and down stairs. There are stout, rough little ponies, on which you might ride among the hills.

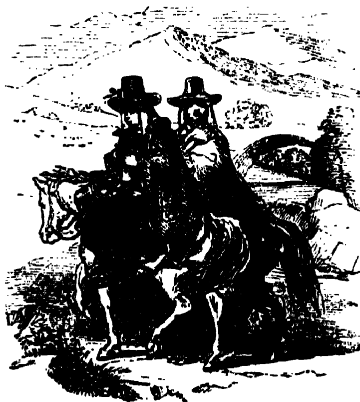
Scotland is colder than England, yet the poor children run about without shoes and stockings. You cannot hear the noise of their steps, even

on the pavement, because their feet are bare. Women as they walk in the country often carry their shoes and stockings in their hands to keep them clean, and they put them on before they come into the town.

The Scotch are fond of reading; but they are fond also of drinking whisky, a sort of spirit which hurts their health.

WALES.

This country is joined to England. It looks like the hands of Old England.



Welsh Market-Women.

It is, like Scotland, full of high hills and running streams trickling down their sides. There are many sheep feeding on the fine grass among the hills. Of their wool the Welsh make very fine flannel. They spin it, and then knit it into stockings, and caps, and into wigs for poor old men. The women ride to market on ponies, knitting as they go, wrapped in their long blue cloaks, and wearing beaver hats to keep off the rain.

Our Queen's eldest son is called the Prince of Wales; his name is Albert. The people at church pray for him every Sunday. May God bless him, and make him a good man.

England, Scotland, and Wales, are joined together, and are one piece of land with water all round. This land is called Great Britain. The people who live there are called British. If you are an English child, you are British as well. Scotch and Welsh children are British too.

IRELAND.

This country lies close to Great Britain, but it is not joined to it. Water runs between.

Ireland is an island, Great Britain is an island. Which is the bigger of these two

islands? Does not Ireland look like the little sister of Great Britain?

I said there were fogs in England. Now I tell you there are bogs in Ireland. It rains so much that there are places called bogs, where the earth is quite soft and ready to give way when trodden upon. Sometimes a horse and its rider have sunk down into a bog, and never been seen again.

But the rain does good as well as harm. The grass is very rich, and is fit for fattening cattle. There are many black bullocks fattened there, then killed, and made into salt beef. The fresh grass makes Ireland look so green, that it has been called the "Emerald Isle," for there is a green jewel called an emerald.

But if I were to tell you all about Ireland it would make you very sad. There are many poor people there who cannot get food enough to eat. They plant potatoes in their little gardens, but often the potatoes are spoiled by the wet, and there is a famine. The cottages are called cabins; they are miserable places, with a hole at the top through which the smoke goes out, and plenty of holes all over through which the rain comes in. The bare earth is the floor, and straw the bed. When there is a pig, he has the best place by the fire; and why? Once a stranger saw a pig lying by the fire in an Irish

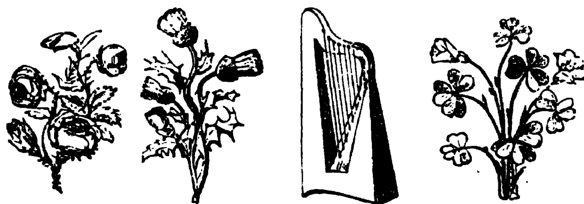
cabin, and he said to the poor man—"Why do you let the pig lie in that good place?"

"Has he not a good right to it?" said the poor man. "Does not he pay the rent, please your honour?"

How is that? how can the pig pay? When he is fat he is sold to pay the rent.

Great Britain and Ireland have the same Queen to reign over them, and they are all called one kingdom.

Each of these countries has a sign, which people often put on their seals to show which country they come from.



The rose is the sign of England.
The thistle is the sign of Scotland.
The harp is the sign of Wales.
The shamrock is the sign of Ireland.

FRANCE.

There is only a little piece of water between England and France. France is warmer than England. More fruit grows in France; there are apple-trees on the sides of the road, and there are fields full of grapes. Any one may pick the apples as they pass along. Wine is so common that poor people drink it.

But the French are not as steady as the English. They are fond of talking, and laughing, and dancing. The women dress very fine, and pay a great many visits. The French are not fond of staying at home.

Their religion is the Roman Catholic. I have been in a church in the evening, and have seen the poor people kneeling on the stone floor saying their prayers. They do not pray to God alone, but to the Virgin Mary as well, and to the apostles and other men. When they see an image they bow down to it, though God has said, "Thou shalt not bow down to it."

SWEDEN.

This is a very cold country. Wheat will not grow well in it, but oats and rye will grow. The poor people eat oatmeal-cakes and black rye-bread. Sometimes they cannot get even that, and are obliged to eat hard bread made of the bark of trees. Then they pluck off the straw from the thatch to feed their horses. They have little horses, and they are very kind to them. When strangers make their horses go too fast, the poor Swedes cry. When a Swede goes a journey, he puts a string of rye-cakes round his horse's neck, and when he stops to rest he eats some himself, and gives his horse some.

The poor people live in houses painted red, with grass growing on the top. The women wear red jackets, and the men wear red caps.

There are beautiful large lakes in Sweden, with forests of fir-trees. There are also mines of the best iron in the world. You would tremble to go down into the chief iron mine, for there is a ladder down into the deep pit slippery from ice. If your foot were to slip you would be dashed to pieces.

NORWAY.

There are many mountains which divide Sweden from Norway. Yet the same king reigns over both. They are called one kingdom. They have the same religion; it is not the Roman Catholic, it is like ours. Norway is more beautiful than Sweden, because it has more mountains.

The poor people keep goats. The goats are fond of climbing up high places. Sometimes a goat gets into a narrow place among the rocks, and cannot get out. When the goat's master knows this, he desires his friends to tie a rope round his own body, and to let him down from the top of the rock till he comes to the place where his poor goat is standing, and then he takes it in his arms, and calls to his friends to draw him up again. He will take all this trouble to save his goat.

The little boys delight in climbing among the rocks; there they may be seen in their red caps with their bare legs.

I said there was iron in Sweden. In Norway there is something more precious, (though not more useful,) I mean silver.

Both in Norway and Sweden brandy is too much liked; even at breakfast it is drunk, and before dinner and after dinner.

LAPLAND.

This country is even colder than Sweden and Norway. It is just on the north of those countries, and has the same king to reign over it. The Laplanders are very short, for the cold stops their growth. They are often called Lapps, and that is a good name for such little people.

Corn will not grow in Lapland. I do not know what the people would do without their reindeer. It is a pretty sight to see these fine creatures milked in the evening. They come bounding and leaping along from the hills. Our cows come heavily and steadily along. But while the reindeer are being milked, they are made to stand still, for the men hold them fast by a rope tied round their fine horns. Then the girls come with their pails to milk the beautiful animals.

You see the reindeer are as useful as cows. They are like horses, too, for they can draw the Lapps along in carriages made like boats, which slide over the snow. But the reindeer cannot carry their masters on their backs, for though their legs are strong to draw, their backs are too weak to carry. They are so gentle, that a Lapp can drive fifteen at a time. The bridle is not put in their mouths, but tied to their horns.

The creatures will gallop for thirty miles without stopping.

Do you want to have some of these reindeer here? But what would you give them to eat? Grass would not do. Where would you find the white moss in which the reindeer delight.

Some Lapps are poor, and have no reindeer. They have a way by which they can go as fast as the deer, though not so far. They slide along the snow in skates. These skates are narrow pieces of wood as long as a man. In these the Lapps seem to fly down the hills. They can



Laplanders Skating.

overtake the bears. They know where to find them by the marks of their feet in the snow. When they overtake a bear, they knock him so hard a blow on the nose as to stun him, and then they kill him.

But the best use the Lapps make of their skates is to fly to church. There are very few churches, and the Lapps have many miles to go. Some in sledges, and some in skates, arrive at church. But when there, they are apt to go to sleep. A man walks up and down with a stick rapping on the ground, to wake the sleepers, and if that does not rouse them, he raps on their heads.

A little while ago the Lapps did not know who made them or who died for them, but the King of Sweden sent missionaries to teach them.

SPAIN.

This is a land where the sun shines, a land of oranges, and figs, and grapes. There is one sort of wine made in Spain, which is often seen in England. Have you ever seen two bottles of wine on the table, one white and one red? The white wine is called Sherry, and it comes from Spain. How pretty the oranges must look peeping amongst the dark green leaves! How sweet the white blossoms smell! The orange-trees would die if they were not watered, for it is very dry in Spain. There are very sandy

plains, where you would faint beneath the hot sun. A dry country suits sheep, and there are numbers of sheep in Spain. Their wool makes very fine cloth called merinoes, and is used for ladies' winter gowns.



Spanish Sheep.

There are pretty cats in Spain, with very soft hair; pretty dogs called spaniels; goats browsing among the mountains, and excellent donkeys; and there are mules, which are larger than donkeys, but have long ears like them. On the mules and donkeys you can ride safely on the steep mountains. But beware of the robbers; they are fierce, and often kill people.

Their religion is Roman Catholic. The people are idle, love dancing, and dressing, and playing on the guitar, better than working or reading.

PORTUGAL.

This country is very much like Spain: and it is so close to it, you would have thought they were one kingdom; but they are not. But though Spain and Portugal are not one kingdom, they are very much alike—as much alike as if they were sisters. There are the same sorts of beautiful trees and flowers, the same sort of miserable houses and ignorant people. The language is not the same in each country, yet it is like.

But in Portugal everything is worse than in Spain. The people are idle, and do everything badly, excepting they make good wine called Port. That is the red wine you see on the table with the sherry of Spain.

A poor man in Portugal carries a long pole in his hand, taller than himself, and with it he drives his bullocks.

Observe the shape of Spain and Portugal, they make one piece of land, and there is water *almost* all round, but not quite. That sort of land is called a pen-in-su-la, or "almost an island."

ITALY.

Do you see this piece of land at the bottom of Europe? Do you not think it something like the shape of a man's leg? It is called Italy. Is Italy an island? It has not water all round it, but it has water *almost* all round it. It is called a peninsula.

It is hot, for all the countries in the south of Europe are hot; but it is not as hot and dry as Spain. Why not? It is narrow, so that the sea is near to every part, and the sea air cools it. There are very high mountains running down all the middle, and where the mountains are the clouds gather and the rain comes.

Italy, like Spain, is full of fruits and flowers. Like Spain, too, it is full of ignorant people. They sing sweetly, and draw beautiful pictures; but they do not read the Bible.

There is a man in Italy called the Pope. That word Pope means papa, or father. The Roman Catholics say that he is the father of all Christians. They say that he can do no wrong, and that he can pardon sins. They worship him as if he were God, yet he is only a man. When one Pope dies another priest is made Pope. Once a-year people meet together to kiss his

great toe. Do you laugh? It would be better to cry. How much God must be displessed to see a man worshipped! The Roman Catholics are called Papists, because they worship the Pope. Are you a Papist? No, I hope you are a Protestant. What is a Protestant? He is a person who does not believe that the Pope can forgive sins.

Do *you* believe that the Pope can forgive sins? The Pope is only a man. How can a *man* forgive sins? None but God can forgive sins. Jesus shed His precious blood to wash out our sins. He *can* forgive your sins. Ask Him to forgive you, and He will.

GERMANY.

This is the middle part of Europe. It is not so damp and rainy as England.

The people are industrious. They work harder than any other people in Europe.

Like the English, they can make useful things well. They make clocks and watches, knives and swords, cups and plates. Like the Scotch, they love reading and writing. Like the Italians, they love music and singing.

Germany is not one kingdom: it is divided

amongst many kings. Some of the kings have very few people to govern. One of them has an army of only one hundred soldiers. Some of the kings are Protestants and some are Papists. It was from one of the Protestant kingdoms that our Prince Albert came. He was the son of a king. He came over and married our queen. He was a good and wise prince, but he died in the flower of his days. He has left us four princes and five princesses. The eldest is called Albert after his father.

SWITZERLAND.

This is the most beautiful country in Europe, It is the high mountains that make it so beautiful. Their tops reach far beyond the clouds. There are also large pieces of water called lakes. There are pretty wooden cottages among the mountains, and little boys who take care of goats.

Higher up still there is a kind of deer called the chamois. There are men who hunt them for the sake of their flesh, and skin, and horns. It is a dangerous employment. The hunter sets out in the night, that he may be in time to find the flock of chamois feeding in the morning on the sides of the mountains. He hides himself

behind a rock and shoots. But sometimes the chamois see the hunter coming; for there is always one standing on a high rock watching while the rest are feeding. If the watcher sees a man he makes a sort of whistling noise, and all run to the high place and look,—then they gallop away to the mountains. All day the hunter clambers among the rocks, often cutting steps with his hatchet for his feet. At night he sleeps on the snow, and next morning watches to see the chamois coming down from the mountain-tops. If he kills one he returns home with joy; but often his little children watch for him in vain, and he is found at last lying frozen on the ledge of a high rock, or dashed to pieces at the bottom.

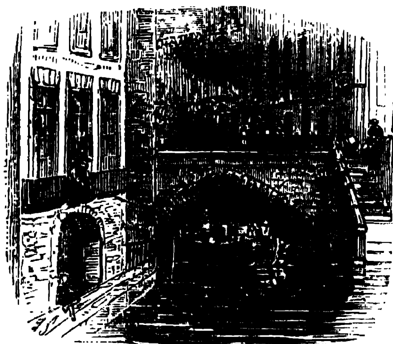
Travellers are often frozen in the snows—but there are clever and large dogs, who go out with a man to look for the dying people, and to bring them to a warm place.

There is no king in Switzerland. In some parts of Switzerland the people are Papists, and in some parts Protestants. Every one remarks that the Protestants are the cleanest, and most industrious, and most cheerful people in Switzerland.

HOLLAND.

I told you last of a country full of mountains; now I am going to tell you of a country without any mountains—a country flat like a dish. Do you think it is a pretty country? No, it cannot be pretty, nor pleasant. It is very wet and unwholesome.

The people of Holland are called Dutch. They are a very industrious people. They make their wet land as dry as they can by digging deep ditches and canals for the water. The canals are very useful. They are like roads



Street in Holland.

from one place to another. Often may you see a boat in a canal and a horse by the side drawing the boat and trotting along. This is a slow but quiet way of travelling. There are canals in

the street, and I have heard of gentlemen who have been able to fish in the canals as they sat in their parlours. They have put long fishing-rods out of the window and drawn out the fish.

The Dutch are very clean. They scrub their brass pans till they shine like gold. If they did not rub them a great deal the damp would spoil them. They are very fond of smoking. Women smoke as well as men. I believe it is the damp air which makes them delight so much in their pipes. They cannot talk while they are smoking; but they are not like the French, fond of talking and laughing: they are very steady, quiet, and grave.

What sort of animals are there in Holland? Not goats, for they like to inhabit mountains. Not many sheep, for the land is too wet for them. Not many horses for riding; but strong horses to draw the boats slowly along; and plenty of cows to eat the fine fresh grass. There are very obedient dogs, which draw little carts full of fish along the streets.

The favourite bird is the stork. It is a tall bird with very long legs, a very long neck, a very long beak, and a small head. No wonder the Dutch love it; it is so useful. With its long legs it can walk in the marshes, and with its long beak can seize the croaking frogs. When it walks in the streets it eats the dead rats and mice, and so helps to keep the streets

clean. The storks make no noise, yet they are playful creatures, and have been known to play at hide-and-seek with children.

RUSSIA.

I am now going to tell you about the largest country in all Europe. I need not say *which* it is, for you can find that out yourself by looking in the map. See how very large it is. The lower part of it is hot, but the upper part is very very cold indeed. You have never felt such cold as the people sometimes feel in Russia. I know your little fingers have sometimes ached with cold, but they would have been quite frozen in Russia, if they had not been wrapped up in very warm fur gloves. In Russia, people are often frozen to death. The drivers on the tops of wagons are often found lying dead.

The Russians are not as happy as the little Lapps, for in Russia there are many rich lords who are very cruel to the poor people. They treat them like slaves; they beat them when they are angry; and take away their things whenever they please.

The chief lord of Russia is not called King, but Emperor, and he does whatever he likes. He can put people in prison whenever he is displeased.

TURKEY.

Of all the countries in Europe I should like least to live in Turkey.

And why? Not because it is ugly like Holland, for it is beautiful; nor because it is cold like Lapland, for it is warm and pleasant; but because it has such a bad religion. It is not the Roman Catholic religion—that is a sort of Christian religion; the religion of Turkey is not a Christian religion; it is called Mohammedism. There was once a wicked man called Mahomet, and he pretended that God sent him to teach people; but he was a false prophet, and he taught people lies and wickedness.

The king of Turkey is called the Grand Seignior. He does whatever he pleases. He has a great many wives. He lives in a beautiful palace. He keeps a number of deaf and dumb men in his palace as his servants. They cannot disturb him by talking, and they cannot hear what he says. He has also dwarfs and black men in his palace. The servants he likes best are black dwarfs, who are deaf and dumb.

The Turks are very fine, handsome men, with black hair and black eyes, and pale complexions, and fine noses. They dress in large loose pelisses, and they wear turbans on their heads.

They lead an idle life. In summer they spread

a carpet on the ground under a shady tree, or by the bank of a river, and spend hours in silence, sitting with their legs across, smoking or chewing opium. They have nothing good to think of, and they throw away their time. This they call happiness. Perhaps you want to know what opium is. It is the juice of the white poppy. It is dried in the sun, and cut up into small pieces. The Turks like to chew it because it makes them feel half asleep; but it is very unwholesome, and takes away the mind by degrees and makes the body grow weak.

Many of the Turks can read, but it is a bad book which they read; the Koran which Mahomet wrote.



Turkish School.

It is curious to see a Turkish school. There are no schools for girls—only for boys. The

school-house has no walls, and this makes it cool. The children sit cross-legged on little mats, with their books in their hands; while the master sits in the midst with a great stick in his hand, ready to beat any one who looks off his book. The unhappy little tribe are learning to repeat by heart, sentences out of the Koran. How different are those sentences from the texts taught in our English infant-schools! There is no such verse in all the Koran as "Suffer little children to come unto me," or "He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."

GREECE.

Look at the land at the bottom of Turkey. It is called Greece. It is a charming country; but who would like to live so near the Turks?

The Greeks have found it very unpleasant. Many of the Greeks have been obliged to hide themselves from the Turks among the rocks and mountains, and many of them have turned robbers. But now they have a king of their own, and they are not as ill-treated as they used to be.

The Greeks have not the same religion as the Turks. They are called Christians, but they are

not Protestants. Are they Roman Catholics? No, they do not mind the Pope of Rome. They are like the Russians, and their religion is called the Greek religion. It is very much like the Roman Catholic religion. The Greeks worship saints and bow down to pictures.

English people often go to see Greece. And why? Is it to see the beautiful rivers and mountains that they go? Not only to see them, but for another reason. A great while ago there were in Greece marble palaces for kings and temples for idols, and they are fallen down and



Greek Ruins.

lying upon the ground. People come from far to look at them. The great stones and broken pillars peep out among the long grass. There the goats browse and sport together. Who can be sorry that the idol temples are fallen down?

Does anything useful come from Greece?

Yes, silk, for there are many mulberry-trees for the silk-worms. The sweetest honey comes from Greece, because there are so many sweet-smelling herbs there, such as thyme and rose-mary, and bees suck the sweetest juices out of these plants.

Have you ever eaten plum-cake? But are those plums in the cake? No. Are they currants? No, they never grew on currant-bushes. They are grapes—very small grapes. Why then do we not say grape-cake instead of plum-cake?

PRUSSIA.

After having told you of warm and beautiful Greece, I am going to tell you of damp and flat Prussia. It is not so damp or flat as Holland, but it is colder. It is colder than England. Shall I tell you why? In Prussia the north wind passes over the snows of Sweden and Russia. Now the north wind in England passes over the sea, and the sea is warmer than snow. And why is Prussia so damp? Because there are many marshes and forests. If the marshes were drained and the forests cut down, Prussia would not be so damp. There is a way of draining marshes by cutting little ditches in them, for the water runs out of the land into the ditches.

I suppose you do not like Prussia. Yet it is a better country to live in than beautiful Greece, for it is a Protestant country. The people are taught to mind what is written in the Bible. There is a king and there are good laws. All the children are obliged to learn to read. They must go to school at seven, and stay there till fourteen. In England parents may do as they please about sending their children to school, and some parents do not send them at all.

POLAND.

You see how near Poland is to Prussia. Like Prussia it is cold and damp, and more flat and ugly. There are forests with wolves, and foxes, and bears; but there are no mountains.

Are the people happy? Oh no! It has no king of its own. Russia has seized Poland and treats it ill.

How did it become so miserable? There were many proud lords who were unkind to the poor. There were no schools for the poor children. No one cared for them. The lords spent their time in feasting, and so at last the enemy came and took away their land.

The rich Poles were fond of riding—they scarcely ever walked. When a poor man met

a lord, he made a bow so low that his head touched the ground. An English ploughman touches his hat when he passes a lord or gentleman, and that is enough to show respect, without bending down as if he were worshipping God.

The houses of the rich people are very grand, but the poor people live in wretched huts; only straw to sleep on—no knives, nor forks, nor spoons—fingers will do to eat rye-bread. No candlestick—a slip of wood of the fir-tree serves for light. Often the horse lives in the hut. The poor men wear a coarse linen shirt and trowsers, and for a winter cloak a sheepskin with the wool turned inside. Their boots are the most curious part of their dress. They are made of the bark of trees. How different from the elegant dress of a Polish lord!—his cloth pelisse lined with fur, his fur cap and yellow boots, with a sword by his side. But many of those lords are now wandering far from home, without money or lands.

HUNGARY.

This country is much warmer than Poland. The cold winds that blow so hard in Poland do not reach Hungary. And why not? Because

there is a long chain of mountains on the north, which keep off the cold winds. Yet in Hungary there are forests and marshes. In the forests there are wild beasts. The damp air from the marshes hurts the health of the people.

Once in England there were forests and marshes; but the English are industrious, and they have made fields and built towns all over the land. The people of Hungary are not industrious; they are like the Poles—the rich are fond of feasting—the poor are idle and miserable.

The Poles have an enemy—it is Russia. The Hungarians also have an enemy—it is Turkey. Those people who live near Turkey are much afraid. They dare not live in cottages which stand by themselves, or two or three in a row. They live in large villages, and when ploughing time comes they leave their homes, and go to the fields and live in small huts. And when harvest-time comes they do the same till all is carried, and then they return to their villages. They do not put the corn into barns, but into holes in the ground. And why? That the Turks may not find it and steal it. Sometimes they go and hide themselves in the holes with their corn. See how cruel the Turks are to their neighbours on each side of them—the Greeks and Hungarians.

Hungary is not as beautiful as Greece; though

there are many sweet spots in it—woods full of flowers, and fruits, and flowing brooks. It is a very fruitful country. There is delicious honey made from sweet-smelling herbs. There is the best wine in the world, called Tokay. There are no grapes like those of Hungary; the people say that the worst wine of Hungary is better than the best wine of France: but this is not quite true. Everything grows well in Hungary, but the people do not take pains. In Scotland, in Switzerland, in Holland, the land is not fruitful, but the people take pains. The wagons in Hungary are clumsy too, and their spades would make you laugh, for the handles are twice as long as your papa is tall.

Like the Poles, they dress in sheepskin cloaks. They wear them very short, only just reaching below the elbow. They never leave them off, not even in summer. The men wear hats with round crowns, and they plait their long black hair, and let it fall down their shoulders. Every one wears gay colours, such as red and blue. Gentlemen sometimes wear a feather in their fur caps.

Their Religion is the Roman Catholic. They have no King of their own, but they are under a great Emperor, called the Emperor of Austria. Austria is in Germany.

BELGIUM.

This is a little country. It is flat like Holland; but not nearly as flat. Once it was barren. There were only sands covered with heaths and furs: but now it is full of fine corn-fields.

What is growing in that purple field, which smells so sweet?

It is clover, of which horses are so fond. The horses are well fed in Belgium. The wagons, the carts, and ploughs, are not like those of Hungary. They are neat and well made.

Hungary is a good land, but the people let it grow bad. Belgium is a bad land, but the people make it good by taking pains.

The women are busily employed in making lace. The little girls begin to learn at five years old. They must begin early, for the thread they use is so fine that it takes a long while to learn how to make lace without breaking the thread.

Belgium, you see, lies just between France and Holland. Which is it most like? Holland. The people, too, are industrious, like the Dutch, but the religion is like that of the French: it is the Roman Catholic. You will not be surprised to hear that they like the French, while they

hate the Dutch. They speak French also, and follow the French fashions and customs. But they have a king of their own.

DENMARK.

What a strange shape this country is! It is like a neck. There is water almost round it, so it is called a peninsula, like Spain and Greece. There are large islands close to the shore, which are part of Denmark. It is a good thing for a country to have sea-shores. Poland has no shores. How can she have any ships? Holland has some ships. England has many ships. Denmark once had many ships; but they were destroyed—and now she has only a few.

Denmark is flat like Belgium, but the people have not taken so much pains to make the land fruitful. Besides, it is much colder in Denmark than in Belgium. In winter the Danes go in sledges on the ice.

There is the Protestant religion in Denmark. and there is a king over the land. Are the people happy? The lords are fond of feasts and fine houses, and the poor are not well treated or well taught.

ICELAND.

Any child might guess what sort of a country this is, for its name tells us it is a land of ice. But it will surprise you to hear, that there is a great deal of fire in it, and hot water. There are mountains in it, called burning mountains, or volcanos. Fire bursts out of these mountains, and there comes out a hot, soft, dark stuff, called lava. The largest of the burning mountains is Hecla. There is also scalding water among the mountains. There are springs of water which spout out with great noise out of the earth, and these springs are hot. Some are so very hot, that they would scald your little hand. The poor people sometimes put a pan of fish upon the hot water, and boil their dinner. Some springs are not quite so hot, and poor women wash their clothes in them; and some are only just warm, and in them the young people bathe. Would you not like to travel to Iceland, to see the hot springs and the burning mountains?

What sort of people live in Iceland? Very honest and quiet people. They are very poor. Hardly any corn grows in Iceland. Poor people cannot get bread. They eat dried fish, and they drink milk. In winter, every one keeps at home. In summer, the men and boys go to the

shores to fish. What do the women and little children do? They go to the mountains to gather moss. There they live in tents. Then it is the children see the bubbling springs. Then it is they play among the hills.

But the long dark winter soon comes again, and they are shut up in their dark houses. The lamp gives them a little light. Then the parents teach their children to read and write; for there are no schools in Iceland. There are Bibles in which the children can read. It is a Protestant country, and every one may read the Bible. The little boys go out sometimes to clear away the snow, that the poor sheep may have some grass. The men twist ropes and weave cloth, and make iron tools, and the women work with their needles in the large bed-room.

There are horses in Iceland, but they lead a hard life in winter, for they are turned out to get food as they can, and very thin they are when spring comes; while the cows are kept in the stable, and fed with a little hay. As for the poor little sheep, the wind sometimes blows them away into the sea, when they are feeding near the shores. But there are worse enemies than the wind for the poor sheep. I mean the bears. There are no bears living in the land, but there are some who come on visits. How is that? They come upon great pieces of ice floating on the sea. They come from a colder land, a great

way off, and the wind drives them along, till they reach the shores of Iceland. Then they jump upon the land, very hungry, after their cold voyage, and they catch as many sheep as they can. But if the Icelanders see them coming, they run out with spears to frighten them away; or better still, to kill them, for then the Icelander has a warm skin for a cloak. What a strange kind of sailor is a white bear!



There is a sort of duck called an eider-duck, which lines its nest with its own soft feathers.

SICILY.

This country is an island. It is not at all like Iceland. Iceland is cold. Sicily is hot. Ice-

land has hardly any gardens in it. Sicily is one great garden, for the finest fruits and flowers grow wild. But in one respect, Sicily is like Iceland. It has a great burning mountain. This mountain is called Etna. It is much larger than Hecla. Etna is round, and looks like a tea-cup turned upside down, only it has a pointed top. It is very high. If you want to go up this mountain, you must set off early in the morning and ride upon a mule. At first you would pass through vineyards, and the sun would beat hot upon your head. Then you would come to large woods of chestnut-trees, where it would be cool and pleasant. One of the chestnut-trees is so large, that a man lives in a hollow in the trunk. You must sleep in the woods. You would easily find a place to sleep in, for there are caves there so large that they would hold as many people as ten churches. You can easily make a fire of the chestnut branches, and make a supper of the chestnuts, roasted in the fire. Next day you would find it very cold, and soon there would be no more trees, but only snow to be seen. Beyond the snow, quite at the top, there is smoke coming out of a great hole,—such a deep hole, no one can see to the bottom. It puts one in mind of the burning and bottomless pit, into which the wicked are cast.

The Sicilians are proud of their great moun-

tain. They say it keeps them warm in winter, and cool in summer. The fire keeps them warm and the snow cool.

In winter the people roll the snow down from the upper part of the mountain, and store it in those large caves. The children are fond of making snowballs on the mountain, and rolling them into the caves. The little brown and dark-eyed creatures must look darker still among the snow. In summer-time the people bring ponies with panniers, to fetch the snow out of the caves, and they make them trot down quickly, to the town below, lest the snow should melt on the way. Did you ever hear of a snow-shop? There are none in England, but there are in Sicily.

But what sort of people are the Sicilians? The rich people only think of pleasure. They ride in their carriages by the sea-side during the day, and at night they play at cards.

The churches are full of wax-candles, and there are so many bees in the flowery woods, that wax is very plentiful. But what a foolish use to make of the wax! There is light for the eye in a Sicilian church, but darkness for the soul; for images are worshipped, and the Bible is not known. The religion is Roman Catholic.

SARDINIA, AND CORSICA, AND MALTA.

What is that great sea, which lies under Europe?

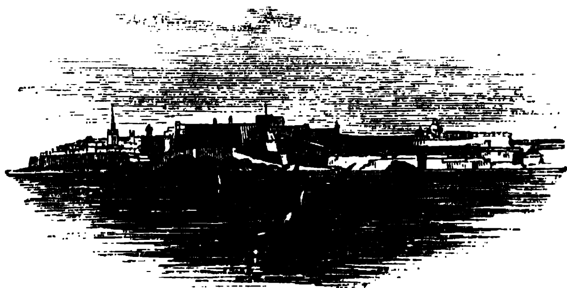
It is called the Med-i-ter-ra-ne-an sea. There are many islands in it. I will only speak of three. See those two—they look like sisters, an elder and a younger. The larger is called Sardinia. It is very much like Sicily, only there is no burning mountain in it. The people are poor and ignorant. They have large flocks of sheep and goats. There are deer in the forests. Many people go into the forests to hunt. But there are wolves and bears there, and there are robbers. The shepherds on the mountains always carry guns, because they never know when the wild beasts, or the fierce robbers, may come out to attack them.

The island near Sardinia is called Corsica.

There are many rocks in it. It is not as fruitful as Sardinia, but it is more famous. Why? Because a child was once born there, who became at last an Emperor of France. His name was Napoleon Bonaparte. Did you never hear his name? A few years ago he was alive, and then all the children in the nursery were afraid of him. The nurses called him Bony, or

Nap. He conquered many countries, and covered the ground with dead bodies, killed in battle. We were afraid lest he should come over to England, but he never did. God took care of us. Bonaparte was at last conquered, and shut up in a safe place till he died.

There is a very little island. It is so little that I should not speak of it, were it not that a very good man was once shipwrecked there. I mean the Apostle Paul. The island was once called Melita; but now it is called Malta. Paul was a prisoner when he was at Malta; he picked up sticks, and made a fire, and a viper jumped out of the fire upon his hand, but did not kill him. You may read about the visit of St. Paul to Malta in the last chapter of Acts. How much better to be like Paul than Napoleon! One killed men's bodies in battle, the other saved men's souls, by telling them of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.



Malta.

What sort of an island is Malta? Very little will grow on that hard rock, except fruit-trees. There are beautiful oranges in Malta.

Malta may be called an Italian island, because it is very near Italy. Yet it is also an English island, because it belongs to the Queen of England. If you were to go there you would see many English soldiers there, and many English people, and you would see an English church; but you would also see many Roman Catholic churches full of images.

THE EUROPEAN DINNER.

Now, my dear children, let us suppose that we were going to give a great dinner to all the people of Europe, and that we asked each to bring something to eat or drink, that grew in his own country. What would each bring?

Now will you try and find out, *before* you look to see what is written in this book? I like children to try and find out things for themselves, for then they remember them much better than if they only read about them.

Now that you have tried to think, come and look, and see what I have written in my book.

The table is ready. Who comes here?

Two men dressed in very warm clothes.

They come from some cold country. Each of them has a dish of fish in his hand. One is an Icelander, with some cod; the other a Norwegian with some oysters. Our countries, say they, do not bear fruit like other lands, but there is abundance of fish on the shores of Iceland and Norway.

After the fish has been served, and removed, several men get up, go out of the room, and bring back large dishes.

I am sure you are glad to see your own dear countryman. What a fine joint he seems to have beneath that cover! It is a sirloin of roast beef, from an ox that fed in one of the rich meadows of England.

The Welshman comes next, with a nice little leg of mutton, from one of the sheep that crop the short grass upon the sides of the mountains in Wales.

Next comes the Prussian, with a haunch of venison from one of the deer that roam in his forests.

Next comes the German, with an excellent ham from one of the swine that are found in his woods.

Then the little Laplander brings in a dried reindeer's tongue, which was the best dish in his house.

These five dishes of meat make a plentiful dinner for the party, but vegetables are wanting.

A poor Irishman enters with a smoking heap of potatoes, that grew in the green valleys of Ireland.

But salt and mustard are needed. The Pole brings the salt from the mines of Poland; and the Belgian the mustard, from the fields of mustard-seed in Belgium.

When all have eaten enough, the dishes are removed, and another course is brought in.

The Swede brings some woodcocks, shot among the forests of Sweden: and the Greek some partridges from the fertile valleys of Greece.

The Russian a large tart made of cranberries, that grow in the forests of Russia.

Then another course is brought in. The Swiss brings some cheese from his little dairy, among the mountains of Switzerland; the Dutchman some butter, from the fine cows that graze in the moist fields of Holland; and the Scotchman some oat-cakes, made from the oats that grow in his bleak and beautiful land.

It is time for dessert, and now we shall look to the people of the South to supply the fruits and the wine.

The Hungarian brings the most beautiful grapes from the vineyards on the hills of Hungary: the Italian, the finest melons from the sunny plains of Italy: and the Frenchman, delicious plums from the fruitful orchards of

France: and the Maltese, oranges from the sultry groves of his rocky island.

But where is the wine? Two men enter, very much like each other, for both have dark eyes, and hair, and dark complexions. One is a Spaniard with a bottle of white wine, the other a Portuguese with a bottle of red wine. The white wine is sherry from grapes of Spain, the red is port from grapes of Portugal. Thus the dessert is complete.

When all have finished, they go into another room. Three of them go out and return. The Turk brings in coffee, which grows well in the hot land of Turkey. The Dane brings cream, for there is rich grass in Denmark.

But where is the sugar to sweeten the coffee? The Sicilian brings the sugar, for in Sicily the sugar-cane will grow. And now the feast is finished, and the company departed.

THE EUROPEAN PRESENTS.

Let us suppose that a young man took a journey through all the countries of Europe, and bought in each country some presents for his friends at home. Suppose when he came home he opened his boxes, and brought out his

presents. What did he give to each of his friends? There was—

1. His aged grandfather, what shall we suppose he might say to him?—"Dear grandfather, will you kindly accept this cushion stuffed with eider-down from Iceland? On this you may like to rest your leg, that often pains you much."

2. His grandmother:—"Will you kindly accept this merino cloth for a gown? The merino comes from the sheep of Spain. Very little of this wool is woven in Spain, but I found some that was, and I hoped it might make you a warm winter gown."

3. His father:—"Will you, dear father, accept this marble jar? I found it in Greece, and I thought you might like to place it in the grove."

4. His mother:—"Will you accept this silk? It comes from France, and was woven there; and it will, I hope, make you a gown."

5. His sister Helen, aged seventeen:—"Will you accept this picture, and hang it up in your own room? It was painted in Italy."

6. His brother George, aged sixteen:—"I know you are fond of things found in the ground, and that you have a cabinet of minerals. Will you add to it—this gold ore from Hungary, this silver ore from Norway, this iron ore from Sweden, and this tin ore from our own dear England?"

7. His sister Sophia, aged fourteen :—" Will you accept this little china vase of flowers ? It was made in Prussia."

8. His brother Henry, aged twelve :—" I brought this watch from Switzerland, and I hope it will go well."

9. His brother Edward, aged ten :—" I know you are fond of writing. This little case of Russia leather may be convenient to you when you are at school, as you often write letters to us at home."

10. His brother Frederick, aged eight :—" This knife comes from Germany, where the very best knives are made. You will be careful not to hurt yourself, my dear boy."

11. His brother Walter, aged seven :—" This pair of reindeer's horns comes from Iceland. As you are fond of animals, I thought you might like to fasten them on the wall of your little room."

12. His brother Charles, aged five :—" For you I have brought a plaid dress, such as little boys in Scotland wear."

13. His sister Emma, aged three :—" For little Emmy I have got a box of toys made in Germany. Here are little wooden spoons and dishes, and animals of many kinds."

14. " For the sweet little Willie I bring this lace from Belgium, and hope my mother will trim its cap with it, and tell it some day that brother Alfred did not forget the baby."

"For my dear old nurse I have brought this flannel, which comes from the sheep of Wales."

THE EUROPEAN ANIMALS.

Let us suppose that a gentleman wished to have one animal from each country in Europe; then let us suppose what animal he would get from each, and where he would keep it.

My little boys and girls, come into this court-yard, and see that small house with iron grating. There are four large birds in it.

The largest is the vulture from Hungary.

The next in size is an eagle from Sweden.

The next in size a falcon from Iceland.

And the least a horned owl from Greece.

The vulture can smell the best.

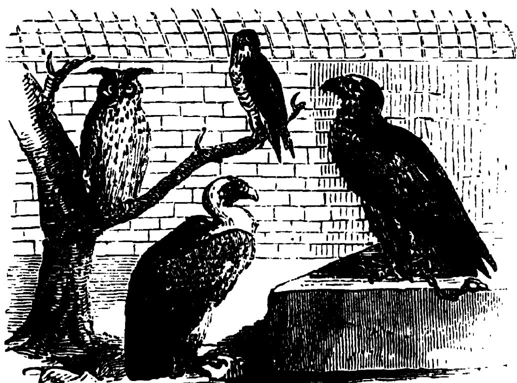
The eagle can see the best.

The owl can hear the best.

The vulture and the horned owl are very ugly. The eagle and the falcon are very handsome.

The vulture has no feathers where you would expect to see them, that is, on his neck; while the owl has some where you are surprised to find them, for he has some great feathers sticking out near his ears like horns.

It is well the vulture has none on his neck, because he plunges his head into such putrid bodies of dead animals, that he would be in a horrible state if he had feathers. But why has the owl those long feathers sticking up above his ears ? Perhaps they help him to hear so well. I do not know, but I guess this may be the reason.



Horned Owl, Vulture, Falcon, and Eagle.

What is the difference between the eagle and the vulture ?

The vulture lives on dead animals, the eagle on living animals ; therefore the vulture moves slowly, but the eagle flies quickly after its prey.

What is the difference between the eagle and the falcon ?

The eagle can hardly be tamed, for though he may seem to be tame, he cannot be trusted.

The falcon can be made so tame, that he will catch birds for his master, and do all he bids.

What is the difference between the eagle and the owl?

The eagle has strong eyes that can bear the light of the sun, and he builds his nest very high, where he has a great deal of light. The owl cannot bear the light of day, and he builds his nest in low places, and goes out at night to catch his prey.

Now let us go into the stable.

There is a very large horse, a very little pony, and a very fine donkey, and a great dog.

Where do these animals come from?

The strong cart-horse comes from Belgium.

The little pony from Wales.

The fine donkey from Spain.

And the wolf-dog from Ireland.

That strong cart-horse is very useful to the farmers of Belgium, who take so much pains with their fields. They need strong horses to draw the heavy loads of clover, and all kinds of grass and corn.

That little rough pony is very useful to the poor Welsh people: the women ride such ponies over the steep mountains when they go to market or to church. It is just fit for a little boy who wishes to go out riding with his papa.

The Spanish donkey is larger than the Welsh pony.

Now let us go to the park. Under the large trees there are some creatures that look like deer; but they are very different from each other.

The largest is an elk from Denmark.

The next in size are stags from Prussia.

The next are fallow-deer, born in England.

The smallest of all are roebucks from Poland.

They all have horns which drop off every year and grow again.

I suppose you think that great elk must be very fierce because he is so large; but he is quite tame and gentle.

Is the pretty little roebuck, which is not as high as the table, is he tame and gentle?



Stag, Roebuck, Fallow-deer, and Elk.

No, he cannot be made quite tame; he is like the eagle, he may seem tame but he cannot be

trusted. The elk is the ugliest, but he is the most gentle of all those animals. The roebuck is the prettiest, but he is the wildest. The elks like to live together in herds, so do the stags and the deer; but the roebuck lives with his faithful mate. His little ones, the pretty fawns, follow their parents over the hills till they are grown up.

The elk can only trot; the others bound and gallop about the country.

The elk has a strong and short neck; the other deer have elegant long necks.

It is well for the elk he has such a strong neck; for his horns are very large and heavy neither does he want a long neck, for he eats the branches of trees, and he is so tall that he can reach them very easily.

What is the difference between the stag and the fallow-deer?

The stag is much larger and wilder than the fallow-deer. Besides, there is a great difference in their horns, for the horns of the stag are round, like the branches of a tree, while the horns of the fallow-deer are flattened at the ends.

The elk has flattened horns, and with them he shovels away the snow in winter.

The horns of the roebuck are round, like those of the stag.

Which do you like best of all these animals? Do you prefer the elk, who is so much attached

to his master that he will follow him wherever he goes? or do you prefer the roebuck, who, though he does not love his keeper, is so loving to his mate and his little ones?

Now let us walk down that shady grove. Here, in a dark part of it, I see a small stone house with strong bars in front. Two wild beasts are shut up there. They are both very ugly, and very fierce by nature. They come from very cold countries, and therefore they are placed in a cold part of the ground. What are they?

A black bear from Lapland, and a wolf from Russia.

Now let us see in what things they are alike, and in what things they are unlike.

They can only be tamed when caught young; they can never be trusted; they both can smell exceedingly well, but the bear smells the best, better indeed than any other beast.

They both like to eat flesh, but the bear will eat vegetables too. Both of them are sulky and like to live alone.

Now let us see in what things they are unlike.

The bear has a shaggy black coat, which the Laplander finds very useful to sleep on; the wolf has a coarse skin, covered with brown and grey bristles.

The bear's flesh is very nice indeed to eat;

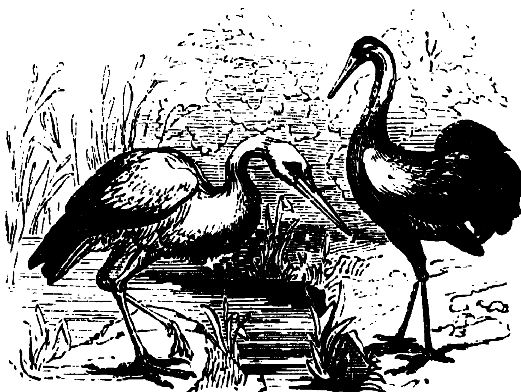
the wolf's flesh is so bad that no creature but a wolf can touch it.

The bear can climb trees, but cannot run fast; the wolf cannot climb, but he can run for days and nights together without being tired.

The bear is often very fat; the wolf is very thin indeed. The bear growls, the wolf howls. The bear is rather like a man in his way of walking; the wolf is very much like a dog.

Which now do you like best? I know that you like neither. Which then do you *dis*like the most I can guess which. The bear, though rough and savage, is not quite as horrible as the wolf.

There are two tall birds walking about. They are very much alike indeed; they have both very long necks, and very long legs, and very long bills. But they are not quite alike.



A Stork and a Crane.

What are they?

One is a stork from Holland, the other is a crane from Norway.

What is the difference between them?

The stork is white and brown; the crane is of a dark grey.

But there is greater difference than this, only you cannot *see* that difference.

The stork makes no noise, except a little rattling of its beak; while the crane has a louder voice than any other bird—or beast either. Its voice is something like the sound of a trumpet.

What can we give them to eat? Get a handful of corn, that will please the crane; but to please the stork you had better catch a frog.

They are both very tame indeed, and very fond of those who take care of them. They are both fond of travelling, and fly to hot countries in the winter; but no one can tell exactly where they go, for they fly sometimes to one place, and sometimes to another; and they travel so high up in the air that no eye can see them.

Every one is glad when the storks arrive into their country, because they eat up the frogs and mice; but nobody is glad to see the cranes, because they eat up the corn the farmer has just sown. In this little field we are glad to see both stork and crane, and we hardly know which we like the best.

We are now close to the house. Here are

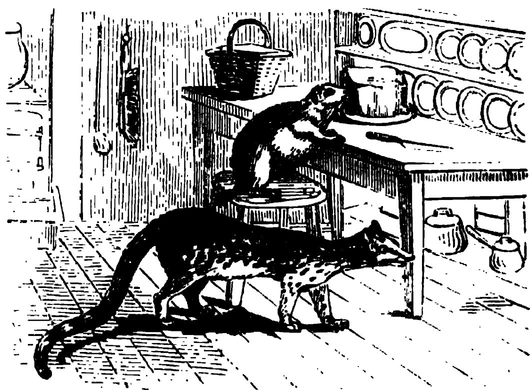
three dogs playing before the door. How very different they are from each other! Who would think that they were all the same sort of animal? One is very large, another is very ugly, and the other is very small and pretty. Yet the ugly dog is by far the cleverest and the best. I am sure you will love him most when I tell you some more about him. The ugly dog is called a shepherd's dog. He came from Scotland, where there are large flocks of sheep fed among the hills, and he is very useful to the shepherds. The large dog is called a wolf-dog; he comes from Ireland; he is nearly as large as a pony. Wolf-dogs have killed almost all the wolves in Ireland. That pretty little dog came from Malta. It is a lap-dog. It is called a Maltese dog. Some people love to pet dogs, and to tie a ribbon round their necks and take them out walking. Lap-dogs are generally fed too much, and they become lazy, and idle, and unhappy. The shepherd's dog is a far happier creature, for he knows he is useful to his master. Let me tell you a short story about a Scotch shepherd's dog. One day a shepherd took his little boy with him, as well as his dog. The child was only three years old. The father left him alone, while he looked after some sheep, when suddenly a thick fog came on. The poor man could not find his child. He hoped he had gone home; but when he inquired he found his wife had not seen him.

Both father and mother searched around, but no child was to be seen. Next morning they gave their dog a piece of bread for breakfast as usual. As soon as the dog received it he ran off with it very quickly. The next day the dog did so again. On the third day the shepherd thought, "I will go and see what the dog does with his bread." He followed him down many a steep path, till at last he came to a waterfall. The shepherd, stepping from crag to crag, crossed the roaring stream. On the other side, in a little hole of the rock, sat his little boy eating a piece of bread, while the dog lay beside him, watching his young master with love and pleasure in his looks. O, how much delighted the shepherd was to find his child! The poor dog had gone without his breakfast for two days. The little boy had been afraid of crossing the stream, and had not known how to get home. He would have deen starved, if it had not been for the faithful dog. Do you not love the shepherd's dog, though his hair is coarse, and though his tail is short, and his ears stick up? You love him better than you do the lap-dog.

This is the way into the kitchen. Look at that little creature. Is it a hare? No, it is much stouter than a hare; besides, it has not long ears like a hare. Is it a squirrel? No, it is much bigger than a squirrel, and it has not a long tail like a squirrel. Yet it is very much

like a squirrel in its way of eating. See, it is now sitting up, and holding an apple between its fore-paws. Here, little fellow, is a piece of cake. How tame it is! it takes the cake out of my hand. Ask the cook what is the name of this little animal.

It is a marmot, and it comes from the mountains of Switzerland. Do not be afraid of it, for it is very good-natured, and though it has sharp teeth, it will not bite you. Only we must take care our little dog does not follow us in, for it hates dogs very much, and will fly at them when it sees them.



A Genette and a Marmot in a kitchen.

Ask the cook what the marmot eats. Anything, and everything—meat, pudding, and fruit; but it is most pleased if it can get into

the dairy to lap the milk, and devour the butter. It seems very fond of the hot kitchen fire, for it cannot bear the cold. It likes to lie in this warm basket lined with hay. I wish you could see a marmot in its own native mountains. It digs a hole in the earth with the help of its companions, and lives underground all the winter, in a nice large room lined with moss and hay. It makes the hay itself. O, what a clever little hay-maker! It has no scythe to mow with, no fork to toss the hay with, no cart to bring it home in; how then does it make hay? Its teeth are its scythe, and its paws are its fork. The little marmots carry the hay home themselves, and make their room comfortable before winter comes. While they are making hay, one marmot keeps watch, perched on a high rock, to see that no man, or dog, or great bird comes near. If he sees one of these enemies, he whistles, and then all the marmots hurry into their holes again. Well, the marmot is a clever little creature indeed. Good-bye, hay-maker.

Here is another creature, rather like a cat, only much smaller and thinner. Call it, and stroke it. See, it comes quite willingly. Where do you come from, pretty creature? What a sweet smell there is in the room! I do not see any flowers,—where can the smell come from? Has any one been putting some nice ointment on this pretty little creature? O no, it is the way

in which it always smells. Oh, do tell me the name of the sweet creature. It ought to be called violet, or mignonette.

Its name is not mignonette, but genette. It comes from Turkey. Genettes are kept in the Turkish houses, that they may eat up the mice. The mice run away as soon as they smell that sweet smell. They are so useful that everybody values them; they are so clean, that no one minds keeping them in-doors; and they are so gentle, that little children need not be afraid of playing with them. It is true that they cannot sheathe their claws, as pussy can, but then they do not wish to scratch. Do you think the genette pretty? Yes, I like its black spots, and its stripes upon its dark shining fur, and I admire its black mane, like the mane of a horse; but I do not like its pointed nose, as well as I do pussy's round face.

Now let us go into the drawing-room, and see whether there are any curious animals to be found there. There is nothing but a cage, with a little bird in it. I hope the door is never left open, for I know the genette would like to eat that pretty creature.

Is it a very curious bird? I think I have seen many birds like it. It is about the size of a sparrow, only it is much prettier. It is not as pretty as a goldfinch. It has a very thick short neck. It is a bullfinch. Perhaps you may have

seen such a bird in the spring, hopping about the garden, and picking the worms from among the plants. But this bird comes from Germany. Wait a little, and you will hear it sing. Hark! it is singing. What a pretty tune it is whistling! It was in Germany it learnt that tune. The Germans are very fond of music, and they play tunes on the flute, and teach bullfinches to whistle them. Some bullfinches are stupid, and cannot learn, but others are clever, and learn very quickly.

I would rather hear a bird warbling its wild notes, while perched upon a spray, than listen to the best-taught bullfinch that ever whistled in a cage.

Now we have seen birds and beasts from most of the countries of Europe.

Here is a list of all we have seen to-day :—

Vulture from Hungary.
Eagle from Sweden.
Falcon from Iceland.
Horned Owl from Greece.
Cart-horse from Belgium.
Pony from Wales.
Donkey from Spain.
Elk from Denmark.
Stag from Prusaia.
Fallow-deer from England.
Roebuck from Poland.
Bear from Lapland.
Wolf from Russia.
Stork from Holland,
Crane from Norway.
Wolf-dog from Ireland.
Shepherd's dog from Scotland.
Lap-dog from Malta.
Marmot from Switzerland.
Genette from Turkey.
Bullfinch from Germany.

THE CAPITAL, OR CHIEF TOWN, OF EVERY COUNTRY IN EUROPE.

1. *London.* This great city is built on the banks of the River Thames, where a great number of ships are always to be seen. Of what country is it the capital?

2. *Edinburgh.* There is a very high rock in the midst of the city, with an old castle at the top. Of what country is it the capital?

3. *Dublin.* There is a very large square in it, with a gravel walk all round shaded by trees. It is called St. Stephen's Green. Of what country is it the capital.

4. *Paris.* The ladies there dress very gaily, and are always changing the fashions, wearing bonnets of new shapes, and dresses of new colours. Of what country is it the capital?

5. *Stockholm.* Here is a great lake with seven little islands in it, covered with houses and trees, and rocks. Of what country is it the capital?

6. *Christiana.* A great deal of wood is sent from this city to other countries. Of what country is it the capital?

7. *Madrid.* There are many fountains in the streets. Of what country is it the capital?

8. *Lisbon.* There was a dreadful earthquake there about a hundred years ago. There are

great heaps of rubbish still lying on the ground. Of what country is it the capital?

9. *Rome.* Here is the grandest church in the world. It is called St. Peter's.

Naples is in the same country as Rome. There are a great many poor men in Naples, who have no employment, and no homes. They live upon wild fruits, and sleep in the streets, except when it rains; then they take shelter in the caves in the hills around. Of what country are Rome and Naples the capitals?

10. *Vienna.* The people there are very fond of feasting. Of what country is it the capital?

11. *Berne.* Thieves are placed in a narrow cage called a pillory, in which they can neither sit nor kneel, but are obliged to stand.

12. *Geneva.* Here there is a manufactory for watches.

13. *Amsterdam* is full of canals, on which the women skate to market in the winter.

14. *Petersburgh.* In the winter a great market is held on the frozen river, where frozen animals are sold. They are made to sit upright, and are placed in a great circle. The larger animals, such as cows, are placed on the outside of the circle, and the little ones, such as rabbits, in the inside.

Moscow is in the same country as Petersburgh, Here is the largest bell in the world. It is too heavy to be hung up. It lies in a pit, and is of

no use. There is a door near the top, and a ladder inside, by which people can go to the bottom of the bell. The people of that city think the bell is a holy thing.

15. *Constantinople.* Here is the largest mosque in the world.

16. *Athens* is full of fallen temples, which were built a long while ago by the heathen, and which have grown old, and fallen down.

17. *Berlin.* There are more soldiers in this city than in any other.

18. *Warsaw.* A great many coaches are made here and sold to the great lords.

19. *Buda* is built on the banks of a broad river. Another city, called Pesth, is on the other side of the river. Once there was no bridge across, except a long chain of boats, but a bridge has now been built.

20. In *Brussels* very beautiful lace is made.

21. *Copenhagen.* Here there is a very high tower, with a winding road that leads to the top. Though it is very steep, an Emperor (named Peter the Great) once drove a carriage with four horses abreast up this road.

22. *Palermo.* Near this town there is a most beautiful garden, called Flora, full of flowers and fruits, where the people delight to walk.

REMARKS ON THE CHIEF TOWNS, OR CAPITALS, OF EUROPE.

Petersburgh has the most superb buildings.
Berlin has the most beautiful streets.
Dublin has the most beautiful squares.
Berne has the most beautiful prospects.
Stockholm has beautiful rocky islands.

Yet people say Edinburgh and Naples are the most beautiful cities of Europe; not only because they have handsome streets, but because Edinburgh is built among rocks and hills, and Naples on the shores of a very large bay.

London contains the most people.
Christiana contains the fewest people.

Petersburgh has the finest palace in Europe.
Madrid has the finest walk.
Berlin the finest gate.
Rome the finest church.
Moscow the finest bell.
London the finest bridges.

Amsterdam is the cleanest city in Europe.
Lisbon is the dirtiest city in Europe.

Athens is the oldest city in Europe.
Petersburgh is the newest city in Europe.

London is the busiest chief city in Europe.
Copenhagen is the least busy.

Paris has the most museums of any city in Europe.
Rome has the most pictures.

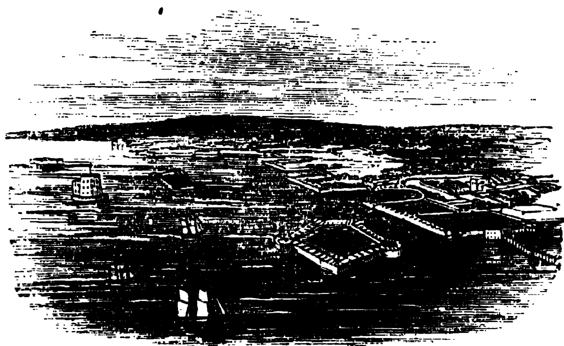
Amsterdam has the most canals.
London has the most warehouses.

In Madrid there is a great deal of dust.
In Amsterdam there is very bad water.
In London there is a great deal of smoke.
In Constantinople there are many troops of troublesome dogs.

In Vienna you must take care not to be run over in the streets, as there is a great deal of bustle and no pavement.
In Amsterdam you must take care not to fall into the canals, especially in the dark.

Petersburgh is in great danger of being

drowned, for the city is built close to a river which sometimes overflows its banks.



Cronstadt, the Port of Petersburgh.

Constantinople is in great danger of being burned, for the houses are made of wood, and there are no chimneys.

SOME OF THE SEAS, MOUNTAINS, AND RIVERS OF EUROPE.

Europe is a very curious shape. The land goes in and out. There are many seas in it, and they make the shape uneven. They are very convenient, because ships can sail from one country to another on these seas.

The Names of the Chief Seas.

The Med-i-ter-ra-ne-an Sea, between Europe, Asia, and Africa.

The Black Sea, between Turkey and Asia.

The Baltic Sea, between Sweden, and Russia, and Prussia.

There are some high mountains in Europe. The highest reach the clouds. Their tops are about three miles above the ground, and are always covered with snow.

What are the names of these high mountains?

Mont Blanc (which means white) and Mount Rosa.

Where are they? Cannot you guess?

In Switzerland.

Mount Etna is not so high as Mont Blanc, for it is not two miles high.

Mountains often stand side by side like trees planted in a row, or like soldiers in a line. These rows are called chains of mountains.

Names of the chief Chains of Mountains in Europe.

The Alps, between Switzerland and Italy. (Mont Blanc and Mount Rosa are in this chain.)

The Pyrenees, between France and Spain.

There are a great many rivers in Europe, but they are not very large.

What are rivers? They are streams of water that rise up in the earth, and are very small at first, but they grow wider and deeper as they roll along, and at last they fall into the sea.

Names of some of the Rivers in Europe.

The Volga, between Russia and Asia, is the largest river in Europe.

The Danube flows across Germany and Turkey, and falls into the black Sea. Vienna is built on the Danube.

The Rhine in Germany is a beautiful river. On its high banks many castles are built. English people often sail down the Rhine in the summer, and draw pictures of the high banks and old castles.

The Rhone in France is much larger and broader than the Rhine.

The Seine in France is not very large, but it is very famous, because Paris is built upon it.

The Thames is much smaller than the Seine, but English children love it more because it is in England. London is built on the Thames. There are many fine bridges over it, and there are a great number of large ships from all countries lying in it continually.

Names of some of the Lakes in Europe.

In Russia there are two very large pieces of water called lakes. Each of them is as big as the island of Sicily. The water is always frozen, and the country around is bleak and barren.

There is a beautiful lake in Switzerland called the lake of Geneva. It is surrounded by lovely woods and mountains.

FOOD OF POOR PEOPLE IN EUROPE.

In England—white wheaten bread, bacon, mutton, butter and cheese, potatoes and greens. Sometimes roast beef and pudding. Tea and coffee, beer, and (too often) gin.

In Scotland—oatmeal-cakes and porridge, soup, and greens, and haggis (which is a mixture of fat, liver, onions, and oatmeal, boiled up together). Sour milk, and whisky (which is made of barley).

In Wales—bread and cheese, leeks and onions, and flummery (which is made of oatmeal and milk mixed together). Milk.

In Ireland—potatoes, and sometimes bacon. Milk and whisky.

In France—vegetable soups, fruits, and wheaten bread. Wine and coffee.

In Norway and Sweden—large, fat, round, hard, oatmeal biscuits, oatmeal and barley-meal puddings, fish and pickled meat, small beer, and milk and water, and too often brandy.

In Lapland—rye-bread, reindeer's flesh, and bears' flesh, fish, wild birds and their eggs, puddings made of rein-deers' blood. Milk and water, and brandy.

In Spain—all kinds of fruit, and olla podrida (which is a mixture of vegetables, meat, and herbs).

In Portugal—bread made of Indian corn, garlic, and salted fish.

In Italy—fruits and macaroni (which is flour made into the shape of a serpent or snake), iced lemonade, and wine.

In Germany—rye-bread, pork, bacon, and

sausages, and saur-kraut, (which is a mess of cabbage,) and wine.

In Switzerland—barley-bread, butter and cheese, bacon and milk, and omelet (which is made of eggs, onions, and butter,) and milk.

Holland—fish, and butter, and cheese, and vegetables.

Russia—black rye-bread, black cabbage broth, mushrooms, and cranberries, whisky and quass, (which is made of rye.)

Turkey—salads and olives, goats' milk, cheese, and kids' flesh, and pilau, (which is made of rice and butter,) chopped mutton rolled up with rice, coffee, sweet water, called sherbet—but no wine.

Greece—fish, vegetables, melons, olives, and gourds, snails dressed in garlic, milk and wine.

Poland—rye-bread and milk.

Hungary—bacon and bread, plums and melons, milk and wine.

Iceland—dried fish instead of bread, some butter, sometimes barley-bread, and mutton; water, whey, sour curdled milk, and sometimes sweet milk and cream.

CLOTHES OF POOR PEOPLE IN EUROPE.

ENGLAND.

What the men wear.	What the women wear.
Fustian coat and trowsers, smock-frock, and straw hat.	Cotton gown, woollen shawl, black silk or straw bonnet.

SCOTLAND.

Shirt made of a striped woollen stuff called plaid, waistcoat and kilt of the same, blue flat cap called a bonnet. They only dress in this way in the north part, called the Highlands.	Plaid scarf over the head, a ribbon round the head called a snood, when unmarried; afterwards a kerchief. They take off their shoes and stockings when they walk in the country.

FRANCE.

Black hats with large flaps and very large boots.	The women wear caps with high crowns, and long ear-rings, but no bonnets.

SWEDEN.

What the men wear.	What the women wear.
Short brown coat and waistcoat, yellow leather small clothes, knee-buckles, worsted stockings, high half-boots, neckcloth, and fur cap or broad-brimmed hat, with low crown and black ribbon.	Red jacket, short blue petticoat, high-heeled shoes, close cap, hiding the hair, which is drawn up underneath.

LAPLAND.

They wear no linen, trowsers of reindeer skin, long coat of the same edged with fur, girdle and fur cap.	The same as the men, with a cap and apron ornamented with brass wire.

SPAIN.

Hat with broad flaps and long black cloaks.	A black scarf (called a mantilla) over the head.

PORTUGAL.

Both men and women wear network on the head with a tassel behind.

SWITZERLAND.

What the men wear.

They dress differently in different parts. At Berne they wear a trimmed hat, brown jacket, white sleeves, and striped trowsers.

What the women wear.

At Berne they wear long hair plaited, hanging down their shoulders, flat straw hat, red jacket, white sleeves, black petticoat edged with red, red stockings, and black collar round the throat.

RUSSIA.

Long sheepskin coat, with the wool inside, coarse linen trowsers, woollen cloth wrapped many times round the legs, with boots over all. Hat with a very high crown, and lined with fur.

In some parts the women wear long sleeves, red sash, white turban, and ear-rings.

TURKEY.

Long loose pelisse, loose trowsers, and turban.

Pelisse, and a veil on the head, with many ornaments.

GREECE.

What the men wear.	What the women wear.
Dark jacket, white small clothes down to the knee, made of narrow strips of calico joined together, dark gaiters, a high scarlet cap, with a blue tassel at the top.	A long red or blue robe, and thin veil of muslin on the head, and yellow boots.

POLAND.

In winter a sheepskin with the wool inside, and boots of the bark of trees. In summer, shirt and drawers of coarse linen, with shoes or stockings. The head shaven, except a small tuft at the top, and a round cap.	Wrapper of white linen on the head. The hair hangs down in two plaits. A white piece of linen wrapped over their heads and shoulders when they go out.

HUNGARY.

Blue jacket and trowsers, cloak of sheepskin, broad-brimmed hat, varnished, and with a low, rounded crown, long black hair plaited or tied in knots.	Coarse linen gown, with a girdle round the waist.

ICELAND.

What the men wear.	What the women wear.
Jacket of black woollen stuff called "wadmel," wide trowsers of the same, and three-cornered hat.	Petticoat and jacket of blue wadmel. Unmarried women wear caps, but married women wear on the head a white kerchief made to stand up very high.

THE COUNTRIES OF EUROPE COMPARED TOGETHER.*

THINGS FOUND OR MADE IN EUROPE.

The best silver in Europe comes from Germany.

The best iron comes from Sweden.

The best tin comes from England.

The best cheese (called Parmesan) comes from Italy.

*** It is not intended that this chapter should be learnt by heart, but that it should furnish matter for questions that might entertain *some* children.**

The best wine (called Tokay) comes from Hungary.

The best honey comes from Greece.

The best hams come from Germany.

The best wheat comes from Sardinia.

The best wool (called Merino) comes from Spain.

The most coal comes from England.

The most silk comes from Italy.

The most salt comes from Poland.

The most gold comes from Hungary.

The most furs come from Russia.

The most mountainous country in Europe is Switzerland.

The flattest country is Holland.

The coldest country is Iceland.

The hottest country is Malta.

The most barren by nature is Holland.

The most fruitful by nature is Hungary.

There are the most forests in Russia.

The most volcanos in Iceland.

The most caverns in Norway.

The most lakes in Sweden.

The most canals in Holland.

The most rivers in Hungary.

The most towns in Germany.
The most burying-grounds in Turkey.
The most palaces in Italy.
The most factories in England.

In Italy the ladies are always in company.
In Turkey they are always shut up at home.

In Lapland, poor people sleep on bear-skins.

In some parts of Iceland, they sleep on straw.

In some parts of France they sleep on dried leaves.

In Russia, they sleep on benches by the wall or over the ovens.

In Sweden, they sleep on shelves, placed one over the other: the women sleep on the lower shelf, and the men sleep on the shelf above, to which they climb by a ladder.

In Russia, rich people have double windows to keep out the cold.

In Italy, rich people have verandahs to keep off the heat.

In England, coal is used for firing.
In France, wood is used.
In Ireland, turf is used.

In Russia, the sheep and cows live in houses all the winter.

In Italy, many poor people sleep out of doors all the summer.

In Iceland, people stay at home all through the winter.

In Lapland, they travel in sledges and on skates in the winter.

In Poland, there are more Jews than in any other country in Europe.

In Hungary, there are more gipsies.

In Prussia, there are more soldiers (according to the number of the people).

In England, there are more sailors.

In Ireland, there are more beggars.

In Spain, there are more shepherds.

In Italy, there are more musicians.

The Irish have warm manners.

The Scotch have cold manners.

The French have polite manners.

The English have blunt manners.

The Scotch play on the bagpipes.

The Welsh play on the harp.

The Spaniards play on the guitar.

The Germans play on the violin.

The English are the most free of any nation in Europe.

The Turks are the most enslaved.

The Prussians are the most taught (for all can read.)

The Sardinians are the most untaught.

In Prussia, the poor people are the best fed of any country in Europe.

In Poland, they are the worst fed.

The Germans write more books than any other nation in Europe.

The Italians carve more beautiful statues.

The French make more ornaments.

The English construct more wonderful machines.

The Belgians cultivate the ground the best.

In Norway, the men wear no neckcloths.

In Poland, they shave their heads.

In Turkey, they wear long beards.

Greek women are handsome.

French women are witty.

Scotch women are sensible.

Welsh women are notable.

Dutch women are neat.

English women are modest.

In Lapland, black cats are respected, and honoured, as sacred.

In Turkey, storks are respected, and honoured, as sacred.

The gayest nation in Europe are the French.
The gravest nation are the Dutch.
The most industrious nation are the Germans.
The idlest nation are the Portuguese.
The cleanest nation are the Dutch.
The dirtiest nation are the Poles.
The simplest nation are the Icelanders.
The most cunning are the Italians.

In Denmark, there are no rivers.
In Wales, there are no lakes.
In Holland, there are no mountains.
In Iceland, there are no forests.

The Scotch observe the Sabbath better than any other people.

The English send out more missionaries.

The Icelanders commit fewer crimes.

END OF PART I.

PART II.



CONTAINING

MORE PARTICULARS OF THE COUNTRIES OF EUROPE.

ENGLAND.

When you were a little child you thought the world was flat like the table. Did you not? And did you not wish very much to know what there was at the end of it? But now you are grown older and have been taught more, you know that the world is round like an orange, and that it is hung up in the heavens like the moon.

What is the name of your own country? Can you find it on the map? Here it is,—an island of Europe.

What country do you love best? Your *own* country? I know you do. Every child loves his own country best.

Let us talk together about England.

What sort of land is it? There are green fields, and shady lanes, and white cottages with little gardens.

What trees grow in England? Try and think of their names. The oak, the elm, the beech, the fir, the ash, the willow.

Does any fruit grow in England? In the

gardens there are strawberries, and gooseberries, and currants, and raspberries, and plums, and cherries, and peaches, and nectarines, and pears, and apples. But I do not call these English fruits, because they grow only in *gardens.* Those are English fruits which grow in the hedges and woods.

And is there any fruit in the hedges? Yes; there are blackberries. Poor little children who have no gardens, are pleased to see the blackberries getting black in the autumn. There are strawberries too, and nuts in the woods.

In the gardens there are a great many pretty flowers, tulips, and lilies, and dahlias. But are there any flowers in the hedges and in the fields? Those that grow without being planted by men are called wild flowers. There are pretty yellow flowers called buttercups, cowslips, and primroses; and blue flowers, called violets, and bluebells; and there are pink and white roses, and honeysuckles.

What beasts are there in England? Some are tame, such as horses, cows, and sheep. Others are wild, and run about where they please.

Foxes, hares, and rabbits, live in the fields, squirrels and dormice in the trees, and rats and mice hide themselves in the barns and the houses.

There are birds which sing sweetly,—nightingales and goldfinches, larks and linnets. But

is not the robin your favourite bird; not because it has a pretty red breast, but because it comes in winter to the window to be fed?

Now let us speak of the people who live in England.

How do the poor people dress? The men wear cloth coats and beaver hats; the women wear gowns and aprons of cotton, and straw bonnets, and woollen shawls.

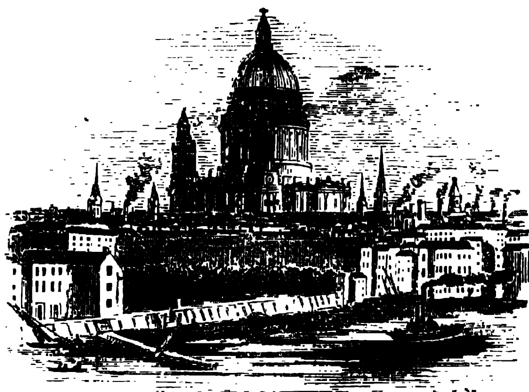
In what sort of cottages do they live?

Some cottages are made of planks of wood nailed together; they are cold, because the wind blows in through the chinks. Some are made of bricks, and small stones, and they are very comfortable. The poor white cottages you so often see are made of clay, covered with white-wash, and they are thatched with straw. When you have opened the little wooden gate, and passed through the little garden, you lift the latch of the door. Then you find yourself in a room with white walls, and a brick floor. There is a wide chimney, in which the little children sit on their wooden stools. The cups and plates stand in a row upon a shelf. There is one window with very little panes of glass, and some old books lie upon the sill. There is a large wooden chair with a patchwork cushion for the old grandfather, and a cradle for the babe. The back-door leads into a little wash-house, and upstairs there are two small rooms

without any doors. The pig lives in a sty in the yard behind, and puss alone is allowed to come into the house.

What is the character of the English? What sort of people are they? They are not very pleasant in company, because they do not like strangers, nor taking much trouble. They like best being at home, and this is right. They do not so much care about their houses and furniture looking pretty, as about their being clean and comfortable. They are very much afraid of being cheated; therefore they are careful and prudent, and slow to trust people till they know them. They are cold in their manners, yet they will often do kind actions. They are industrious, for they like to get money. They are too fond of money, as well as of good eating and drinking. They like reading the newspapers, but do not read a great many books, nor do they care much for music or painting. They are often in low spirits, and are apt to grumble, and to wish they were richer than they are, and to speak against the rulers of the land. Yet they might be the happiest people in the world, for there is no country in which there are so many Bibles. There is many a child of five or six years old who has a Bible of his own.

LONDON.



St. Paul's Cathedral.

London is the name of the chief town of England. It is called the capital. There is no city in Europe that has so many people in it. There are no walls round London, and so many new houses are built that it grows larger every day.

The streets are crowded with people looking very busy. There are a great many shops, with beautiful things at the windows to tempt the people to buy. The pavement is so broad and smooth that you can walk comfortably along, and at night the streets are lighted with brilliant lamps.

There is a river which runs through London

called the Thames. It is not very broad, but there are more ships in that river than in any other in Europe. They bring goods from distant lands. The merchants store the great parcels in their warehouses, and send goods made in England to other countries in return.

London is full of buyers and sellers. Many people in it are very rich.

But many are very poor.

The rich people live in wide streets, and in large squares. It is pleasant to live in a square, for it has a garden in the middle with iron railings round it.

Is London a pleasant city? No; becaus there is so much fog, and so much smoke. This makes it dark and black. Yet the streets where rich people live are kept clean, and the maid in each house washes the steps of her master's house every morning.

Is London a pretty city? No; because it is not built by the sea-side or on high hills. Yet it has two beautiful churches—called St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey; and it has some beautiful parks where ladies and gentlemen drive, and ride, and walk, and where even poor children play under the shady trees.

But the poor people live in narrow alleys or streets. What a difference between living in an alley, and living in a square! one so close and dirty, the other so clean and airy! But there

are good men who care for the poor in the alleys.

There are schools for little ragged children—such as could not go to a neat Sunday-school. These children have been taught at home to steal, and lie, and swear; but kind teachers tell them at school about God and Christ, and heaven and hell. At first these rude children push each other about, and laugh and make jokes; but soon they learn to sit still and attend.

I will tell you about one of these ragged children. A poor boy said to his teacher, "If you will lend me threepence I think I could earn my own bread, for I do not wish to steal." This boy had two brothers who were thieves. His teacher lent him threepence. What use did he make of them? He bought a dozen boxes of lucifer-matches at a farthing a-piece, and sold them at a halfpenny a-piece. So he had threepence to spend in food, and threepence to buy more lucifer-matches. He sold a dozen boxes every day. How did he spend his threepence? A penny for breakfast, another for dinner, and another for supper. Three farthings were for bread, and one farthing for dripping. Sometimes he earned a little more than threepence—so he was able to pay back the money he had borrowed. All day long the boy was at the ragged school—it was only early in the morning and late at night he sold his matches.

Why did not his parents give him food? They were drunkards. They let him sleep in their room, but they had no bread to spare for him. It was a miserable room in which they lived. There was nothing in it but two cups on the mantelshelf, a tin kettle without a cover in the grate, and a few shavings in the corner. Those shavings were the bed for the whole family. There was no covering upon the bed. There the ragged boy slept. But though the room was miserable—the boy was not miserable, for he loved his school—he loved his teacher—he loved most of all his teacher's God and Saviour—his own God—his own Saviour.

Early in the morning he rose from his wretched bed, and went to wash himself at a water-butt in the yard, then sold his lucifer-matches, and bought his breakfast.

But did he forget to pray? O no. Early at school with his lesson well learned—you might know him by his happy face. What could make him happy? Was it the feeling that God cared for him?

He was not a selfish boy: when his sister wanted food he always shared with her his morsel of bread. At last he tried to get a place. A fishmonger hired him as an errand-boy, for four shillings a-week. He behaved so well, that in time his master trusted him with everything. After he had stayed there five

years he had a guinea a-week. I do not know what his sister would have done without him, for her drunken father turned her out in the streets; but she went to her brother, and he helped her till she could get some work to do.

I hear it is a pleasant sight to see them walking together on Sunday to the house of prayer. It was by going to the ragged school in the old stable that they became so happy, and will be happy for ever and ever.

LIVERPOOL.

NEXT to London, this is the largest town in England. It lies near the sea, and it sends out many ships to other countries.

MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER is the next largest town to Liverpool. There it is that those cotton prints are made which so many women and children wear. The cotton comes in ships to England, but it is made into calico and printed with pretty patterns of blue, pink, and lilac, in Manchester.

There are large houses there full of great machines, and men and women making calico and cotton print. These houses are called factories.

And are there any children in these large houses? Yes; but none younger than eight

years old. Once very little children used to work there, but a kind nobleman called Lord Shaftesbury pleaded for them, and at last a law was made to forbid their working. At eight years old many children begin to work in the cotton mills, but only for six hours in the day. Do you think six hours a long while? Yes, it is a long while, but it is better to work six hours than to work twelve, as children once did: a little time is left for running about and playing, and for going to school.

The first railway for steam-carriages ever made was between Liverpool and Manchester.

OTHER GREAT TOWNS.

LEEDS is famous for making wool into cloth.

SHEFFIELD for making knives.

BIRMINGHAM for making things of iron, brass, and copper, called hardware.

NEWCASTLE is famous for coals, which are found underground.

There are in England mines of tin, and iron, lead, and copper.

Did you ever see a mine? It is a deep hole, and men work underground, and they beat with great hammers, and they fill pails with large pieces of tin or copper, and afterwards] these pails are pulled up with ropes.

The miners live in cottages near the mine.

WALES.

This country lies close to England, indeed it is often counted to be one with England; yet there are many people in it who cannot speak a word of English. The Welsh are very fond of their country, and a beautiful country it is; full of mountains, with rivulets running down their rocky sides, winding in the green vales, half-concealed by the bending trees.

But these scenes would not be as lovely as they are, were it not for the beautiful lambs, bounding and frisking in the soft grass. Surely there are no such lambs anywhere to be seen as these; they are as white as milk and soft as silk; they are as light and agile as young deer, and their faces are as sweet and innocent as the faces of doves, while their bright black eyes gaze timidly on the passing travellers. They lead a happy life among the mountains, for they roam about at their pleasure: when they will, they go down to drink of the pure water of the stream; and when they will, they climb the heights to breathe the fresh mountain air.

In some places there are low walls of stone built half-way up the hills; these are to hinder the silly sheep from venturing on the steep crags, whence they might fall and be dashed in pieces: for sheep are not as careful as other animals, and if they are left quite to themselves they often perish.

COTTAGES.—There are small cottages scattered amongst the hills. Let me lead you to one, situated on the banks of a little lake. What a peaceful scene! There are high hills on every side, and in one sheltered nook there is a pretty grey church. Come into this little cottage. The people smile as you enter, and seem pleased to see you; but they cannot speak to you, for they do not know English. There is no ceiling but the slanting roof. You see that there are no rooms up-stairs; but it is better to have *one* high and airy room than several little ones. Where do the family sleep? There is a wall across the sitting-room, and on the other side there is just room enough for a bed. It is a neat one with check curtains. The fire-place is very large, and the chimney very wide, but there is no grate; the fire burns on the hearth, and the family sit on low stools around it. There is some handsome furniture,—a clock, and a wardrobe; these are the great ornaments of the dwelling. The baby's cradle is made of wood, not of straw, because straw is scarce

in Wales, as little corn grows there. From the beams of the roof fine hams and sides of bacon are hanging. There is a basket of eggs on the shelf, and a barrel of coarse meal to make bread. On the window-shelf some old books are lying, and amongst them the Welsh Bible. Once there were scarcely any Welsh Bibles, or any who could read them; but now the poor man smiles when you ask him whether he has a Bible. Near the cottage the pig and the poultry may be seen, but not the pretty flower-garden so common in England.

THE PEOPLE.—They are rather short, and not slender, but of a figure well suited for climbing hills. Their faces are broad, and their cheeks rosy; their eyes are bright, and their mouths large and smiling. Their countenances are pleasant; they have a kind look in their beaming eyes, and an honest look too. The mountain air agrees well with the children, for their cheeks are often so blooming that they look as if they were painted. Even the old people have a healthy hue spread over their countenances.

The Welsh dress is coarse, plain, and strong, just suited to a country where such heavy showers fall. Every hilly country is rainy, because clouds gather round the tops of hills.

The men in Wales wear light brown clothes, and beaver caps of the same colour. I call them

caps, because the rims are very broad, and the crowns very low. But while the men wear this kind of cap, the women wear black beaver hats, just such as men wear in England, only with broader brims. Under these hats they wear their mob-caps, all frilled, and fastened beneath the chin, so that their faces are well defended from the weather. *All* the women do not wear hats; some wear black bonnets, but these are generally made of beaver. A Welshwoman looks very comfortable in her long, warm, blue cloak, and her stout, dark, woollen gown, her black stockings and strong shoes; with her busy fingers she moves the knitting-needles very fast, and she scarcely looks at her work as she walks along.

If it is curious to see a woman knitting while she is *walking*, it is *more* curious to see her knitting while *riding:* and yet the Welshwomen often knit while going to market on their strong little ponies.

Wales is not a fruitful country, but the people are industrious, and they know how to turn to advantage the little they possess. The chief productions of Wales are flannel and slates; flannel made from the wool of the sheep feeding on the hills, and slates dug out of those hills. The flannel is very fine, because the fleeces are so fine. Sometimes it appears as if there were broad streams of water running through the

fields, but on coming nearer—what appeared water is found to be *flannel* spread on the grass to whiten. The mills where the flannel is woven are built by the side of the river, and the cottages of the weavers are scattered around. It is not unpleasant to live near a flannel mill, but it is very unpleasant to live near a slate-quarry; the white dust of the slate fills the air, and the noise of the hewing is heard a long way off. Yet how useful are these slates, not only for the roofs of houses, but also for poor children to write upon! Every poor child in Wales may have a slate to write texts and hymns upon, as he sits in the chimney-corner.

There are a great many little churches scattered over Wales. They are built of grey stones, and the churchyard is filled with grey stones with Welsh words carved upon them. In churchyards in England there are many green graves, with no stones to tell the names of those who lie beneath; but it is not so in Wales. The poor do not like that the names of their dead ones should be forgotten. Even inside the churches may be seen little black tablets, about the size of a child's slate, fastened to the walls and to the pillars; upon these tablets are written the names of the dead. On one these words may be seen: "Griffith Jones, died on May 5th, 1840." On another these words: "Annie Evans, died on June 8th, 1812."

It is well to keep in memory the friends we have lost. A parent's name may bring to a child's mind a parent's last farewell.

It has been said that there are no lakes in Wales, for the largest is almost too small to be counted a lake—and there are scarcely any besides. It is four miles long, and is called Bala. Close to it is the town of Bala, a small yet famous town ; for *there* once lived that good minister, Mr. Charles, who brought so many Bibles into Wales.

How did the first thought about getting Bibles come into his mind ? This was the way. He was walking in the streets of Bala when he met a little girl whom he knew. He stopped to speak to her, and said, "Can you tell me the text of my sermon last Sunday ?" But the little girl, instead of answering as she usually did, hung down her head and looked sorrowful. "Can you tell me the text ?" said the minister. Still she was silent, and soon she burst into tears. At last she said, "The weather, sir, has been so bad that I could not get to read the Bible."

The minister could not think what she meant, but soon he found that the child had no Bible at home, and that there was no Bible in her village, and that she used to travel every week four miles over the hills to a place where there was a Welsh Bible, and that she looked for the

text in this Bible, and learned it by heart, but that during the last week the cold stormy weather had hindered her from going so far.

He was pleased to think the child would take so much trouble to learn the word of God; but he was grieved that there were so few Bibles in Wales.—Ah! thought he, what can I do to get more Bibles for the Welsh? When he went to London he talked to his friends about it, and they made a plan for printing Bibles in all languages, and selling them very cheap. This plan is called "The Bible Society." *

How much good came from the words of one poor little girl! Who would not think of her in passing through Bala? †

The highest mountain in Wales is Snowdon There is snow at the top.

The mountain next in height is Cader Idris which means the chair of the giant Idris; but there is really no such chair at the top.

The third mountain is Plinlimmon,—barren it is, and ill-shapen; but four rivers flow from it, and one of them is that great river—the Severn.

* The event occurred in the year 1802.

† Taken chiefly from Kidd's *England and Wales.*

SCOTLAND.



Fall of Foyers.

THE COUNTRY.—Just at the north of England there is a country called Scotland. It looks like the head of England. It is a large head, certainly, but you can almost see the nose, and the chin, and the bunch of hair on the top; at least you can fancy that you see them.

Is Scotland like England?

No—it is more beautiful. It has not as many

trees as England has, but then it has very high hills, higher than any hills in England; and larger lakes, and more streams, and finer waterfalls. What is a waterfall? When water falls down from a high place, then it is called a waterfall. Oh, it is lovely to see the water dashing down from the rocks, and the white foam sparkling among the stones below. You can hear the sound a great way off, and though it is loud, it is soft and pleasant. It is the sound of many waters.

But the water is not white; it is dark brown, or light brown, so that travellers have said it looked like porter, or like ale. What makes it brown? The soft earth through which the water runs before it falls down is mixed up with it.

Scotland is colder than England, because it is nearer the north. There is very bad weather in Scotland,—a great deal of rain and snow, and fog.

One day a traveller said to a Scotchman, "Does it always rain as it does now? "No," replied the man, "it snaws sometimes."

He said "snaws," instead of "snows," for the poor Scotch speak their words very broadly. The traveller laughed at the Scotchman's answer; yet it is not true that it always either rains or snows, for sometimes in summer the

sun shines very bright, and the weather is quite hot.

DRESS.—The Scotch dress is very much like the English. But in the north of Scotland there is a sort of stuff worn called tartan plaid. It is made of flax and of wool mixed together, and there are pretty stripes upon it. There are different sorts of plaid: some have purple and green stripes, others red and black; in one sort of plaid, purple is the chief colour, in another red, and in another white.

Scotchmen wear plaid shawls instead of great coats. The shepherds wear a shawl of plaid with a small black-and-white check, and this is called shepherd's plaid. Many poor men wear blue bonnets instead of hats. These bonnets are like caps, and they are not so easily blown away by the wind, as hats would be.

On Sundays poor Scotchmen wear a suit of black cloth, in which they look very neat.

Some of the poor children wear neither shoes nor stockings.

FOOD.—The poor people are content with very coarse food. Instead of eating wheaten bread, they often eat oaten cakes. You must not think these cakes are nicer than bread, for they are hard and bitter. They look like large thin biscuits. Many a poor person dines on oat-cakes and cheese, and has oatmeal-porridge for

breakfast and supper. Others dine on potatoes, but this food does not make people as strong and hearty as oatmeal does.

There is also a dish called "Haggis," made of oatmeal, fat, liver, and bacon, all boiled together in a skin; and there is another dish called "Hotchpotch," in which all sorts of food are boiled together and made into soup. Greens and eggs help to make out the poor Scotchman's dinner. It would be better if he only drank water with his simple food; but the Scotch are very fond of whisky. This is a spirit made from corn. It has a very odd taste of smoke caused by the turf, or peat fire, used in boiling it: for the poor Scotch do not burn coals or wood, but dried bits of earth called peat.

The rich people have a great many nice things for breakfast, especially a sort of jam called marmalade. They also eat very rich cakes, which may be kept for sixmonths without spoiling; but such dainties are very unwholesome. Scotland is often called the Land o' Cakes, and all children will think it a very pretty name.

The hilly parts of Scotland are called the Highlands. There is many a poor family who lives there among the bleak hills. An English clergyman was walking among these hills; when he came to the edge of a lake, he wished to cross over to the other side, but he saw no boat. At last he observed a little stone cottage close by.

He went in, and found an old man and woman sitting in the room with some children. The good minister said, "My friend, I wish to cross the lake, but I see no boat." The old man replied, "I can put you across in my boat." Then rising up, he put on his blue bonnet. A little girl of seven years old then said, "I'll run and get the boat out, grandfather."

"That will be too hard work for thee, my child," answered the kind old man. The little girl ran on before the traveller, her bare feet making no sound on the rocky path. They had not gone far when they heard the tinkling of a little bell.

"Oh, that's Bella," said the grandfather "Yes," answered the child, "Bella's got into the corn." "Then you must turn her *oot,*" replied the old man. The child ran forward, and soon came back, driving Bella, a beautiful little cow; nor was she at all frightened when the creature pushed out its head and horns towards her, for she knew that Bella was a gentle creature. Yet Bella was a thief, and had intended to break into her master's narrow field of oats. A steep path led down to the place among the rocks where the boat lay in the water. The little girl's mother helped to get the boat out. Two more children were there there, still younger than Bella's little keeper. The minister talked to them all, while the boat was getting

ready, for he loved children. He gave some pence to the eldest, as a present, and he told her to learn the twenty-third psalm. "Ah," said her mother, "she learned that a long time ago at the school." The minister kindly bade her repeat it. The child had learned it in verse out of the Scotch Psalm-book.

> "The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
> He makes me down to lie;
> In pastures green he feedeth me,
> The quiet waters by."

The little girl repeated the whole psalm. When the minister got into the boat, all the children followed him, and sat close together at one end. The minister remarked that the old boatman looked sad, and he knew the reason why. "The potatoes are all gone," said the poor man. "We thought to pay our rent with them, but they are gone." It sometimes happens in Scotland that the potatoes are not good to eat, sometimes the hay is spoiled, and sometimes the corn. But though this poor man looked sorrowful when he thought of the potatoes, he said, "God can give us something else if he pleases."

The minister hoped he would often think of the psalm his grandchild had repeated,—"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want."

When he left the honest ferryman, he gave

him more than he asked or expected,—more than sixpence, which was his fare, though I do not know how much more.*

ANIMALS.—The animals in Scotland are not as big as those in England, but they are strong and nimble. It is very curious that the cows are generally black and the horses white. There are nice little ponies in Scotland; they are smaller than the Welsh ponies, and suit well a little boy just beginning to ride. The hills of Scotland are sprinkled over with sheep, and sometimes when the snow comes, the poor sheep are buried in it.

One night, very suddenly, a great snow-storm came on. The shepherds were frightened when they thought of their poor sheep, and they went out with great haste to look for them. When they came to the place where the sheep had been feeding, they saw nothing but snow, except a few heads or horns peeping out. They soon dug out these poor creatures, but where were the rest? They could not tell, though they thrust long poles into the snow in hopes of finding them. And they did find a few, but there were hundreds lost. At last a white dog, with shaggy hair, called Spankie, began scraping the snow with all his might, and looking over his shoulder at the shepherds. What did he mean?

* Taken from the *Highland Ferryman*, by the Rev. J. East.

The shepherds guessed, and dug deep in that place, and lo! they came to a sheep. But Spankie was now scraping the snow in another place, and then in another—and wherever Spankie scraped, there a sheep was lying deep under the snow. Spankie was not tired of scraping till all the sheep had been got out, and there were three hundred buried beneath the snow, and some buried as deep as a tall house. Yet Spankie found them all. Was he not a good and clever dog? Some of the poor sheep were so weak when they were taken out, that they died in a few minutes; while others ran about for a little while, and then fell down helpless. The shepherds took them home, and fed them with their own hands, till they were strong again.*

There are many high hills in Scotland, which are called Ben. The highest of all is Ben Nevis. On the tops of these Bens, eagles build their nests. What nests they are! flat like a floor, and very strong; the great sticks are often placed between two high rocks that hang over a deep place.

The eagles often carry off the hares and rabbits to their nests, and sometimes young lambs. The farmers do not like these fierce birds, yet it is dangerous to provoke them. There was a

* Hogg's *Shepherd's Calendar.*

man who swam across a lake, to a rock where some eagles had built their nests. He went to rob them of their little ones, while the old birds were away. But while he was swimming back with the eaglets in his hands, the old birds saw him, came down upon him, and killed him.

If eagles have been so bold as to kill a man, you will not be surprised to hear of one who ventured to steal a child.



Eagle and Child.

It is said that once, while the people were making hay in the field, a great eagle saw a babe lying asleep on a bundle of hay, and, darting down from above, seized it with its great claws, and flew away. All the people, in alarm, hurried off towards the mountains, where they

knew this eagle had built its nest, and there they could just see the two old birds on the ledge of the rock.

Many cried, and wrung their hands in sorrow for the dear babe, but who would try to save it? There was a sailor, who used to climb the tall masts of the ships, and he began to climb the steep sides of the mountains. But he had only gone a few steps, when the mother started up from the rough stone where she had been sitting, looking up at the eagle's nest, and began to mount the rock herself. Though only a poor weak woman, she soon got before the sailor, and sprang from rock to rock; and when she could find no place for her feet, she held fast by the roots and the plants growing on the mountain. It was wonderful to see how she made her way. Her love to her babe strengthened her limbs, and God kept her feet from slipping. Every one looked eagerly at her, as she reached the top; they feared lest the fierce birds should hurt her,—but no—when she came into their nest, they screamed and flew away. There the mother found her babe lying among the bones of animals, and stained with their blood; but the eagles had not begun to eat it, nor had they hurt a hair of its head. The mother bound it with her shawl tightly round her waist, and then began quickly to descend, and this was far more difficult than it had been to go up.

But where was the sailor all this while? He had only got up a little way, and then his head had grown giddy, and he had been forced to return.

See the fond mother with her babe in her bosom, sliding down the rock, holding now by the yellow broom, and now by the prickly brier, and getting safely down places as steep as the sides of a house. When she had got half-way down, she saw a goat leading its two kids into the valley; she knew that it would take its little ones along the easiest path, and she followed the creature, till she met her friends coming up the mountain to meet her. How glad they were to see her again amongst them! Many a mother wished to hold the babe in her arms: "Give me the bonny bit bairn," says one to the other. In England they would have said, "Give me the pretty little child." How much they wondered to find the eagle's claws had not torn its tender flesh.

What will not a mother do to save her child! I hope this little babe, when it grew older, loved the kind mother who had climbed up the steep rock, to save it from the eagle's cruel claws and bloody beak.

Can you tell me who has done more than this for you and me? Do you love him?

APPEARANCE.—The Scotch are tall, and strong,

* The *Children's Friend*, for October, 1836.

with large bones. Their faces are broad, and their cheek-bones high; their eyes and hair are light; they look grave and thoughtful.

CHARACTER.—The Scotch are very grave and sensible. They love reading. Poor boys who are almost men will put themselves to school in the winter, that they may get more learning. People who have very little furniture, often have a great many books. A traveller once stopped at an inn, where there was only one bed for him, and that a very poor one, in a hole in the wall; yet he found that the innkeeper had a great many books, and amongst them several Bibles, also an Encyclopædia, a book which explains how everything is made; and this book had cost three guineas. The blacksmith, too, in the village, had two hundred books. Yet it is sad to say, this clever smith liked drinking, and asked the traveller for some money to buy whisky.

One of the chief faults of the Scotch is the love of whisky. Another fault is the love of money. They are sharp in making bargains, and careful of their own interest. They are ready to save, and slow to give. But some Scotch people are very generous; and are content with a little, that they may help the poor.

They are industrious, but disobliging. They will not take much trouble to please strangers; though they will take a great deal to serve their

friends. They are not as clean as English people. In some cottages in the Highlands books have been seen covered with soot.

They like music, and can sing some very pretty songs; but you would not like the sound of their bagpipes. This is the instrument the Highlanders play upon among their mountains. The noise is almost as ugly as the creaking of a door, or the squalling of cats. The Highlanders are fond also of dancing, of playing at foot-ball, of throwing weights, and of running races on foot.

But the best part of the character of the Scotch is their respect for the Lord's day. They shut up their shops, and go to church on Sundays. When travellers choose to go on their journeys on Sundays, the Scotch people who meet them look displeased. One traveller, who was out very early on Sunday morning, was surprised at meeting no one, and at seeing no one standing at the doors of their huts. The driver told him they were at home reading their Bibles.

A gentleman who was fond of collecting different sorts of earth and stones, was once walking about the country on the Sabbath. He took out his little pocket-hammer, and began to knock bits out of the rock. A poor old woman passing by said, "What are you doing there, mon?" he answered, "Don't you see? I am breaking a stone."

"You are doing *mair* than that, *mon*; you are breaking the Sabbath."

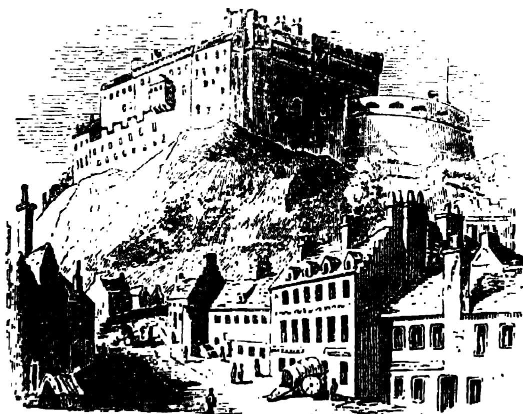
Another poor old woman heard a man singing on Sunday, as he walked along the road, and she said, "Songs, man, or psalms?" I do not know which the man was singing, but we know that psalms ought to be sung on the Sabbath-day.

The people often walk a long way to their churches among the hills, and when they get there, they like to hear a long prayer, and a long sermon. It is pleasing to see a few poor old women sitting on the pulpit-stairs in their white caps and handkerchiefs, with their Bibles in their laps. The service in the Highlands begins at twelve, and lasts two hours. Immediately afterwards the minister begins another service. And why? Because some of the people speak English, and some speak an old language called Gaelic; so the minister preaches first in English and then in Gaelic. Many of the people know both English and Gaelic, and they stay to hear both services, though the same sermon is preached both times. At four o'clock all the people return home. When the minister goes back to his house, which is called the Manse, I think he must feel very much tired. The church is called a Kirk.

PRODUCTIONS.—Calico, and muslin, and shawls, are woven in Scotland from cotton. Black cattle are fed on the mountains, and are sent to

England. A great quantity of coal is dug out of the ground. There are a great many fishermen who catch herrings, and salt them, and put them in boxes on the sea-shore, to send all over the world. When they have filled the boxes, the fishermen throw them into the sea, and the boats pick them up, and bring them to the ships. Thus town and country, land and sea, each sends something valuable to places far off.

EDINBURGH.



Edinburgh Castle.

Edinburgh is the chief town of Scotland. This is the most beautiful city in the world. What

makes it so beautiful? Its green hills with the castle at the top. The sides of that hill are so steep in one place, that it seems as if no foot could mount them, but it is said that once a soldier climbed up to the top. At the foot of the hill there is a deep valley planted with trees. As you walk in the fine broad streets of Edinburgh, whenever you look up you see this hill and its castle, and you admire them, and say, "How grand! how beautiful!"

All the streets are not broad. There are streets so narrow that two people can scarcely pass along, and friends might easily shake hands out of the opposite windows. How dark and dismal the houses must be! A right name is given to these narrow streets. They are called "closes." They are close indeed. The houses are twelve or fourteen stories high, and are crowded with very dirty poor people. A long while ago rich people lived in them, and they made the streets so narrow that their enemies might not be able to get in. But now there are no enemies to get in, and it is a pity the poor people should live in such places.

There is no river in Edinburgh, yet there are a great many bridges. What are they for? They are placed over the deep low valleys, and as you cross the bridges, you see houses underneath. How strange that must look!

There is a hill in Edinburgh, called the Calton

Hill. It has winding walks up to the top, and many beautiful statues and buildings all over it. From the top you can behold the sea, which is only two miles off, and the green hills all round the town. The air is so sweet from these green hills, that you feel strong and lively, and are able to walk further than you can in London.

In the chief streets there are shops down steps in the area, as well as shops even with the street: one shop is above another.

GLASGOW.

This city is larger than Edinburgh, yet it is not so famous, because kings have never lived there, as they once did in Edinburgh. There are a great many places in Glasgow where cotton is made into calico and muslin, and they are called manufactories; and there are a great many rich people who live in fine houses. But the smoke from the manufactories makes the city unpleasant. The cottages all around, where the poor people live, are very dirty and miserable. Unlike the tall houses of Edinburgh, these have no rooms upstairs, and they look more like pig-styes than cottages. Ragged children come out of them, and beg of the travellers who pass by.

Loch Lomond.

This is the largest lake in Scotland. There are hills all round covered with purple heather —but no trees. It is pleasant to sit upon the heather and look at the still waters of the lake.

Ben Nevis.

The highest mountain in Scotland, and higher than any in Wales or in England.

The River Tweed.

It divides England from Scotland. If any one were to say to you, "Have you ever been beyond the Tweed?" should you know what he meant? *

IRELAND.

SEE that country close to England. Does it not look like her little sister?

COUNTRY.—Ireland, you know, has been called the Emerald Isle, because the emerald is a green stone, and the fields of Ireland are very

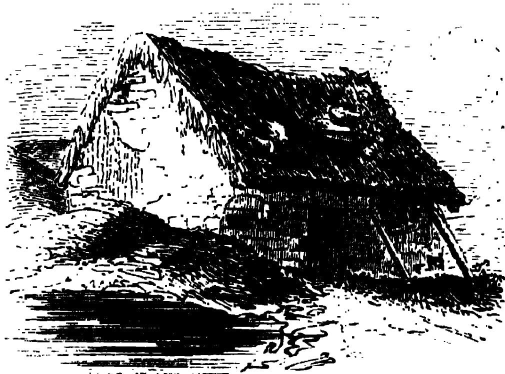
* Taken chiefly from Kohl's *Scotland*, Dr. Carus's *Tour with the King of Saxony*, the Rev. Francis Trench's *Scotland*.

green. And why are they so green? Because it rains so much. It rains almost every day—but it is not quite so cold as it is in England.

Is Ireland beautiful?

It has fine mountains and lakes; but it has very few trees, and it has great bogs. Bogs are soft ground which gives way under your feet. Yet they are of use, for the earth on the top of the bogs is called turf, and is used in Ireland instead of coals. I do not know what the Irish would do without their turf, for although there are coals in Ireland, the poor people do not like the trouble of digging them up: they prefer just going to the bog, fetching a piece of turf, drying it, and burning it.

COTTAGES.—There are no huts in the world so miserable as the Irish cabins or cottages.



Irish Cabin.

What are they made of?

Earth, with a few stones mixed up with it, and the roof is covered with turf. Where is the window? Where is the chimney? There are none. Only one square hole serves for the door, and through it the smoke goes out, and the light comes in. There is no pretty flower-garden with a walk up to the door—nothing but heaps of dirt outside. Inside there is no floor—only the damp earth. The rain comes down upon the pig and all through the holes in the roof. On the hearth the turf is smoking and a great kettle is boiling. What is inside? Potatoes. In one corner there is a heap of straw with a blanket over it: it is the bed: in the other the pig lies on another heap of straw, still more dirty.

Once, most of the cottages were in this miserable state: but now there are many neat and comfortable cottages; and many of the hovels have been pulled down.

.There is generally a little patch of potato-ground near. Now and then there is a cow, and sometimes she lives in the cabin with the pig and the family.

I have heard of a family who kept a horse in their room. This family lived in a dark cellar in a town, and they made brooms of heather, and they kept a horse to carry them about to sell.

A gentleman who went into this cellar was

quite surprised to feel some creature nibbling at his shoulder. He looked round and saw the horse; for the place was so dark he did not see it at first. It was a gentle creature with a bright eye, and seemed to love its master; and well it might, for he said, "I would rather starve myself than not give her enough." And what did he give her? Potato skins, and little bits of heath, and sometimes a mouthful of hay. The horse was quite fat, and its skin was sleek, though the master was very thin.

FOOD.—Potatoes are the food: potatoes for breakfast, potatoes for dinner, and potatoes for supper. There are very poor Irish who only taste meat once a year, that is on Christmas-day. They drink milk when they can get it, and often they drink whisky. They eat a little bread or oat-cakes—and glad enough are they of a little bacon.

APPEARANCE.—Though they live on potatoes, the Irish are a fine strong people. Their complexions are fair and rosy, for the sun is never very hot, nor the wind very cold, and the damp mild weather is very good for the skin.

Ireland is full of flaxen-headed children with bright blue eyes. Some have dark hair, yet even these generally have blue eyes.

DRESS.—Rags. This is the dress of the poor Irish; of those who live in the wretched cabins. They do not mend their clothes, so the holes

get larger and larger. Their coats are made of a grey woollen cloth called "frieze," and they are worn till they drop off the back: first, one tail of the coat comes off, then the other, and then the sleeves disappear, till at length nothing but a heap of rags remains. Their hats often get wet with the rain, and at last the crown comes out, yet they are worn as long as they will stick on the head.

ANIMALS.—The pig is the favourite animal. The Irish treat him as kindly as their children, give him a corner of the hut, and share their milk, and potatoes, and bread with him. At last the day comes when the pig must be taken to be sold. The master ties a wisp of straw round piggy's hind leg, and so he drives him along the road till he comes to the ship in which poor piggy is to sail for England. The Irishman is very sorry to lose his pet—his pig. It is very droll to see the pigs put on board the ships, and to hear their masters bidding them good-bye, as if they were parting from their own children.

There are plenty of black cattle in Ireland, and they make beef for other countries.

There are goats also which give milk, and the skins of the kids are made into gloves; but the foxes and eagles take away many of the young kids.

There are some animals very common in

England, not to be found in Ireland—animals which no one wishes to see—I mean snakes and toads.

SCHOOLS.—The Irish children are rosy, merry little creatures. They like potato dinners, and care not to run barefoot with their rags fluttering around them while they call out, "Halfpenny, halfpenny," to the passers-by. Sometimes they go to school; but an Irish school is a curious sight. There are some schools where poor children are taught under the hedges or a hay-stack, but as it is often raining it is unpleasant to have no roof. Let me show you a better school.

There is a hut made of clay, with a roof of turf. Close to the door the smaller boys sit; they could not see to read their books if they were further in, because there is no window. Inside some ragged boys are lying on the ground, and some sitting on a board, while tall boys are standing up leaning over the rest, and holding their books to the light. These are the most attentive scholars. The master is as ragged as the boys, and is seated in the midst of them on a high seat. That seat is a butter-barrel turned upside down. Just outside the door there is a heap of turf. Each little boy has brought a piece as payment to his master for the trouble of teaching him. See now—school is over—each laughing boy puts his spelling-

book and his slate into his pocket and rushes out of the hut. The master goes out too, locks the door, and then puts the turf into a sack, and carries it on his shoulders across the bog to his own hut.

The Irish have a language of their own, but they learn English at school. In some parts of Ireland the people have forgotten their own language, and speak nothing but English.

CHARACTER.—What sort of people are the Irish? The merriest, drollest people in the world. They are very kind and good-natured when pleased, but if affronted, are filled with rage. The poor men are fond of drinking and keeping company with their friends; but they often quarrel with them, and then they call them names, and throw things at them, and cover them with bruises. You see they are passionate; though they wish to be kind, they forget themselves and act in a wicked manner.

The Irish are very affectionate. I will show you how kind the parents are to the children when they are sick.

A good gentleman travelling in Ireland saw a poor boy about eighteen years old lying in a ditch upon some straw. There was a sort of roof of straw placed over the ditch to keep the rain off. A woman was sitting near with three children. She wept and said, "A month ago he was a fine lad." There were a great many rude

boys playing about with sticks and a ball. The noise disturbed the sick youth. The mother said to the gentlemen, "What a screaming they make!—which kills him. Would your honour but speak a word to them? maybe they would stop." The gentleman told them to be quiet, and they moved away. "Oh," said the poor woman, "when I speak to them they play all the more. What will I do? What will I do?"

How did she come to be living in a ditch with her son? When at home she had heard that her boy was taken sick; so she left her hut, taking her little ones with her, and had gone a great way till she had found him, and then she had made a roof over the ditch and had nursed her poor son. If he got well, surely he worked hard for his kind mother!

There are not many rich people in Ireland. Those who are rich like best coming over to England and living here, and this is one reason why the poor people are so very poor. They cannot get work to do, and so they almost starve. For this reason thousands of Irish are leaving their country for distant lands.

RELIGION.—The Irish say they are Christians, yet most of them will not read the Bible. Is not that strange? The Bible is the word of Christ. Why do not they read it, if they are Christians? Because their ministers tell

them not to read it. Why? Because these ministers or priests teach them a great many wrong things, which are not written in the Bible, and they do not want the people to find out the truth.

These priests tell the people to worship the Virgin Mary; now the Bible forbids us to worship any one but God. These priests say that they can forgive sins; but the Bible declares that God alone forgives sins. The religion they teach is called the Roman Catholic religion. It is a kind of Christian religion, but it is a very bad kind.

If you were to go to a Roman Catholic church, you would see a basin of water near the door. What is it for? It is called "holy water," because the priest has blessed it. Everybody dips his hand into this water, and sprinkles himself with it, and thinks that doing this will keep him from Satan. O how foolish! Then there is an altar at one end of the church, where the priests read prayers. On that altar there is a plate of bread and a cup of wine, and the priests pretend that they can turn this bread and wine into the very real body and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. While they are pretending to do this a bell rings, and everybody kneels down and worships the bread.

I will now tell you of a poor young woman who would not believe what the priests said.

She was a maid to a good clergyman, and she heard him read the Bible at family prayers every day. Catherine had never heard the Bible before: she thought it very beautiful, and she found out that the priests had taught her wrong when she was a child. When she went to her Roman Catholic church, she saw the image of the Virgin Mary, crowned with flowers, and she saw people bowing down before it. She did not like to kneel down before it any more. She saw the people go into little seats covered up like boxes, where nobody could see them, and she knew they went there to confess their sins to the priest, that they might be forgiven. But Catherine had heard that Christ alone can forgive sins. At last she determined never to go to the Roman Catholic Church again, but only to the church of the good clergyman; that is, to the Protestant Church.

But when the priest found that Catherine came no more to confess her sins, he cursed her before all the congregation. It is very dreadful to hear a priest curse. He wears a black dress, and then he curses the nose, and eyes, and all the body of the poor creature, and then puts out the candles one by one. Catherine was told that the priest had cursed her; but she knew that his words could do her no harm.

Though words could not hurt her, blows

could. One day, when Catherine was going on a message for her master, a wicked man, who hated Christ's people, suddenly threw a large stone at the back of her head, and knocked her to the ground; then he beat her on her back, and threw more stones at her till she seemed quite dead. Then he left her. But some kind persons found her lying bleeding on the earth, and they carried her to her master's house. There she came to herself; but she felt a great deal of pain, and could not move. Catherine did not get well, and she wished to go home to her father's cottage. There she lay, year after year, not able to walk, or to work for her living. But was she unhappy? No; she said her Saviour comforted her heart. She was happier on her bed of pain than she had ever been before, because she felt sure that Jesus loved her, and that she had been ill-treated for His sake. Many kind people sent her money, and now and then a friend went to see her.*

THE FAMINE.

The people had long lived upon potatoes; but the time came at last when the potatoes

* Taken from the "Children's Friend," for June 1855.

were not fit to eat. This was the famine. It was a dreadful time. What bitter tears the poor creatures shed over their blighted black potatoes! They wandered about the fields in search of food. Happy were those who lived by the sea-side, for they could pick up a few shell-fish.

To give you an idea of the sorrows of the poor in the famine, I will relate the history of one poor girl.

Biddy Lacy lived in a little cottage among the hills of Connemara. She was the eldest daughter of the family; she had two sisters, named Catherine and Mary, and two brothers, George and little Peter.

The whole family were very ignorant. As they sat by the fire in the winter evenings, they would tell each other histories about miserable souls who could get no rest, till the priest was paid for praying for them. Such were the histories the priests taught them to believe. Often these poor people trembled as they thought of dying, lest they should not have money enough to have prayers said for their souls. Soon death came. The potatoes were spoiled as they lay in the ground. The furniture of the cottage was sold to pay the rent,—even the bed, and the water-can, and the potato-pot. Sometimes a whole day passed without any of the family tasting food. What

did the parents feel as they looked around on their hungry children! One night the father lay down on his straw as usual, but in the middle of the night he raised his head, and said, "Is there anything at all to eat?" His children gave him cold water to drink, for they had no food. The poor man cried out, "Lord have mercy on my soul," and then grew restless, fell into convulsions, and died.

The wife and children threw themselves upon the dead body, and covered it with tears; but they were so weak they could hardly stand. Next day the neighbours brought a coffin and buried the poor man.

The family got a little food, or they would all have died. They were now turned out of their cottage, and this was a grief to them. They went to another cottage; but they had no garden in which to plant potatoes for another year. Their only food now was a little stir-about; that is, boiled meal, which was allowed them from the workhouse; and a *very, very little* it was,—not enough even for breakfast.

The poor mother soon called her children to her bedside, and said, "George, won't you bury me with your father? I have not long to live: the strings of my heart were broken when he died; I will soon have rest; but the Father of the orphan will protect you!"

She said no more. Biddy kissed her dying

mother, and found those lips were cold. She fainted away, and when she came to herself she felt her mother's cold hand lying on her neck.

Biddy remembered what her mother had said about the orphan's God. She felt she had no hope but in Him, and to Him she prayed. She had never prayed in that way before, for now she prayed with all her heart. God heard her prayer, and made her know at last he was the orphan's God.

But Biddy had still many troubles to endure. Mary, once a laughing, blooming child, was now pale and sorrowful. She often put out her thin hand, asking for something to eat; and even in her sleep she sobbed and cried. One night she awoke, saying, "I'm very hungry," then, stretching out her limbs, and clasping her arms round Biddy's neck, expired.

George was the next to go—a fine strong young man once—who could drive a spade deeper into the earth than any lad in all the country; but at last he could not lift it from the ground. He fainted one day over his spade, as he was trying to earn a few pence, and he was carried home by two men. He lingered some days. No priests came near him because he had no money; and it was well they did not, for they would only have shown him the wrong way, instead of pointing him to Jesus the Saviour. One night he said, "Have you any-

thing at all to give me to eat? If I had but anything at all I would not die." The tears flowed fast down Biddy's cheeks, for she had nothing to give her darling brother. He saw her tears, and he began to weep too.

"Biddy," said he, "help me to sit up. Help me quick; Biddy dear, won't you help me?" Poor Biddy was lying with her face on the ground, praying that she might die before George; but she soon sprang up, and got Catherine and Peter to help her to raise him. They placed him on a chair. The dying youth gave one sorrowful look, tried to speak, but could not; his head fell back, and he died, leaning against the wall. There were now only three left—two young girls and a little boy. They could taste no food that day, though they had their usual allowance of stir-about. They knew not how to get their brother buried; but at last a man helped them to carry the body to a place behind the house, and to make a hole, and bury it there.

Catherine was next in age to Biddy, a gentle girl, who minded all her sister said. Once she was like a kid—running over the fields, and singing like a lark; but now she never moved, except to look for shell-fish on the beach, or to scrape the fields, in hopes of finding a few potatoes. She lay down, as the rest had done, upon the wisp of straw in the corner, her skin

burning like an oven, and her eyes like coals of fire, while all day long she was calling for water to quench her thirst. Biddy told the officers of the workhouse of her sister's state, and soon she saw them come and fetch her away to the Fever Hospital. There Catherine died, without a friend to close her eyes.

There was none left with Biddy but little Peter. He had been the pet of all, because he was the youngest; and he often had more than his share of food, because none could bear to hear him crying from hunger. His legs, once stout and sturdy, were now like two spindles, and his little body was nothing but skin and bones. He fell sick and lay on the straw. One night, in his sleep, he called for food; he woke, looked wildly around, breathed heavily, and died. Biddy sat all alone, looking at him by the light of the fire. Now *all* were gone!

Biddy wished to die too, for she felt as if her heart would break. But she was comforted by remembering her mother's words about the orphan's God. She heard of a place where orphans were fed and clothed. She knelt down and prayed to the orphan's God that she might be taken into the Orphans' Nursery. She went there and told her history, and she was admitted.

Is Biddy happy there?

Yes, she is. Hear her own words. "I am

very happy here, only the thought of my poor family comes over me like a cloud; but here I am learning about my Saviour, for without Him what would the whole world be to me? I often think how good God was to me for bringing me here. Sure, I would be always on my knees praying for the souls of my father and mother, brothers and sisters, thinking they would be lost: only now, I thank the Lord Jesus. He opened my eyes. I never can see a priest but I tremble all over. For if the priests had the power to help the souls of my parents, they did not do it, because we had no *money* for them; and if they have *not* the power, why do they *pretend* they have, and get money for doing what they cannot do? Oh! I feel thankful to my Saviour, the orphan's God, who heard my prayer. Sure, what I suffered is nothing at all to what he suffered on account of my sins; glory and honour to His name!"

THE ORPHAN'S NURSERY.

This is the name of the place where Biddy Lacy was received.

After the famine there were numbers of orphans wandering about the country with no

one to take care of them. A kind English clergyman was travelling in a car, and he saw a little orphan only two years old, with nothing but a rag round its body, sitting on a heap of rubbish by the way-side, and he observed a pig come up and seize it by the shoulders. Alarmed for the babe, he jumped out of his car, drove away the pig, and delivered the little one from being torn to pieces.

"Poor babe!" thought he; "how many there are like you, deprived of a parent's tender care, and exposed to the cruelty of men and beasts."

God put the thought in the good man's heart. He could not sleep till he had determined to open a house for helpless orphans.

That house is in Connemara, among bleak hills and wild rocks. It is built on the top of the high cliffs, in the midst of a green meadow, with a fine view of the sea. There is a master to teach the boys, not only how to read and write, but also how to plough and reap; and there is a mistress to train the girls to be useful servants. The children have only two meals a-day—one at nine, and the other at five, besides a piece of bread at one o'clock; and the food is merely rice, and stir-about, with fish once a-week, and milk on Sundays. English children are far better fed; but poor Irish children are accustomed to nothing more. It is delightful to see these children welcome the kind minister

who prepared this Nursery. When he comes from England to visit them, they run forward with outstretched arms to meet him.

Some children, who have parents of their own, and money to spend as they like, help these poor orphans, by sending them some little gifts.*

DUBLIN.

Dublin, the chief city, is very beautiful. It is built by the sea in a bay. What is a bay? When the land, instead of going straight along by the sea, is in the shape of half a round, then the sea is called a bay. A bay is very beautiful. In a bay the sea is smoother and gentler than in other parts, so that ships lie quietly, and are not tossed about by the waves.

There are very handsome streets in Dublin; they are broad and straight, and pleasant to walk in. In London there are many pretty squares with iron railings round them, and trees, and grass in the middle, where children play by

* The Connemara Orphan Nursery is maintained by donations. Even the smallest sums are acceptable, and may be sent to Mrs. Dallas, Wonston Rectory, Andover Road, Hants; whence also may be obtained a very little book, called "The History of Biddy Lacy," related in her own words.

the side of their nurses. But there are much larger squares in Dublin. There is one so large that a cottage is built in it for the gardener, and there are so many fine trees in it, that you might think you were in the country. But Dublin is not beautiful all over. There are parts where the poor people live crowded together in rags and dirt, and misery. In some houses a dozen people live in every room. How unpleasant that must be!



Dublin Bay.

CORK is the second city of Ireland. Ships sail from Cork, filled with food for other countries. Pork, and beef, and bacon, and butter, and eggs, are packed up in boxes and barrels, and sent far away. Many a poor Irishman parts with his dear little pig at Cork, and never sees it again.

LIMERICK is the third city. Have you ever heard of Limerick gloves? They are made of the skins of Irish kids.

BELFAST is famous for its linen. The flax grows in Ireland, the stalks are spun into thread, and the thread is woven into linen. At first the linen is not white, but the Irish can bleach it, or make it white. The fields round Belfast are covered with linen which is turning white. It must look as if there was snow on the ground, for Irish linen is almost as white as snow.

The finest river in Ireland is the Shannon. There is no river in England, or Wales, or Scotland, as broad and long as the Shannon. The Irish are much pleased to have such a river in their country. It might be called the yellow river, for such is the colour of its waters. What turns the water yellow? It is the bogs through which the water passes that make it that colour. Yet it is very beautiful, for the waters flow fast, and foam and dash along, and sometimes they fall down from a height, and make a great noise among the rocks.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

They are the most lovely sight in Ireland. There are no lakes in England or Scotland like them. There are mountains near, and on their

sides a shrub grows, called the "arbutus." This shrub is often to be seen in the gardens of England, but in Ireland it grows in the fields.*

FRANCE.



Women of Normandy.

COUNTRY, AND PEOPLE.—You need only cross the water in a steam-boat, and in three hours you will be in France. You will see the same kind of trees and hills that you saw in England, but not the same sort of people. The poor women wear no bonnets nor shawls, but high white caps, long ear-rings, and handkerchiefs

*** Taken from Kohl's "Ireland," and "Tour in Ireland," by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel.**

very neatly put on. Very few have rosy cheeks, or light hair; they have dark complexions, and dark eyes and hair; they hold up their heads, walk briskly, and look gay and smiling.

The French people are very fond of talking, and they are very fond of company. They like better being out of doors than at home, and the weather is so very pleasant that I do not wonder they like walking about. There is generally a place near the towns in France planted with trees on each side, and there the people come and walk every evening, and sit on benches and talk. The poor women who cannot leave home take their chairs, and place them outside their cottages, and sit and knit together.

Some of the roads in France are planted with apple-trees. Anybody may pick an apple as he passes along. As you go down to the south, or lower part of France, you will see still sweeter fruit. The fields are full of vines, twisted round long poles, and bunches of purple grapes hang down towards the ground.

It is very pretty to see a cottage with vines creeping over the trellis-work, and one or two fig-trees with their broad dark leaves stretching over the wall. It puts one in mind of the beautiful promise in the Bible,—"They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree." Mic. iv. 4.

There are many sweet flower-gardens in

France, and poor people often pick nosegays, and throw them into the carriage windows, in hopes the travellers will give them a few pence.

Mignonette is called the Frenchman's flower. It has a very sweet smell, though its light green colour is not very gay. But the lily is the flower that France has chosen for her flower while the rose is the flower of England.

Gardens in France are not as pretty as those in England, because the walks are straight, between high smooth edges of box, or rows of trees, while in England we have winding shrubberies, and green lawns with flower-beds scattered about. But sometimes the French make a garden like ours, and call it an English garden.

THE POOR PEOPLE.—Though France is such a sweet country, yet there are many very many poor people there.

Some have a little piece of land of their own, and they plant it with vines, but if the sun does not ripen their grapes (and sometimes it does not) they almost starve.

They do not drink tea and sugar, as they do in England; they have not money enough to buy them. Now and then when they are sick, they put a little sugar in some water and drink it, but they cannot have it every day.

For breakfast they eat bread or chesnuts.

For dinner they have soup made of vegetables, eggs, and rye-cakes.

And for supper the same as at dinner.

But they often get nice fruit, which people in England cannot get, and often they drink a little wine. They very seldom drink too much. In England, it is a common thing for a poor man to get drunk, but it is very uncommon in France. People sometimes whisper to each other, and say, "That man once got drunk."

I will tell you a short story, to show you how very poor some of the people are.

An English gentleman had hired a house and garden. The garden was overrun with weeds. The gentleman got a poor man to come and put it in order. He told the man that when he had made it quite neat, he would give him some money. How hard the poor man worked, that he might get the money soon! He began his work before the sun was up, at three or four o'clock, and he did not leave off till seven or eight. He rested for two hours in the heat of the day, but he never went home. He thought that would take too much time. There he was—first with his pickaxe tearing up the ground; then removing the weeds and the stones, and afterwards digging it all up. His food was coarse brown bread, a bottle of milk, and dried grapes. But you will be surprised to hear what he ate instead of cheese, or bacon—it was snails. He found them in the old walls of the garden, and thought them very nice. Sometimes the gentle-

man begged him not to eat them, and once, when he saw a heap in his hands, he suddenly struck them out. As soon as the gentleman was gone, the poor man went again to the old wall, and found some more of his favourite food.

This man had a little vineyard of his own, and he made haste to finish the gentleman's garden that he might go and work in his own vineyard.

The poor women work very hard. They are glad to help their husbands in their own little fields, or to earn money by working out. They may often be seen ploughing or digging, or carrying baskets of manure on their heads. In England, women make hay and pick up stones, and gather weeds, but they do not work as hard as men. The old women in France are made very brown by the sun.

If you wander out in the evening, and come to a river-side, you will perhaps hear the noise of talking, laughing, and hammering. It is some women washing clothes. They have soaked the linen at home in hot water with soap, and have carried it down to the river to finish washing it. They have spread it on boards, and are beating it very fast and very hard with a sort of wooden spade. I think they must soon beat their clothes into holes.

The poor women dress in one manner in one part of France, and in another manner in

another part. Their manner of dress is called their costume. This is one of the costumes. A blue cloth petticoat with a red border, and a red jacket, a white cap, and a very small hat worn on one side of the head.

FOOD.—You have heard what the poor people eat. The rich people are fond of messes of nice things. Their cooks are considered very clever, and even English people who wish to have very fine dinners send for French cooks to live with them. The common dish at dinner is a piece of dry-boiled meat and some soup. There is no plum-pudding, but cake and fruits instead. A great many sweetmeats and sugar-plums are made in France. Boxes of "bon-bons," that look very pretty, are sent to England; but children who eat many soon spoil their teeth, and hurt their health.

CHILDREN.—The parents like to make them little men and women. They take them out with them, keep them up late, and let them eat unwholesome food, and they even allow them to talk away before grown-up people, and show off their cleverness. Children of five or six years old often dine with company, when they ought to be alone with their papa and mamma, or else in the nursery. The children are dressed up very fine.

An English lady and gentleman once observed a little boy of five or six years old walking up and down by himself in the middle of the road.

Everything he had on seemed to be new, from his broad-brimmed white straw hat to his jet-black wooden shoes. He seemed proud of his dress, strutting and looking about to see who admired him. Presently the strangers heard a loud laugh, and turning round, they saw a lady standing on the stone steps of a house. This lady was the boy's mamma. She said, "This is the first day he has worn that dress. O the little fellow!—he walks like a king—the little darling!"

You see that the mamma was pleased with her boy, though he was so vain and foolish. I fear he will not grow up a wise man.

When the French boys are at school, their masters have a day for giving them rewards. A gentleman once went to see the prizes given at a school. The master stood near a table covered with books to be given as rewards. Near it was a basket full of wreaths of flowers. Some priests were seated on gilded chairs with velvet cushions, and the boys were standing near them. After the boys had repeated a great deal, and answered many questions, the master called some of them up to receive prizes. As soon as the first boy came near the table, a band of music began to play; then one of the priests gave him a book, and at the same time took a wreath out of the basket and placed it on his head like a crown. It was made of gilded leaves.

Then the priest kissed the boy on each cheek. The second boy had a crown with green leaves and blue flowers. Only the first boy had a golden crown. Some of the prizes were given to the boys by their own mothers. It was with great joy the mothers viewed the green wreaths on the heads of their little ones, and kissed their cheeks. But I fear that this plan must make the children very vain, and that they must grow up wishing to be praised and admired.

RELIGION.—There is the same religion in France that there is in Ireland—the Roman Catholic. I have told you that it is not a true religion; for though the French people pray to the Lord Jesus Christ as we do, yet they pray also to the Virgin Mary.

The month of May, the sweetest month in the year, is called the month of Mary. In that month a great deal of honour is done to her.

A clergyman who was travelling went into a church in France about six o'clock one May morning. He observed in the porch a great many baskets, and when he entered he found hundreds of poor women and a few men listening to a preacher. Near the pulpit he observed a number of steps adorned with lights, and covered with jars of beautiful fresh flowers At the top of the steps there was a large image of the Virgin Mary, with a crown and a super

dress, and holding in her arms the image of a very small baby. The traveller now found out why the baskets were in the porch. The poor women had brought flowers in honour of the Virgin. The sermon was all about Mary. It would have been true if the preacher had said she was a humble and blessed woman, but he said much more. He declared that she could pray to God for us, and even that she could help us in every trouble, and save our souls in death. When he had finished the sermon, he said, "Let us pray," and then he and all the people turned towards the image, and made a long prayer to Mary. The traveller remembered that God had said, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image." He was shocked to see people worship idols, and he left the church with a sad heart.

There is another commandment which is much broken in France. It is the fourth, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." The shops are often kept open all Sunday. Still a great many people go to church in the morning, where they hear the priests singing their Latin prayers, and see them, holding up a piece of bread to be worshipped.

There are no pews in the churches, but there are chairs heaped up in one corner; and if people want to sit down they hire a chair for a halfpenny. They may sit down in what part

of the church they like, and go out and come in when they please; so there is a great deal of confusion and bustle in the churches.

On Sunday evening the French play at all kind of games, and go to see sights, and to hear music, and they meet together to dance. Often they dance out of doors between tall hedges clipped close, which serve instead of walls.

There are houses in France called convents. In some of these women live, called nuns. They have promised to live there always, and to spend their time in worshipping God and in doing good. They think they please God by shutting themselves up in a house together. Many mothers send their little girls to these nuns to be taught. But what do the nuns teach? They teach their little scholars to work, and to sing, and to draw; and also they teach them to worship the Virgin Mary. English parents ought never to send their children to convents to be taught.

An English gentleman and lady who wished to see a convent were shown into a small room, where there was an iron grating with a black gauze curtain before it. They waited till a nun came and looked through the iron grating. She was dressed in black, with a large black hood falling over part of her face, and by her side she wore a large gold cross. She looked amiable and spoke in a gentle voice. The travellers

asked whether they might see the convent. The nun inquired whether they had any children to place there. But when the travellers replied, "No," the nun would not let them come in.



Nuns of the Carmelite Order.

GOVERNMENT.—Is there a king of France? There have been many kings. But the French often send away their kings. The last king left his palace in great haste. There were crowds under his windows, and he was afraid they would burst in. So he left his dinner unfinished on the table; he did not stop to pack up his clothes, but—with his queen on his arm—he hurried through the streets, and got into a carriage, and drove off. Many people saw the king go, but they did not try to keep him. They said, "Let him go." Where did he go?

To England. That is a safe place for French kings; for the English treat them kindly. This was King Louis Philippe.

It is very wicked to rebel against a king or a queen, for God has said, "Honour the king."

CHARACTER.—There are no people so gay and so polite as the French. They do not drink much, nor eat much either. They like being smart, but are not very clean. It is too common in France not to speak truth, for the French pay a great many compliments to please their company, and these compliments are often not true. The French are called witty, for they say things which make people laugh. They are ingenious also, for they can make very curious ornaments. French prisoners have picked up the straw they found on the floor of the prison, and they have covered boxes with these straws cut into slips, and have made them look beautiful. The French are brave in war. They have fought many battles with the English; but I hope they will fight no more.

PARIS.

It is a very gay city. There are a great many pretty shops and finely-dressed people.

There are large gardens where anybody may walk. But I do not think you would call them pretty, because the walks are straight, with rows of trees on each side.

There are a great many little tables and chairs in the streets, where lemonade and sweetmeats are sold, and where people sit and talk. There are always the sounds of talking and laughing in the streets. There are also many stalls where books are sold, for the French people are fond of reading amusing books.

What they care for most is fine dress. Every week there are new fashions, new shapes for bonnets, and new colours. Pictures are drawn of the fashions and sent to other countries, and English people like to dress as the people do at Paris.

Each family in Paris does not have a whole house to itself. On each floor of a house there is a different family. When you come up-stairs, you see three doors; one takes you into a drawing-room, another into a dining-room, and another into a large bed-room; then, on each side of these there are kitchens, and more bed-rooms. The rooms are not so comfortable as in England. There are carpets in winter, but in the spring a man comes and takes away the carpets to clean them, and he brings them back before the next winter. The beds are very

pretty; they have no posts to them, but curtains hanging from the top. These sort of beds are often seen in England, and they are called French beds. The windows of the houses open like doors. The French are fond of ornaments, and they place little clocks, and figures, and jars about their rooms.

In one respect Paris is much pleasanter than London: there is no smoke. Everything does not turn black as in London. And why not? Because instead of coals, wood is burnt. There is no poker to the fire, but only a pair of tongs, with which to turn the logs.

A fine river runs through Paris, called the Seine. It is much larger than the Thames.

LYONS.—This is the second city of France, and is famous for silk. It is on the river Rhone, which is a fine river; but sometimes it overflows and drowns many people.

BORDEAUX is near the sea. A great deal of wine is made there.

THE LITTLE FRENCH MOUNTAINEER.

The high mountains which lie between France and Switzerland are called the Alps. On some of the mountains French people live. The French, you know, are Roman Catholics. I am

going to tell you about a little French Roman Catholic.

Marietta was born in a small village upon the top of a mountain. A stream rolled down the mountain-side with a great noise into the deep valley beneath. It was a beautiful spot which Marietta's infant eyes first beheld. But the air was cold, and the ground was barren. The villagers were very poor. Corn and vegetables did not grow in their little gardens and in their fields, for the high mountains all around kept off the beams of the sun, and hindered plants from ripening fully. The poor people tried to keep themselves warm in winter by letting their sheep and cows live with them. They made no windows in their houses, because they could not get glass: and they made no chimneys either, but were satisfied with the smoke going out at the door.

You may suppose that these hovels were very dark and dirty. In one of them lived Marietta, the little shepherdess, with her grandfather and grandmother. Though her father was alive she did not live with him, but she often saw him, as he lived in a village very near.

In the summer Marietta led her flock among the mountains, and watched over them while they fed by the side of the steep precipices. And how did the little shepherdess pass her time as she sat beside her lambs? Did she

ever repeat that sweet psalm that King David sang when he was a shepherd?—"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." Marietta could repeat no psalms—could sing no hymns; she had no Bible, and she had never learned to read. Roman Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible. Little Marietta had heard that there was a book which told about the Lord Jesus Christ. She longed to hear what was written in this blessed book. Perhaps you wonder how she came to hear of the Bible. I must tell you, then, that there are some Protestants in France. There were some Protestant villages near the place where Marietta lived. In these villages there were Bibles and Sunday-schools. Some of the little girls who took care of sheep on the mountains went to Sunday-schools, and had Bibles of their own. Marietta begged these children to bring their books with them, and to read to her about Jesus. O how she loved to hear about him, lying in the manger and dying on the cross, and rising from the grave, and sitting in the heavens! But Marietta had another way of learning about our Saviour. When she saw people passing by, she would modestly ask from what village they came, and if she found it was from a Protestant village, she would ask them many questions about the Lord

Jesus and the way of salvation. All they told her she tried to remember, and she thought about it as she tended her flock;—yes, she thought of the good Shepherd who gave His life for His sheep, and she wished to be one of His little lambs.

One day Marietta met the good minister of the Protestant villages. His name was Felix Neff. He kindly took notice of this poor child, and asked her whether she could read.

Marietta burst into tears, and answered, "Oh, if they would but let me go to the Sunday-school in this place, I should soon learn, but they say I know too much already." The minister felt very sorry for her, and inquired who prevented her coming. When she told him that neither her grandfather, nor grandmother nor father would let her come, Felix Neff felt very sorry, and he determined to ask her father to allow her to come. He went to him, but could not persuade him to let the child be taught.

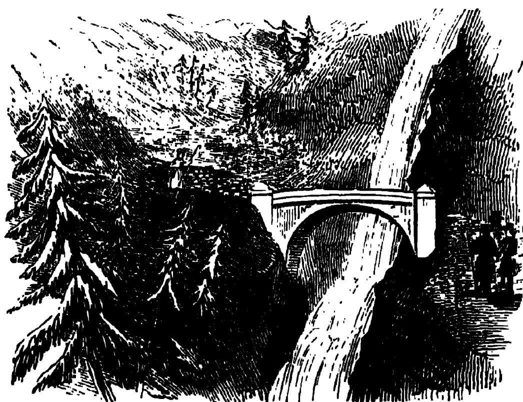
Little Marietta could not feed her lambs among the mountains in winter, for then they were covered with snow. In the winter the poor child was shut up in her dark smoky hovel, where there was nobody to teach her. But though she could not hear, she could think, and she could pray,—and she *did* think, and she *did* pray, and God put more grace into her

heart, and made her feel how wrong it was to go to the Roman Catholic church, where the people worship images. So when the spring returned, and people were able to leave their cottages again, Marietta told her grandfather and grandmother that she could not go to their church and hear the mass (which is the name of the service at the Roman Catholic churches). They told her she *must* go, but she knew it was better to obey God than man. Then they beat her, but she did not cry, for she had heard that Jesus said, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake." Her grandfather and grandmother only beat her the more because she did not cry; but still Marietta behaved like the three young men who were cast into the fiery furnace—still she said she would not worship idols. Then they complained of her to her father, but Marietta spoke so sweetly to him, and told him so meekly why she could not go to mass, that he felt afraid to beat her, lest he should be sinning against God.

The kind minister heard how Marietta was treated, and was very much grieved; but what could he do to help her?

One day he was passing along the mountains with two of his friends, and he was just stopping at the bridge that was placed over the torrent of water of which I told you before,

when he saw a flock of lambs running down the mountains, and coming towards him. Whose lambs were these? Marietta had seen the minister a great way off, and had run to meet him. She was out of breath, and full of joy. She thanked Felix for having tried to persuade her father to let her go to school on Sundays; and she told him all her troubles, and how she trusted in God her Saviour to help her. She could not talk long with the minister because she had her flock to tend.



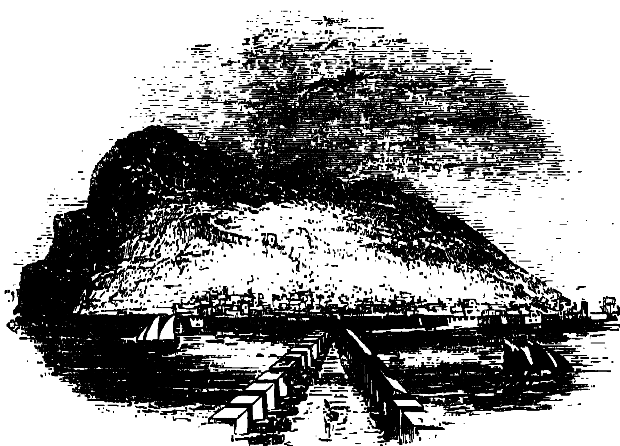
Felix Neff and Marietta.

Who ever trusted in God, and was not helped? Not one. So it was with Marietta, as you shall hear. Soon afterwards, Felix Neff came to Marietta's village to pray with some poor people in one of the cottages. Marietta heard he was

coming, and she came too. She had never before heard a minister pray or preach. O how attentive she was! Did she look about?—did she trifle? Oh, no; though she could not understand all that he said, she listened with all her heart. After the prayers were over, she went to her father and told him where she had been; for she was not so much afraid of him as she was of her grandparents. He was kind, for God had softened his heart. He took her back to her grandparents, and begged them not to beat her. He did more still. He soon afterwards allowed the little girl to go to a church a good way off, where Felix Neff preached. She had never entered such a church before. The people in the church had heard of this young shepherdess, and of her love to Jesus, and they were glad to see her in the house of God. Her uncle and aunt were there. Her uncle was a good man. He said he would take Marietta to live with him during the winter, if her father would let her come, and he would teach her to read. Marietta's father gave her leave to go. You see, my dear children, that God had heard her prayers, as he had promised to do in that sweet verse—"Ask, and ye shall receive." Marietta never went to mass again. Other people besides her uncle were kind, and soon she could read the Bible well, and soon she knew a great deal about Jesus and the way to heaven.

Oh, how happy are the British children! They need not ask strangers passing by to teach them the way of life. Their parents take them on their knees when quite little, and talk to them about Christ, and heaven, and angels.*

SPAIN.



Gibraltar.

The Country.—Is Spain a beautiful country?

* Works from which the above particulars have been derived: Trench's "Travels in France," Andrew Clarke's "Tour," Wordsworth's "Diary," "Memoirs of Felix Neff."

Yes, it is very beautiful. There are high mountains and very wide plains, and fine trees, and a clear blue sky.

The plains are not flat and smooth, but uneven. Children love to run down steep banks and to clamber among hillocks. Would you like to play at hide-and-seek among the brushwood and bushes of a Spanish plain? I think not, for you might meet with a playfellow that you do not like—I mean a wolf. I will tell you more about the Spanish wolves by and by.

There are some men in Spain who act like wolves: there are robbers and murderers there. They hide themselves among the caves in the mountains, and among the thickets in the forests. If you travelled through Spain you would often see black crosses set up by the roadside with some writing upon them. What are these crosses for? Read what is written upon one,—"A man named Charles was murdered here in May, 1840." Read what is written upon the next,—"A woman, named Julia, and her children, were murdered here in January, 1736." Whenever a person has been murdered by the roadside, a cross is set up to mark the place.

Sometimes as you went along you would hear the tinkling of bells, with the deep sound of men's voices singing. You need not fear lest robbers are coming, for *they* make no noise. The bells are tied round the necks of mules

with burdens on their backs, and the men are driving them, and singing to amuse themselves by the way.

Look at that great wagon drawn by oxen—how slowly it moves along!

THE ANIMALS.—There are some wild beasts in Spain—bears and wolves. The shepherds are more afraid of a wolf than a bear, because their large dogs would sooner fight with a bear than with a wolf. And why? Because a wolf has such sharp teeth and claws, and because it is so cunning. It knows what part to lay hold of in each animal. When it sees a bullock it seizes it by its throat, but when it sees a horse it flies at its haunches.

There are large herds of horses feeding in the valleys of Spain. When the mares see a wolf coming, they know what to do. They put their foals all together, and they stand all round with their tails towards the foals. As soon as one of the mares sees a wolf coming towards her, she stands on her hind-legs, ready to trample it under her feet. The wolves, finding they cannot approach, are at last obliged to go away.

But when a horse is *alone* it is very much terrified at the wolves. A gentleman was riding among the mountains, when suddenly his horse stopped and trembled all over. He could not think what was the matter with the poor beast. At first he supposed the horse was

taken ill, but on listening he heard some squeaking and growling among the bushes. He pointed his gun towards the place whence the noise came, and fired. Then a scampering was heard—the wolves were running away as fast as they could. The poor horse did not recover his health for several days, so dreadfully had he been frightened.

Men are sometimes frightened at wolves as well as horses. Two Spaniards were once walking along among the hills, when they saw a whole troop of wolves coming along; one large fierce grey wolf led the way, and the rest followed. They were galloping fast, with their tails lifted up, and their eyes looking fiery. The poor men tried to get out of the way, as well as they could. They turned out of the path, and stood on the side of a hill among the vines, and there they waited trembling, and hoping the wolves would not see them. But the first wolf turned that very way, and the rest came after it. The wolf passed by one of the men without noticing him, though it came so near him, that its bristly hair brushed the man's legs. When it came to the other man, who was standing a little higher up the hill, it passed by—almost—then turned half round, and snapped at him, without biting him. That was a sign to the pack of wolves to eat him. They understood the sign, and in a few moments

tore the man limb from limb, howling all the while most dreadfully, and leaving nothing but bones.

It is not often that wolves get hold of a man, but they often devour sheep.

There are large flocks of sheep in Spain, with very fine wool, called merinos. There are goats leaping amongst the mountains, and there are tame goats, and they are milked as cows are milked in England.

You have often seen a flock of sheep, but did you ever see a flock of pigs? In Spain you might see one. All the people in a village who keep pigs, send them out under the care of one man every day to feed in the plains. The man is called a swineherd. He has a troublesome charge, for pigs are not as quiet and gentle as sheep. One evening a traveller saw the swineherd returning with his pigs. The man wore a ragged cloak, and a hat in the shape of a sugarloaf. In one hand he held a cow-horn, with which he made a horrible noise: in the other he held a stick with a nail at the end, and with this stick he pricked those pigs that did not mind the sound of the horn. The pigs followed the man very steadily, till they came close to the village; then they set up a loud grunt, and set off in a fast gallop; one went one way, and another went another way; each knew the way to his own home, and was in such a hurry to

reach it, that he bolted through the open door, and jumped over the threshold, frightening all the little children as he rushed by. It was the thought of supper, I think, which made the pigs so eager.

If the Spanish pigs are such active creatures, what must the horses, and ponies, and donkeys be? They are all very spirited, and can gallop very fast. I will tell you a story about a Spanish pony.

A gentleman wanted a pony to ride upon over the mountains. He met a gipsy, who said he had one to sell. The gipsy said "My pony is the best in Spain." But when the gentleman saw the animal, he did not think so much of it, for it seemed weak, and it had the marks of a rope upon its poor thin sides, as if it had been beaten a great deal. Yet its eye was light and lively.

"It looks weak," said the gentleman.

"You cannot ride him," replied the gipsy; "if you mount him, he will run away, and nothing will stop him but the sea."

The gentleman did not believe the gipsy; so getting upon the pony with only a halter, and not a bridle, in its mouth, he set off. Oh! how the creature did gallop! It seemed, indeed, as if he never would stop till he should come to the sea. But the sea was a long, long, way off; no pony could have gone so far. At last, the pony

come to a very wide ditch; it jumped over it, the halter broke, and the rider fell off, and rolled in the dust. He soon got up, for he was not hurt.

Where was the pony? Glad to find it had got rid of its burden, it was rioting in the fields, kicking its heels into the air. The gipsy had seen all that had happened. He now whistled, and the obedient beast, giving a gentle neigh, trotted back to him.

There are also bulls in Spain. I shall tell you soon the cruel manner in which they are treated.

Food.—The Spaniards do not sit round the breakfast-table as we do in England. They take their breakfast in their bed-rooms, or while walking about from room to room; and they only drink a very small cup of chocolate, and eat a little bit of bread without butter (for there is no butter in Spain), and afterwards they drink a draught of water and sugar.

About two, they have dinner. The favourite dish is called puchero, or olla. It is a mess made of stewed beef and chickens, cut small, and peas and beans, and other vegetables, and a little bit of pork or bacon. Then there are roasted hares, and rabbits, and kids, and pigeons, and cheese, and eggs, and cakes, and fruits.

The Spaniards take a late supper when they come in from their evening walk, just before

they go to bed, which is about eleven. The supper is of stewed beef, and tomatos or love-apples, dressed in oil. No wonder they cannot eat much breakfast next morning, for this late supper must hurt their health.

You would think many of the Spanish dishes were spoiled by the oil and the garlic with which they are mixed. The oil is the juice of the olive. There are a great many olive trees in Spain, fine spreading trees, and the olive is a little dark round fruit about the size of a plum. The Spaniards eat it with salt, but the taste is so bitter, I am sure you would not like it.

There are many other fruits you would like. Oranges and figs are more plentiful than apples are in England, and great quantities are sent to other countries.

Wine is so common in Spain, that poor men drink it in earthen cups, as English people drink beer; but the Spaniards do not keep it in barrels as we do beer, but in skins. A goat-skin is easily turned into a bottle, and laid upon a donkey; a barrel would not be half so convenient to travel with.

The famous sherry wine so often seen in England comes from Xeres in Spain.

A traveller, with his guide, called one day on a priest in his little cottage in the country. Over the door grew a beautiful vine. The tra-

veller knocked, but no answer was returned. The truth was, the old priest, as well as his old servant, and his favourite cat, had all fallen asleep after dinner. But at last the knocking was heard, and the door was opened. The old man, thinking that the visitors had dined, desired cakes and sweetmeats to be placed on the table, but when he found they had not, he said he must give them some dinner. Yet what to give them he knew not, for he had no meat in the house. So he took them to his dove-cote, or pigeon-house, to see whether he had a pigeon fit to kill; but the pigeons were too young to be eaten. Then he looked unhappy, and after showing his visitors his bees, he led them into some empty rooms, where flitches of bacon were hanging from the ceiling. Looking up, he said, "I am sorry I have nothing better to offer you than this bacon, and some fresh eggs, for my hens lay every day." The traveller thought this dinner quite good enough. The old priest gave a great deal away to the poor, and kept two clean beds for any travellers who might need a place of rest.

RELIGION.—There is a bad religion in Spain, the Roman Catholic. The priests do not read the Bible much, nor do they advise the people to read it, though the Bible is the book which can make us wise, and save our souls.

There was a good man who wished to give Bibles and Testaments to the Spaniards. So he hired a donkey, and loaded it with a bag of books. As he went along, a young woman passed, leading a little boy by the hand. She stopped him, and said, "Uncle, what have you got on your ass?"

Why did she call him uncle? It is a name that people in Spain often give to strangers, when they wish to speak civilly. The young woman said, "Have you got soap on your ass?"

The stranger told the young woman that he sold good books, and he showed her a Testament. She began to read out loud, and at last cried out,—"What beautiful, what charming reading!" Then she inquired the price of the book. Though it was very cheap, she said she had not money enough to buy it; so she put it down, and went away. But soon the little boy came running back, shouting out, "Stop, uncle! the book, the book." The little fellow had got the money for it in his hand, but it was all in copper, not in silver.

A few of the priests, when they saw the good man's Bibles, praised them, and bought some; but most of the priests were angry, and spoke against the holy books. Poor people bought them. Many of them had never seen a Testa-

ment before. Sometimes a poor man would sit under the shade of a great tree, while his neighbours would gather round, and listen attentively to the history of the Lord Jesus. You have heard that history. You have a Bible or a Testament of your own. Do you love it? Do you think it "beautiful, and charming reading?"

COTTAGES.—Some of the cottages are very miserable indeed. A gentleman travelling amongst the mountains with his guide, came to a village where there were a few black huts. He knocked at the door of one. A man opened it, holding a burning piece of wood in his hand instead of a candle. The gentleman asked to be allowed to sleep in the hut that night. The poor man let him in, and led him first through a room full of straw, then through a stable into the room where the family lived. After providing bacon and eggs for supper, he pointed to a small door in the roof, and told the gentleman he might sleep there upon some clean straw.

"Is there no bed in the cottage? asked the gentleman.

"No," replied the poor man, "I never slept in a bed in all my life, nor did my children, nor did my father and mother before me. We sleep on the hearth by the fire, or else among the cattle in the stable.

In some parts of Spain there are rows of neat white cottages, with red-tiled roofs. But when the door of a cottage is open, you see at the end of the narrow passage an altar to the Virgin Mary, with little pictures placed above it. In Spain the Virgin Mary is worshipped more than God. How much grieved the blessed Mary would be, could she hear the prayers and praises that are offered up to her! She would say, "Go to my Son; He saved *me*, and He is able to save *you*."

AMUSEMENTS.—The favourite amusement of the young people is dancing. Generally there is a place near the church where the grass is smooth, and there the people assemble to dance, and play at games. They are very fond of playing on the guitar, and singing songs as they play. In summer evenings the guitar may be



Spaniard with a Guitar.

heard in the streets long after it is dark. Very few people like reading or any useful employment.

But the Spaniards are not only idle, they are very cruel. They delight in bull-fights. There is a large building in every town for fighting bulls. Seats are placed all round, and in the middle is a large place for the bulls, with rails to keep them from hurting the people. The people are glad when they see the bull driven in. Generally he is teased before he comes into the place, and a sharp iron is sticking in his neck all the time he is there. There are men on horseback with long spears, who attack the bull. Very soon, the bull with his horns gores one of the horses; the rider gets away as quickly as he can, and the people help him to get over the rails, while some men in red cloaks rush forward and frighten the bull. The man whose horse is killed, gets another horse and comes back again to torment the bull. Sometimes the men, as well as the horses, are killed by the bull.

When the bull has been tormented for a long while, a man on horseback enters with a sword to kill him. While the bull puts down its head, in order to try to hurt with its horns, the man pierces its neck with his sword. As soon as he has done it, the people give a shout of joy. The bull does not die immediately, but runs backwards and forwards in an agony, till

he drops down dead. Then the trumpets sound, as if some great thing had been done. Mules are brought in, ropes are tied to the bull's horns, and the mules drag out the dead body. Sometimes six bulls are killed one after another.

And can women like to see such bloody sights? Yes, they do—and priests, who ought to show the people what is right, are pleased to view these wicked deeds. How angry the merciful God must be to see men thus torment His poor dumb creatures!

MADRID.

This city is built just in the middle of Spain.

The king, who chose Madrid for his chief city, made a foolish choice; for it is far from the sea, and there is no great river near, only a little stream, so that ships cannot come near it. It is built also on a high plain, where very cold winds blow. It would not be well to go to Madrid in winter, it is so very windy, and there are no good plans for keeping the houses warm. In summer it is very hot. But then there are a great many fountains in the streets. These fountains spring up in large stone basins, with statues in the middle, and the water comes spouting up, and pouring down all day. Where

does the water come from? From mountains thirty miles off. It runs through a way cut out for it, till it reaches the city; and it is so clear, so cold, so sweet! There are men sitting by the fountains with large water-casks. They fill them, and carry them on their backs up-stairs, to the tops of the highest houses.

HOUSES.—The window of the lowest room has iron bars to hinder thieves from getting in, and this makes it look like a prison. But the people live in the upper rooms, and keep lumber and stores in the lower. A family lives upon each floor. A great many families live in the same house. There are balconies before all the upper windows, and in summer people hang curtains out of the upper windows, to cover the balconies, and keep the rooms cool. These curtains are of red, green, blue, and all sorts of colours, and make the streets look very gay.

There are no fire-places in the rooms, nor chimneys. How do the people keep themselves warm in winter? They have brass pans with charcoal inside. When they feel cold, they all sit round this brass pan, called a brazier, and put their feet on the wooden edge. But still they feel rather cold.

In the sitting-room there is a place where the wall sinks in, and this is called an alcove, and here the bed is placed, and a curtain is drawn before it in the day.

The floors are covered with red tiles.

DRESS, AND APPEARANCE.—The Spaniards are rather short and thin. Their hair and eyes are black, their skin is dark, their cheeks pale, and their countenance is grave and sad. They walk very slowly, and hold up their heads. The women are very graceful.

In Madrid the men are always wrapped up in cloaks. When the wind is very piercing, they put their cloaks before their mouths. They wear round their bodies a broad crimson sash, or girdle, in which a large knife is hid.

The women dress in black gowns, with coloured shawls, generally purple. Their hair is done up with a comb at the back of their heads: a black lace scarf, called a mantilla, is fastened to it, and falls down over their shoulders: it is worn instead of a bonnet, and looks very elegant. In their hands they hold a large fan. No Spanish lady would think of moving without her fan; it not only keeps her cool, but it shades her from the sun. Every little girl has her fan in her hand. There are many shops in Madrid in which nothing but fans are sold.

When you walk in the streets of Madrid, you will see many different kinds of dresses, because there are people there from all parts of Spain. Those who come from the hottest parts wear straw hats, and sandals, and sling their jackets over their shoulders, instead of putting them on.

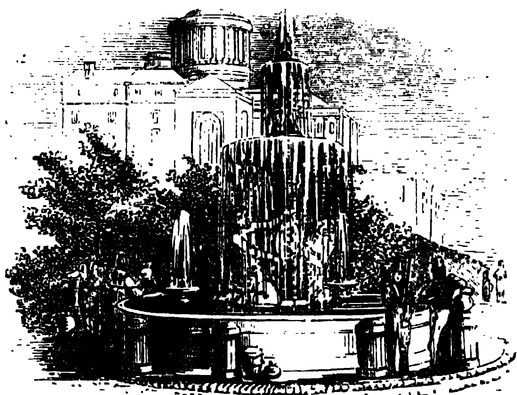
Many wear red caps with black tassels, and others high-peaked hats like sugar-loaves. Some have jackets made of the wool of black sheep.



A Spanish Lady.

HOW THE SPANIARDS PASS THEIR TIME IN MADRID.—As soon as they get up in the morning, they stand in their balconies, to amuse themselves, and to taste the fresh air. Afterwards

the women dress, and some go to mass, while the men stand idly about, smoking cigars, or talking to their neighbours. After dinner, they take their siesta; that is, they lie down and go to sleep, because it is so hot. Even the workmen rest in the afternoon. In the evening every one goes out to walk on the Prado, or meadow. This



The Prado.

is a beautiful broad walk, two miles long, which runs through Madrid; large elm-trees are planted on each side, and stone benches are placed underneath. There are beautiful fountains in this walk, and glasses of water are sold to those who are thirsty. The people walk here till very late.

THE PRISON.—The gentleman who sold Bibles in Spain was shut up for three weeks in a prison

in Madrid. It was a horrible place. In the day the prisoners walked about in large courts, but at night they were all locked up in dark dungeons. There were no beds, but only horse-cloths spread on the floor. The darkest, and dirtiest of all the dungeons, was one in which the little thieves were locked up,—poor boys who had scarcely a rag to cover them.

But amongst the dirty and the ragged prisoners, some very gaily-dressed men were seen. They wore shirts of snow-white linen with wide sleeves, waistcoats of blue or green silk with silver buttons, silk stockings, crimson girdles, and gay silk handkerchiefs of many colours round their heads. Who were these men? Robbers,—the boldest,—the proudest,—the greatest of the robbers. They had wicked friends in Madrid, who gave them fine clothes. One of these robbers had a little boy of seven years old. This child had seen a great deal of wickedness. Once, when his father broke into a house, and murdered the people who lived there, this child had been with him. The wicked father petted and fondled the child a great deal, and so did all the robbers in the court. The little fellow was dressed just like his father, and even had a knife in his girdle. What an unhappy boy he was! the murderer's son, the robbers' pet and plaything!

THE ESCURIAL.—This is a famous palace, twelve miles from Madrid. The way to it is

over the plain, where no trees grow, and no birds sing, where the grass is brown in summer, and all the streams dried up.

It is in a very bleak and very dreary spot that the Escurial stands. No houses are near it. It is very large. On one side of the palace there are as many windows as there are days in the year, three hundred and sixty-five. Why did the kings of Spain build a palace in such a lonely place? It is a house for monks as well as for the royal family; and it is built in the shape of a gridiron, in honour of a martyr, called St. Lawrence, who was once broiled to death on a gridiron. There is a church in this palace, and there is a burial-place for kings. That burial-place is very gloomy. It is a round room underground, with walls of black marble. You go down the stairs by the light of a torch. There are little holes in the walls, with black marble urns in them, and kings' bones inside, and their names outside. There is a large chandelier hanging from the middle, which is lighted up when a king or queen is buried.

THE GUADALQUIVER.

This is the finest river in Spain.

There are herds of horses feeding on its banks. These horses have a man to take care of them. It is much easier to be a shepherd than to be a

horseherd, because sheep are not so riotous as horses. When one of the horses gallops away what can the man do? Can he run after him and catch him? No. But this is what he does. He lays hold of another horse by the mane, jumps on his back without saddle or bridle, and gallops after the lost horse till he finds him.

There is no country in Europe where the horses are so fine as in Spain. The Spaniards treat them very kindly, for though they often beat mules and asses unmercifully, they only speak to the horse, and often get off his back to give him rest.

SEVILLE.

This city is built on that fine river, the Guadalquiver.

It is much hotter than Madrid. There are very few people there who have ever seen snow, for though it sometimes falls in the night, it is melted before the morning. Some young people asked an Englishman to tell them what snow was like. Was it like paper, or sugar, or salt? He made some soap-suds, and told them snow was like them.

The streets are so narrow that a person walking in the middle might touch the houses on both sides. As you pass along, you will see the doors of the houses wide open. If you enter, you go

through a passage till you come to a little court behind, with rooms all round. The people sit in this court in summer-time. It is pleasanter than in-doors. A curtain is spread over the top to keep it cool; the floor is of marble, a fountain is in the middle, and roses in flower-pots, and orange-trees, and lemon-shrubs bloom all round, and often there is a large cage of beautiful birds.

But it would not be pleasant to live in Seville, because the people are very wicked. There is no city where there are so many bull-fights, for such fine strong bulls feed on the banks of the Guadalquiver. And at what time are the bull-fights? On Sunday afternoons!

GIBRALTAR.

This town is in Spain, but it belongs to the English. It was conquered a long while ago. It is very convenient for our ships when they are sailing into the Mediterranean Sea. There is a place called a harbour to receive ships in. See the picture, page 162.

CAPE FINISTERRE.

A cape is a corner of land sticking out into the sea. There is such a cape in Spain. Look at it in the map. A traveller wished very

much to see this cape, and he took a great deal of trouble to get there On his way, he passed over many steep mountains. When he came near the cape he left his black pony in a stable, in a poor little village, and then began to climb up a great, flinty, rough rock. The sun beat upon his head, and made him feel ready to faint, and the sharp stones cut his hands. At last he reached the top of this great rock, and then he saw a fine sight,—the sea spread out far and wide and the waves dashing against the tall cliffs, and foaming amongst the rocks that lay beneath.

Sometimes ships are wrecked near this rocky shore.



Peasants of the South of Spain.

THE PYRENEES.

These are high mountains between France and Spain. There is snow always at the top, and it is the snow which makes the winds so cold that come pouring down upon the plains of Castille, where Madrid is built.

PRODUCTIONS.—Seville is famous for oranges.

Xeres for white wine.

Barcelona for silk handkerchiefs.

Near the coast of the Mediterranean Sea it is very hot, and mulberry-trees grow abundantly and silkworms are reared upon their leaves. Rice, and even the sugar-cane, will grow in some parts. There are silver mines near Seville.

CHARACTER.—Have you not already found out the character of the Spaniards? They are not like the French, lively and talkative: they are grave and silent. They are not active like the Scotch, but indolent; nor warm-hearted like the Irish, but cold and distant; nor fond of home like the English, but fond of company. Yet they are not given to drinking, like many other nations. Spaniards are content with water, or a little wine. Neither do they eat much, nor riot, nor fight, nor quarrel. Yet they are cruel, and sullen, and revengeful. They are very proud. The poor are as proud as the rich. They think

no nation and no language is like their own. It is true their language is the finest in Europe, but there are very few wise books written in it.*

PORTUGAL.



Portuguese.

THE COUNTRY.—Portugal is very much like Spain; the people are alike, the customs are alike, the plants and animals are alike, and though the languages are not the *same*, there is a great likeness between them. Yet there is some difference between these countries.

* Taken chiefly from Borrow's "Bible in Spain." A few particulars from Conder's "Modern Traveller," and from several other works.

What? Though the Portuguese are indolent, like the Spaniards, they are not so grave, and sad, and silent. They are proud like the Spaniards, but they are more deceitful. They have black eyes, and hair, and dark complexions like the Spaniards, but they have whiter teeth, for they never smoke, and it is smoking paper cigars which spoils the teeth in Spain.

But though the Portuguese do not smoke, they have another bad habit, they take snuff continually,—the poor as well as the rich,—the young as well as the old. When a Portuguese wishes to be friends with you, he offers you some snuff, and he would be very much affronted if you were not to take some.

The Portuguese are so proud that they will not carry burthens: they say it is like a beast to carry burthens: but they will draw wheelbarrows. The Spaniards do just the contrary; they will carry burthens, but will not draw a wheelbarrow. The Portuguese language is not as beautiful as the Spanish, it has more hissing sounds, and is spoken in harsh and squeaking tones.

No people in Europe are as clumsy and awkward with their hands as the Portuguese. It is curious to see how badly the carpenters make boxes, and the smiths make keys. The carts are very ill-made; they are drawn by two oxen, and as they move slowly along, the wheels make

a loud, creaking noise, which almost stuns people of other countries: but the Portuguese do not mind the sound, and say it is of use, for then there will be no danger of two carts meeting in the narrow roads.

Portugal, like Spain, is filled with robbers; the laws are not obeyed, and the wicked often escape without being punished.

The religion is Roman Catholic, and the people are very ignorant. A traveller once sat down by a stone fountain close to the road, that he might talk to all the people who came there to draw water. He went there every day, and talked to a great many; and he found that very few had ever heard that there was such a book as the Bible, and none had ever seen it.

How ignorant people must be, who have never been taught what God says in the Bible! They do not know who can keep them safe, or make them happy.

An Englishman once asked a poor Portuguese, "Have you ever been attacked by robbers?" "No," said he, "for I have generally travelled with a good many other people, and the robbers have not dared to attack us. However," said he, "were I alone I should not be afraid." "Why not?" inquired the Englishman: "I suppose you carry a gun or sword about with you?" "No, I have nothing but this knife," said the man, as he pulled a large English knife out of his

girdle. "But I have something better than a knife to defend me." He then unbuttoned his waistcoat, and showed a small bag tied round his neck by a silken string. "In this bag," said he, "there is a prayer, written by a great person, and as long as I carry it about no harm can happen to me."

What a foolish man, to think a piece of paper could keep him safe! The monks write many of these prayers and sell them to the people. Why do they not teach them the word of God? They do not know it themselves.

There are not as many monks and priests in Portugal as there once were. The chief people have driven most of them away, and obliged them to hide their heads where they can.

LISBON.

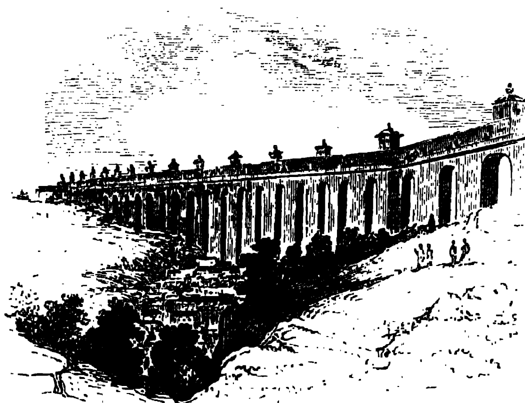
Some places look pretty at a distance which look very ugly when you come up to them—Lisbon is one of these places.

If you were to sail from England in a ship, and to go up the broad river Tagus, you would very soon see Lisbon. It is built just at the mouth of the river upon some hills. When first you see Lisbon, the white houses glittering in the sun, the balconies adorned with flowers and

shrubs, and the lovely orange-groves,—you cry out, "What a beautiful city!" But when you have landed on the shore, and you begin to walk in the streets, you do not like it so well; for the streets are not swept clean like those of Madrid —they are full of litter and rubbish;—and troops of dirty dogs are seen on every side, and very unpleasant smells come from the houses. and in most of the streets there is no pavement. But if you do not like Lisbon when you walk in it, you like it worse when you live there, because it is full of stinging insects; at night the musquitoes annoy you every moment. Sometimes snakes find their way into the houses, and frighten children very much. But there are worse creatures than snakes in Lisbon—there are many murderers there. It is believed that many dead bodies are thrown by wicked people into the Tagus. At the last day these dead bodies will rise, and the men who slew them will be judged, though perhaps they have never yet been found out.

Is there nothing pleasant in Lisbon? There is one thing very beautiful—it is the Aqueduct. What is that? It is a way through which water runs. The water of Lisbon is brought from a place twenty miles off. Near Lisbon there is a deep valley, and there is a very high bridge with five high arches over this valley, and the water runs *through* the bridge, not under it. This

aqueduct is the finest in Europe and in the world.



Aqueduct at Lisbon.

But what are those heaps of stones?—those large heaps of great stones? They look like churches and houses fallen down. And so they are; for about a hundred years ago a great earthquake shook Lisbon, and threw down many of the buildings, and killed numbers of the people. This dreadful day can never be forgotten. When children see those heaps of ruins they ask their parents what they are.

Dress.—The men wear, both in summer and winter, a greatcoat; yet they do not always put their arms in the sleeves, but let them hang loose in summer. They wear greatcoats even

in summer, because, though the sun is hot, the wind is very cold.

The women wear long cloth cloaks—black, brown, or red, with a deep cape. They cover their heads with a muslin handkerchief, and tie it under their chins. On their feet they wear silk or satin shoes; yes, poor women wear *satin* shoes—white, or blue, or pink, or yellow. They are soon soiled and worn out in the streets of Lisbon.

The ladies in Lisbon dress very smart, except when they go to church—then they put on a black silk gown and a black veil over their heads, because they think smart clothes are not fit for church. Everybody has a fan, as in Spain.

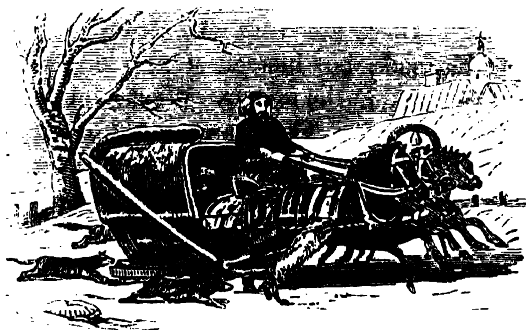
CINTRA.

A few miles from Lisbon is a place called Cintra. It is the most beautiful place you can fancy. There is a hill covered with the finest trees, and white houses peeping out from among these trees. But this is not all—there are waterfalls tumbling down the hill, and flowing between the lemon-gardens.

OPORTO.

This town is famous for its port wine. Immense quantities are sent to England and to all parts of the world. It is the cleanest town in Portugal—and very pretty, because the banks of the river Douro are so steep that you must mount up by steps cut in the rock to get to some of the houses. Children would like to live in such houses, but their grandpapas and grandmammas would not.*

RUSSIA.



Russian Winter Travelling.

Russia is the largest country in the world. There is no king who reigns over such a large

* Taken from Borrow's "Bible in Spain," and Conder's "Modern Traveller."

country as the Emperor of Russia. I do not say that he has the most *people*, for he has not; but he has the most *land*.

Do you think he is happy because he has such a large country to reign over? O no, you will see from what I shall tell you by and by that he is not. There is many a little cottager far happier than the Emperor of Russia.

Is Russia a pleasant country? You shall tell me whether you think it pleasant. The greater part is very cold indeed. There are many forests, and many wide plains, with small villages very far from each other.

In winter all is covered with one vast sheet of snow. There are very few people walking along the road; but instead of people there are wild beasts hid in the forests. What wild beasts? Bears and wolves. The bears are not often seen, for they are sullen creatures who like to live alone. Each bear has his gloomy den, in which he spends the winter. When spring comes, he leaves his den to seek for food and to grow fat again.

Wolves are bolder than bears. They like to live near villages, amongst the brushwood and the bushes. One wolf will not dare to attack a man, but when he finds a child straying alone in a wood, he generally carries him off. When a wolf sees a large animal, such as a horse or a cow, sometimes he sets up a howl to call the other

wolves to help him; then altogether they spring upon the poor beast and devour him.

Wolves are very fond of eating dogs. They have a sly plan for seizing them. A pack of wolves will come into a village, and when the dogs begin to pursue them, they will run away till they have led the dogs far into the woods: then they will suddenly turn round, catch, and devour the poor barking animals.

In winter the Russians use carriages without wheels, called "sledges." Wolves have been known to follow travellers in their sledges, to howl after them, and even to jump upon them. Once the servant who sat behind stabbed a wolf and frightened away the whole pack. The Russians hang bells round the horses' necks, that the sound may alarm the wolves and keep them away. Besides this, they make the horses gallop very fast along the roads. Therefore you need not be afraid of travelling in Russia.

I will tell you a short story of a Russian wolf. He had long watched a puppy dog, and one day he followed him into his master's house! Immediately afterwards some person outside shut the door, and shut the wolf in. The master had seen the wolf come in. He was in the kitchen and he took his gun, and opening the kitchen-door a little way, pointed it at the wolf in the passage. How much alarmed the man was to find the wolf seize hold of the gun with his

mouth! The man in his fright dropped it, and shut the door. But he called out of window to his servants to bring him another gun, and afterwards he shot the wolf; but not before the poor little dog had been bruised, bitten, and worried to death.

Dress.—The poor people dress in the warmest clothes they can get. As there are plenty of sheep, they wear cloaks of their skins, with the wool inside, and these cloaks they call "shoobs." The men let their hair grow long, and when they are at work bind it up, to keep it out of their eyes. They wear also long beards. The women dress in a very clumsy manner. Their gowns hang loose around them, without any band round the waist; they wear large sheepskin boots, that make their legs look like elephants' legs. Round their heads they wrap handkerchiefs, but when they wish to look very grand, they wear high caps worked with flowers of gold and silver thread. The gentlemen wear fur cloaks. A fine black bearskin cloak costs a great deal of money, but a white wolfskin cloak is not expensive. When it is not very cold, the gentlemen walk about in long loose blue coats, with girdles round the waist, and hats with high round crowns on their heads. The ladies dress like the French ladies.

Food.—The favourite drink is called "kwas." It is made of barley-meal, honey, and salt

mixed together in water, and then warmed for many hours in the oven. This is a wholesome drink, but English children would not like it at all.

The favourite dish is called "tshee." It is cabbage-soup, with barley-meal, salt, honey, and chopped-up mutton, boiled in kwas instead of water. This is a hot dish. In summer a cold mess is eaten, made of raw herbs, red berries, and chopped-up cucumbers, and fish, mixed together in cold kwas.

The Russians are very fond of mushrooms and cranberries, which grow plentifully in their forests. The poor people eat black bread made of rye. They drink tea as we do; in every cottage there is a copper kettle and teapot. I wish they loved no other drink except kwas and tea; but they love brandy too well, and drink it not in little cups, but in large tumblers, and even give it to their babies to sip.

THE COTTAGES.—The Russians live in very miserable dwellings, made of trees cut down and laid along the ground one on the top of the other. The windows are very small, and some of them have no glass, but only wooden shutters. In the middle of the room is a large stove that fills it with smoke. Round the room there are benches. There the family sleep in summer-time; but in winter they find a warmer place. What is it? The top of the stove. There they

sleep, wrapped in their black sheepskins; and those who cannot sleep on the stove lie where they can, but as near the stove as possible. The stove keeps the cottage so warm that the little boys sit at home with no clothes on but their shirts. The baby is placed in a strange kind of cradle fastened to the end of a pole. There it swings safely and pleasantly.



Russian Cottage.

What is that picture with a lamp burning before it, to which every one bows as he enters in? It is the picture of a man long since dead, whom the Russians worship. The Russians call that man Saint Nicholas. You see there is a bad religion in Russia. The people do not serve God and worship Him *alone*.

THE RICH MEN.—The rich men have very

large houses and a great many servants. There is one servant to heat the stove, and another to make kwas; and there are many cooks, for the Russians like to have very fine dinners; and there are many footmen to stand about the passages when company comes, and many grooms to take care of the horses and carriages. A lord always has six horses to draw his carriage, and all rich men have four. Though the rooms are large and grand, they are not neat. There is only a little carpet in one corner; and the walls, instead of being papered, are whitewashed. There are no bells. The servants stand in the passages, and when the master wants them he claps his hands. The men-servants do not need beds to sleep in. They lie in the passages, or take the cushions from the sofas, and sleep on the drawing-room floor.

The country houses are surrounded by cottages and barns. There is no neat garden nor smooth lawn, but rough paths; and long grass grows close to the windows of the best rooms.

It is curious to see the cattle driven out in the morning to feed. Cows, sheep, horses, and pigs, all go together; and instead of a shepherd with a crook, a man with a long-lashed whip follows the beasts. In the evening he may be seen coming home with his lowing, bleating, neighing, grunting companions; for all the cattle are kept in sheds during the night for fear of the wolves.

In winter time they are shut up in their stables, in the day as well as night.

The rich people are very fond of company; nothing pleases them more than to see sledges galloping up to their house. Every one is delighted—"Here is company!" say they: "how we shall amuse ourselves!" Then they make fine feasts, talk and laugh, sing and dance, from morning till night. Even the children are allowed to be downstairs, and to dine at table. Their parents give them some of all the nice things, so that the little creatures are very often ill. The children are allowed to play so much, that they grow up very ignorant. It is true that they learn to speak several languages, because they generally have an English maid, and a French governess, and a German master; but when they talk they mix different languages together, so that it is difficult to understand what they mean. A child has been heard to speak in this manner to his father; "Papa, I have been in the let moi sod; Feodor s'nami buil; est-ce que vous n'irez pas?" What did he mean? "Papa, I have been in the summer garden; Feodor was with us; will you not go?" Do you not think that it would be much better to know one language well than to mix up four in this way? The boys are not taught Latin, or Greek, or Hebrew, for their parents think it is of no use to learn languages which

nobody speaks now: but as the Bible is written in Greek and Hebrew, it must be well to know those languages.

The Russians are very fond of music and dancing, and the children are very quick in learning to dance and sing; but dancing and singing will not make them wise.

RELIGION.—Are the children taught to fear God? You shall hear in what a sad manner their parents bring them up.

One day a little boy came running in to his father with a small image of a lamb in his hand. The father said, "Do you pray to it? Do you know how?" The child said, "Yes," and standing before it, bowed down till he touched the ground with his forehead. Then the father cried out, "That is not the right way to worship it. I will show you how." So he laid himself upon the ground before the little image. What a sad sight this was! A father teaching his child to worship idols! There are many little children in England whose fathers tell them about the Lamb of God now sitting on his heavenly throne, and whose mothers bid them fold their little hands in prayer, and ask Jesus to bless them.

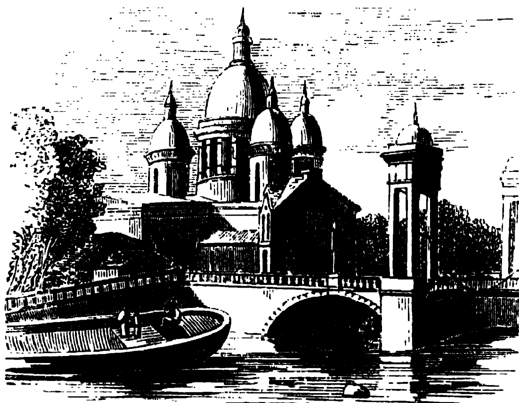
Every Russian child wears a little cross tied by a black ribbon round its neck. When is the cross first put on? At its baptism, when it is a very little baby. The priest first dips the baby three times in water, and then he

takes a little oil, and with a little brush touches its eyes, and ears, and mouth, and hands, and feet, and afterwards he puts the cross round its neck. The Russian children think that this cross will keep them from harm; but you know that none but God can keep you safe.

Perhaps you think the Russians are Roman Catholics. No, they are not. Instead of minding the Pope at *Rome*, they follow the religion of *Greece*. It is hard to say which is the better and which is the worse, the Greek or the Roman religion.

The Russians call their priests "papa." The children call their own papas "papinka." You may know the Greek priests, when you meet them, by their brown coats buttoned up to their chins, and their brown velvet caps. Those men in black velvet gowns and high black caps are the monks, who live in houses together, and have no wives. The other priests may have a wife; but if she die, they cannot marry again. The Russians behave very respectfully to the priests; instead of shaking hands with them, they always kiss their hands: but they do not respect them in their hearts, for many of the priests are as fond of drinking as any of the people. But are there no good priests? I have heard of one who spent his time in praying and in doing good. More than a hundred poor people, who were not able to work, lived in his

house. Rich people gave him money to buy food for these poor creatures. Every day the good priest prayed with them, read the Bible to them, and talked to them about their souls and their Saviour. Even when he was ninety years old he used to get up at five o'clock to pray. He must now be dead.



Russian Church.

THE CHURCHES.—The churches are very gay. They are not the shape of our churches. Instead of one tower or steeple, they have five cupolas—one at each corner, and one in the middle, with a cross at the top of each—and all these cupolas are painted with gay colours, and often they are adorned with gold. The walls of the church inside are covered with

pictures of saints and angels. I think it would tire you very much to attend service, for there are no seats in the church—all the people stand crowded together. The priests read a great many chapters out of the Bible, and they do not read in Latin (as the Roman Catholics do), but in their own language: this would be well, yet it is of no use; for the priests read so fast that no one can understand what they say.

There is no organ in the church, but men and boys sing beautiful psalms; no woman or little girl, however, is allowed to join in singing the praises of God.

The priests, in their white robes bordered with gold, stand near the altar, and the chief priest pretends to turn the bread and wine into the very body and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. But how can he do it? It is impossible.

The people who stand in the church, often bow with their heads down to the ground, touching the floor with their foreheads. They think they please God by making these low bows.

The Emperor of Russia would not allow any of his own people to change their religion; he would punish them if they did. But if *you* were to go to Russia, he would not command *you* to go to his churches and to worship pictures.

THE EMPEROR.—He does whatever he pleases.

He often punishes people without telling them what it is for. Sometimes he sends them to a country a great way off, called Siberia. It is in Asia. The men walk together, about twenty in a gang, and the women some way behind in another gang. They walk about twelve miles a-day, and they sleep in small houses, built on purpose for them. When they get to Siberia, they live in huts among ice, and snow, and wild beasts, and very often they are never allowed to come back to their own country and their friends.

Coachmen are sent to Siberia if they run over a person in the streets. This makes them very careful, but it makes the people very troublesome. Instead of getting out of the way, they will look up at the coachman and say, "Mind Siberia."

PETERSBURGH.

The chief city of Russia is called Petersburgh. And why has it this name? Because it was built by an Emperor called Peter.

This Peter was a clever man. He went to England to learn to build ships, and he made a large boat with his own hands. It is still

kept in a hut at Petersburgh. There also may be seen a little house that Peter made for himself, before the great city was built.

Peter chose a very damp place for his city, but it has a fine broad river running through it, called the Neva. Why did Peter choose this damp place? Because it is near the Baltic Sea, and so it is a good place for ships; but there is much fear that the river will some day overflow and drown the city.

There is no city so full of palaces and fine houses as Petersburgh. The Emperor has a very grand palace, called the Winter Palace It is the largest in Europe, it is built in the largest square in Europe. In this square there is a statue of Peter the Great. He is on horseback, climbing a rock, and the horse is trampling a dragon under his feet.

THE MARKET-PLACES.—If you want to buy anything in Petersburgh, you had better go to the market-places. There are shops in the streets, but most of the goods are sold in a market-place. What a large building it is! over the gate the picture of a saint is hung, with a lamp burning before it.

When you go in, you see a great many little tents, and little shops. Things of the same sort are sold in tents near each other. There is the cap-row, and the toy-row, and the paper-row. And there is the pastrycook-row. See those

cakes, and that jar of green oil. The pastry-cook dips a cake in green oil, and sprinkling it with salt, begs all who pass by to taste the dripping, greasy morsel. Would you sit down and eat one?

If you want a fur cloak, say to any one you meet, "My little father, or my little mother, where is the fur-row?" and the poor people will answer you civilly, if you speak civilly to them.

There are some very strange things to be seen in the market. Look at those white hares that appear to be running along the ground, and those cows which never move, and their calves beside them: and those quiet pigs with their little ones. They are all dead, but they are frozen, and therefore they are stiff, and stand upright.

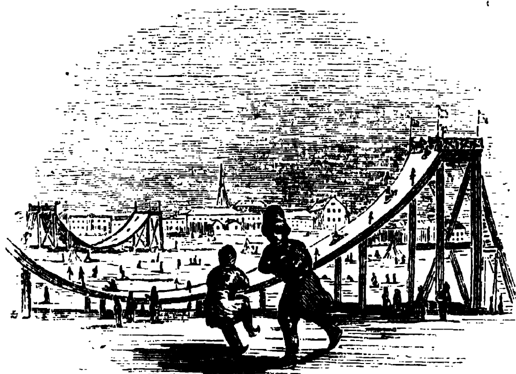
What are those pretty crowns, with silver flowers and leaves, and shining bits of glass, and sparkling stones? They are to place on the heads of men and maidens when they marry.

A great many pigeons are sold in the market, but they are never eaten by the Russians, only kept as pets. They are called holy birds, and are allowed to live in the churches, and to fly in and out of the roof.

How sad to see those tents covered with little pictures, and filled inside with boxes of

images! See that man buying twenty pictures of saints. They are to hang up in his new house to be worshipped.

THE BLACK PEOPLE.—Who are these? The poor Russians are not black, but fair, with light hair. Why are they called "black?" Because they are very dirty. You will be surprised to hear that these dirty people bathe once a-week. On Saturday evening they may be seen with a towel in one hand and a birch-twig in the other hurrying to the bathing-houses. In these bathing houses the people do not dip in water. There is a large stove in the middle with benches all round. These benches are like those of a greenhouse, one above another. Large stones are first heated in the stoves; when they are taken out, water is poured upon them, and that fills the room with steam or vapour. The people lie on the benches, and grow quite hot from the steam. The higher they creep the hotter they are. Men come and beat them with their birch-twigs, and throw pails of cold water over them. This is thought very pleasant. The Russians are very uneasy if they cannot bathe. They are also very fond of swinging: grown-up people often stand on a board and swing themselves. In every village there is a swing. How the Russians delight in their ice-hills! They sit in sledges made of ice, and glide down one hill, and up another.



Ice-hills.

Winter in Petersburgh.—The people run so fast in the streets that you would think they are running for their lives ; and so they are, for if they were to stand still they would be frozen. Little children cannot go out at all in the midst of winter, but boys who are fast runners can.

It is very pleasant to drive out in the sledges on the white creaking snow. There are thousands of sledges standing all day to be hired, and every one rides who can afford it.

The people wrap themselves up in fur. You can hardly see their faces, but their noses and eyes peep out. Sometimes you will observe a man's nose grow very white indeed. He feels no pain, he does not know his nose is freezing.

Any kind person passing by will call out, "Father, mind your nose;" then the man will take up some snow, and rub it till it grows warm.

There are large rooms in Petersburgh, where poor people may always go and warm themselves. There are large sheds for coachmen to stand with their carriages and horses, and large fires near them, to keep them from being frozen to death. Yet very often when the rich people are dancing at night, a coachman, or footman, is killed by the cold, or a little postilion of ten years old drops off his horse, and dies in the snow.

The rich people keep themselves very warm in their houses. They have double windows, and they put sand or salt between. In the sand, flowers are planted, and so little gardens bloom in the winter, between the windows. The salt is made into the shape of little houses, and trees, and hills. Which would you put between your windows, sand or salt? There are two or three doors to each room, one behind the other, to keep the cold air from getting in, and there is a large stove in the middle of the room; and these stoves make the house as warm as it is here in summer-time.

Summer in Petersburgh.—In summer it is very hot, and very dusty. Yet Petersburgh looks beautiful in summer with its white houses

and their green roofs. Then you may go in a boat on the broad Neva to visit the flowery islands.

EASTER AT PETERSBURGH.—There are a great many ceremonies at Easter. On Good Friday, there is a long box placed in the churches, covered with a cloth, and on the cloth the body of the Saviour is painted, with his five bleeding wounds. Numbers of people hasten to the churches to kiss the painted wounds, and many cry and sob. On the Saturday after Good Friday, there is a good custom: the people are allowed to read about their Saviour out of the Bible that is kept in every church. First one poor man stands up to read, and then another. If he make a mistake, those who stand near help him to make out the words. Little children may be seen listening with great attention, while a poor peasant reads how Jesus groaned, and bled, and died.

Just before midnight on Saturday, crowds of people hasten to the churches, carrying candles in their hands, but not lighted candles; and when the clock strikes twelve, suddenly all the candles are lighted; each man lights his candle from his neighbour's, and the priests begin to sing, "Christ is risen."

Then there is great joy shown by all. They shake hands and kiss each other, the bells ring, fireworks are let off, and the cannon is fired

The churches are full of lights outside, as well as inside, and all Petersburgh is full of brightness and bustle, music and mirth.



Priests of the Greek Church.

While it is yet night, the priests bless the food. The people bring a great many loaves, white cheeses, eggs coloured red, pots of honey, and plates of preserved fruit, adorned with flowers and lighted tapers, and place them in rows in the church, and even down the church path. Then the priests pass between them, and sprinkle them with water: and this is called blessing the food.

On the morning of Easter Sunday, every one who meets a friend cries out "Christ is risen," then kisses him, and presses an egg into his hand. These eggs are generally painted with

the words, "Christ is risen:" but some are not real eggs, but made of ivory or of cut glass, and some are sugar-plum boxes, and some are transparent, and contain waxen trees, and saints, and angels, lying on beds of roses.

And how does the day end? In feasting and drunkenness. Sometimes all the people in a village are drunk at Easter. The streets of Petersburgh are filled with staggering, reeling drunkards. Are *they* glad that Christ is risen? If they were, they would not delight in the sins for which he died.



Russian Peasant Women.

MOSCOW.

This city was the chief city of Russia, till Peter the Great built Petersburgh.

Moscow is very unlike Petersburgh. Which would you like the best?

Petersburgh is a new city.

Moscow is an old one.

Petersburgh has straight streets.

Moscow has winding streets.

Petersburgh is quite flat.

Moscow is full of hills.

Petersburgh is the city of palaces.

Moscow is the city of churches.

Petersburgh has no pretty country around it.

Moscow has corn-fields, woods, and gardens, in the midst of it.

Petersburgh has one broad river.

Moscow has many small streams.

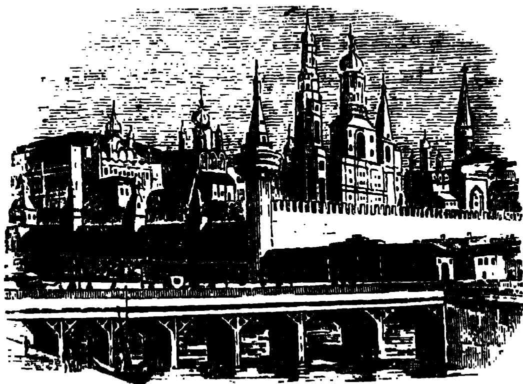
Petersburgh has whole streets full of fine houses.

Moscow has fine houses and cottages, mixed together.

I know you would like Moscow the best. It is not so grand as Petersburgh, but it is much pleasanter. You would find it very amusing to ramble about it. You would see something new at every step. Though other cities contain more people, hardly any is as large as Moscow.

The most beautiful place in the city is the Kremlin. What is the Kremlin? It is not one building, but many collected together on the top of a hill, and surrounded with walls. There are churches, and palaces, and halls, on that

hill. What is that great building which looks like many boxes, one on the top of the other, and the smallest at the top? That is the old palace where kings lived long ago. In that top room the poor princesses of old time used to be shut up. Very wicked kings have lived in that palace. One named Ivan was so cruel as to order men to be cut up in small pieces while yet alive. At last, in a passion, he killed his own son with his iron-pointed staff. His son was in pain for four days, and then he died. The wicked father wept and groaned, but he could not keep the prince from dying.



The Kremlin.

There is a hall in the Kremlin, filled with thrones of silver, gold, and ivory. Before each throne there is a little table with a cushion, and a crown upon it; such shining crowns, covered

with such splendid jewels! But who wear those beautiful crowns? No one. Those who wore them are dead—they were the kings and queens of Russia. Their glory is past, and their judgment is coming.

A traveller once went to a great hall in the Kremlin, and found some priests standing near a stove. What were they doing? Two large silver kettles were hanging over the stove, and the priests were stirring up something with long sticks. What was in the kettles? Oil mixed with very sweet-smelling stuff. What could the oil be for? To anoint babies at their baptism. The chief priest blesses this oil, and he says he makes it holy. But we know that he cannot. He is four days in mixing and boiling this oil. While it is being mixed, some of the priests read by turns in the Gospel. This is well, for a great many poor people come, and listen very attentively: but reading the Gospel does not make the oil holy, as the priests say. When the oil is fit for use, it is put into thirty large silver jars, and kept in a church. The Russian priests send for some when they want it.

The most curious sight in the Kremlin is the great bell. It is the largest in the world. What do you think of a bell as large as a room? Well, this bell is as large as a good-sized room.* But

* Above twenty-three feet in diameter, and twenty-two in height.

it is of no use, for it is broken. Once it was hung up, but it fell down and broke; and now it lies in a deep pit. Now there is a great hole at the top, as large as a doorway, and through it you might creep and look inside; but in winter there is so much snow in the bell that you would not be able to get in.

KIEF.

This is the oldest city in Russia. It is called the "Holy City." It is not really holy, but the Russians think it holy. And why? Pay a visit to it, and you will find out why.

It is a beautiful city, built under the steep banks of the river Dneiper.

Did you ever see a cavern?

There are no caverns in England like those of Kief.

If you wish to visit the Caverns of Kief, there are guides with lighted torches to show you the way. You will have to go through very narrow passages. You cannot see to the end of them, because they are so winding. But what is the use of the passages? At last you will see a sort of shelf on one side of the passage, and on it a coffin,—an open coffin. A dried-up body in a silk dress lies in the coffin: his hand hangs out,

the guide stops, and kisses it. Soon you come to more such coffins. The guide kisses every dead hand he sees. Sometimes you will see little windows in the wall. Look through them. There are dead bodies lying inside. They have been preserved in a very curious way, so that they have not crumbled into dust like other dead bodies.

The Russians say, that all these dead men were very good, and they call them saints, and worship them. If they were good men, they are now worshipping God in heaven, and they would be very sorry to think that men were worshipping their poor bodies on earth. It is sad to see the crowds of people* who come from all parts of Russia to do honour to lumps of clay.

CHARACTER.—By this time you must have found out the character of the Russians. The rich people are unjust, and often do not pay their debts; they are fond of feasts and company, but they care little for their servants and poor neighbours.

The poor are civil, but sly, and dishonest, idle, and fond of drinking. Neither the rich nor the poor remember that God hates sin ; for they will bow to pictures, and repeat prayers, when they are just going to rob, or to riot.

* 50,000 pilgrims come to Kief every year.—See Henderson's *Biblical Researches in* 1821, p. 188.

One traveller observed, that his driver always bowed when he passed a church ; yet this same driver, whenever the carriage stopped, watched to see whether he could not steal some little thing that would not be missed. Did this man fear God ?

Yet, though the Russians are generally not to be trusted, I have heard of one who acted in a very upright manner.

A lady said to a servant, "Take this money to my daughter." It was a great deal of money. Soon afterwards the man returned, crying, "I have lost the money, I do not know how. Pray forgive me." The lady did not know whether the man had stolen it or lost it, but she kindly said nothing more about it. Six years afterwards the man appeared, and laid the money at her feet. He had saved all he could out of his wages, and when he had married, had added his wife's money to his own savings. "Here it is," said the joyful man. The lady would not take it, and he would not take it back. Therefore the kind lady put it in the bank to keep it for the poor man's children.*

* Taken partly from Venables, and De Custine, and Henderson, but chiefly from Kohl's *Russia*.

ITALY.

WHAT a change it would be for any one to go from the snowy forests of Russia to the sunny plains of Italy! Italy has often been called the Garden of Europe.

And why is it called a garden? Because it is so full of flowers and of fruit. If you were to see the cactus that covers the ground, and to smell the sweet oleander, you would say, "This is a garden." Then the oranges and lemons look beautiful, and the purple grapes climbing between the trees.

If you look up you see a sky of the deepest blue, and often without a cloud. Winter comes, it is true, but it does not stay long. The spring soon shines forth, and the summer lasts a great while.

Italy would be still more beautiful if there were more fine large trees and fresh green grass. For want of shade the land is scorched.

PEOPLE.—But what sort of people live in Italy? They are very dark, because the sun shines so much. They have dark hair and eyes, —not those bright, merry, black eyes you see in France, but more sad and thoughtful eyes. They may well be sad, for their country is in

a sad state. It is full of fine houses and palaces —empty and going to decay: but that is not the worst part—the people are ignorant and wicked.



Italians.

Their religion is the Roman Catholic.

Their chief amusement is gambling. They play at all sorts of games; some with cards and some with their fingers; they are always trying to win each other's money. They do not know that it is wrong to gamble. In the midst of their games they will rush into a church, sprinkle themselves with holy water, kneeling on one knee, and then return to play.

There are a great many other foolish amusements in Italy. Sometimes people put on masks and run about the streets, and see whether anybody can find them out when their faces are hid.

On a certain day, everybody who likes it takes a quantity of sugar-plums and little nosegays, and throws them at the people in the streets; then there is much confusion, and riot, and merriment. Afterwards the horses have a race. They have no riders—the horses run by themselves, and are stopped by carpets held up in the streets. Another day everybody takes a candle, and the amusement is to try and blow out other people's candles and keep your own alight. Things are thrown at the candles in order to put them out, and many tricks are played. These are very foolish games, especially for grown-up people.

The Italians are very fond of music, and of painting, and of statues. They do not care so much for useful things as they do for beautiful things. The English care more for what is useful. A great many Italian boys come to London. Some of them bring little organs, and some bring images, which they carry on trays on their heads, and some bring dormice, and some monkeys. There are good people in London who teach these boys to read, and give them Italian Testaments to take with them when they return to Italy. Why do these boys leave their own country to come here? You would not wonder at their coming, if you could see what crowds of miserable beggars there are in Italy. It is quite unpleasant to see the

poor creatures in troops, clothed in filthy rags, many of them with bad sores, and others with broken backs or legs. They follow strangers about from place to place. In some towns in Italy, if you go into a house, the beggars wait till you come out, and as soon as they see the door open they give a shout; then one says, I am hungry," and another says, "Give me charity, beautiful lady, and I will go and pray for you directly." When money is given to these poor creatures they are not as thankful as Irish beggars are.

It is dreadful to think what a number of murders are committed in Italy. Even boys instead of fighting with their hands, take up stones to throw at each other, and men take out their knives and cut each other. Others, instead of showing their anger at the time, keep it in, and watch an opportunity of murdering their enemy.

HOUSES.—Italy was once full of rich people. Their houses are left, but there are not many rich people to live in them. It is easy for a traveller to hire a fine large old house with a marble staircase, and a terrace covered with vines.

All day you must keep the blinds down or the sun would scorch you. But may you open them in the evening and enjoy the pure air? No; then you must shut the windows, or the mosqui-

toes will come in and bite you all over. The beds have gauze curtains down to the ground to keep off the mosquitoes.

The houses are very dirty, especially the staircase and the doorway; but the Italians think more of painting their ceilings and placing statues in their halls than of keeping their houses clean. The English think a clean house is better than a pretty one.

The Italians have a very good way of bringing water up-stairs. The maids let buckets down from the upper windows, and some one in the court below fills them from the fountain, and then the maids draw the buckets up again.

FOOD.—The favourite food of poor people is macaroni. What is that? It is made of flour and water in the shape of pipes. Macaroni looks like white serpents. There are plenty of stalls in the towns where macaroni is sold, and the poor people in the evening go and buy their supper, and you may see them holding up this serpent-like food and letting it slip down their throats.

There are boys in the streets who sell iced water. In England no one would buy this sort of drink; but in Italy the people like it. The Italians are not drunkards; nor are they gluttons. They have this good quality—temperance.

I will tell you what sort of dinners they have in Italy. Perhaps this might be the dinner: soup made of cabbage and thickened with rice; to give it a good taste, cheese is put into the soup: a fowl, which has been boiled in the soup; a dish consisting of little bits of pork and pigs' kidneys, and another dish of stewed garlic and truffles. This dinner would not suit English people; but the grapes, and peaches, melons, oranges, and figs of Italy, would be liked everywhere. There is plenty of wine. It is sometimes kept in a very strange manner—in the skin of a pig. It is droll to see one of these bottles hanging up by the tail and looking like a dead pig, only without the legs.

DRESS.—There are a great many different ways of dressing in Italy. In one part the women wear nothing on their heads, and even the old women may be seen with their grey hair tied up in knots at the back of their heads: as their faces are made very dark by the sun they look very ill in this head-dress. In one part of Italy the girls fasten up their hair with a large silver bodkin. In other parts the women wear white veils, and hold large fans in their hands; and in other parts they fold linen over their heads. The poor men often wear a red scarf, and a sash over their shirts, and red caps; and often they have no coats, and their legs and feet are bare.

There are men among the hills who wear sheepskin cloaks and sandals on their feet.

The mothers have a very bad way of dressing their babies. They bind their little arms tight down to their tender sides with rolls of cloth, and straighten their little legs in the same way; so that the babies are stiff like a poker, and cannot crawl on the ground or kick their limbs about. The mothers think that by this plan they shall make the children straight and strong; but really they make them crooked and weak. There are a great many cripples to be seen. When the women are busy they put their poor stiff babies anywhere; sometimes they hang them up by their clothes to a hook on the wall.

CUSTOMS.—One very bad custom is burying the poor people in large pits. In the evening the dead bodies in coffins are taken in carts and thrown into a deep hole and covered up.

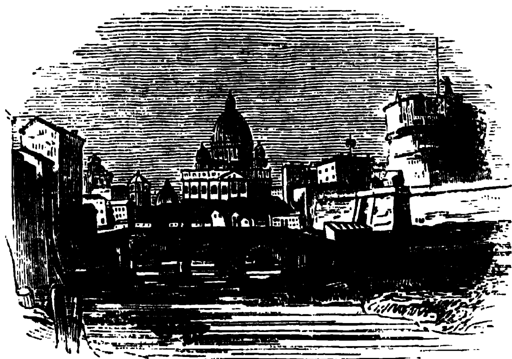
When a man is condemned to die, instead of being hanged, his head is cut off, and then stuck upon a pole for everybody to see.

ROME.

This is the capital of Italy, and once it was the capital of the world. It was a wicked city

then, full of idols and cruelty—and it is a wicked city *now*. Here the Pope lives. He is the chief of all the priests of the Roman Catholic religion. You see why that religion is called Roman. The Pope lives at Rome. He pretends that all he says is right. He says he is like Peter the Apostle; but Peter obeyed the word of God, and the Pope does not. When one Pope dies, another Pope is chosen.

The Pope has a great church. It is the largest in the world. It is called St. Peter's. Inside there is a large black statue of Peter. A great many people kiss its foot. How much grieved the holy Apostle Peter would have been had he known that people would worship him!



Rome.

There is one day in the year when the Pope washes the feet of thirteen men. He does this that he may be like Jesus, who washed the feet of his twelve apostles. But why thirteen Because, after Judas killed himself there was another apostle, called Matthias. These thirteen men sit in a row on a high bench in St. Peter's Church. They are dressed in white, with white caps, and each holds a nosegay in his hand; then the Pope washes their feet by pouring water out of a golden jug into a golden basin. Afterwards they go into a palace to have dinner. There they sit on a high place along one side of a table, where everybody can see them. The Pope is dressed in a scarlet robe, with a white satin cap. He pours water on the hands of each of the thirteen, and then says grace: afterwards he gives to each his portion of food and wine.

There is another still more foolish ceremony performed on Good Friday. There is a staircase which people say was once in Pontius Pilate's house, and that our Saviour trod upon it. The Pope promises to forgive the sins of any one who goes up these stairs on his knees. A great many climb up—though it is very hard to get up these stairs—but still they try.

Three hundred years ago a young man was climbing up these stairs, when suddenly he remembered the words, "The just shall live by

faith." Then he felt that it was by faith in Christ, and not by climbing stairs, that his sins must be blotted out. He felt ashamed of what he had done, and never climbed the stairs again. Who was this young man? Martin Luther. Did you ever hear of him? It was he who persuaded many kings and their people to read the Bible, and to become Protestants. England is a Protestant country, and Wales, and Scotland, and Sweden, and Norway, and Lapland, and Iceland, and Denmark, and Holland, and Prussia, and part of Germany, and part of Switzerland.

NAPLES.

This is the second city in Italy.

Naples is much more beautiful than Rome. It is built by the sea-side, where the land is in the shape of a half-moon. This is called a bay. Naples is a gay city. The people are always moving about and talking fast. The streets are full of carts and carriages laden with people—some before, and some behind, and some underneath; for even poor people like to have a ride

In Rome the people are grave and silent, but in Naples they are merry and noisy. Which city should you like best?

MOUNT VESUVIUS.—This mountain is very near Naples. It is a terrible mountain, for fire comes out of a hole at the top. Would you like to climb this mountain? If you did, you would come at last to something like a great white sugar-loaf near the top. It is the snow makes it white. Very few people dare to look down the hole at the top. It is foolish to look down, for no one can tell when the hot boiling stuff called "Lava," will burst forth. Always there are red-hot cinders raining down. But if it is hard to *get up* the sugar-loaf, it is harder to *get down*. The best way is for several people to join hands and go down together, and then if one slips the others pull him up.

VENICE.

This is one of the most wonderful cities in the world. It looks as if it was built in the sea, but there are little islands of sand under the water on which the houses rest. There are

narrow streets between the houses with pavement, and a great many bridges to join one street to another; but it is not so pleasant to walk in these streets as to go on the water. There are streets full of water, with boats, called "Gondolas," always moving; they make no noise and no dust, as carriages do. Venice is a very quiet city.

There is no animal there bigger than a dog. Horses would be of no use in Venice.

How do the people get water to drink? for the sea-water is not fit to drink. They catch the rain in cisterns. They have no other water.



Venice.

PRODUCTIONS OF ITALY.—There is marble found in some of the mountains. It is very hard to dig it up, so another way is used. Gunpowder is put down among the marble with fire near it; then the workmen get out of the way, and the gunpowder blows up the marble, and tears it into great blocks. These are taken down the hills in carts drawn by oxen.

Silk comes from Italy, for there are mulberry-trees to feed the silkworms.

Excellent cheese and beautiful straw-bonnets are made in Italy.

But statues and pictures are the chief glory of Italy.*

GERMANY.

IF you were travelling through Germany you would see fine hills and great forests; but you

* Taken chiefly from "Pictures from Italy," and the "Modern Traveller."

would not see those pretty green fields and hedges all covered with May, which are so pleasant in England. Where are the cows? They are in the stable. How strange it seems to keep the poor cow shut up in a stall! But she is not starved. See that woman with a large basket on her head. It is full of grass for the cow. Look at those little boys. They are busy pulling up weeds by the brook-side for the poor cow at home. Does the cow never go out? Yes, sometimes she does, but not in the way she likes best. She comes out to draw a cart or a wagon, with a yoke over her fair neck; or when she comes out for a walk it is with a rope round her horns, and in this way she feeds by the road-side. I am sure, if you were a cow, you would much sooner be an English cow, ranging at will over a field, feasting on the fresh grass, than a German cow eating the bundles of weeds in a stable, or led about by a child.

There are very few animals to be seen in Germany, excepting those that are drawing carriages on the road. What is the reason? I will tell you. The people want the land for sowing corn and planting vegetables, and they find that it is a waste of land to make it into fields for cows and sheep. They say the animals spoil the grass by treading on it. Even the

grass upon the lawns in the gardens is let grow long enough for cows to eat.

The poor people have fields of their own. They do not work as labourers and receive wages; they work in their own fields and gardens, and they sell their fruit and vegetables. Is this a good plan? One advantage of it is that the people work very hard, because they know they are working for themselves. The children help their parents a great deal. You know it is they who pick grass for the cow, and it is they who take her out to feed with a rope round her horns. The women mow as well as the men; they dig too, and plough, and do all kinds of out-of-door work.

By the roadside there are rows of fruit-trees. These belong to the poor people. In autumn they are heavily laden with fruit. It is a beautiful sight to see the father, and mother, and the children, all engaged in picking the fruit and placing it in baskets upon the backs of the patient cows. The plums are made into large tarts baked in tins, and the apples into cider to drink at home.

There are plenty of vines also in Germany, and the people make wine. The grapes are gathered in October, and it is a joyful time. Guns are fired, and fireworks are let off, and loud shoutings are heard; and the grapes are

thrown into tubs, and carried down the hills on men's backs to be pressed.

When the leaves fall off the trees the children bring them home to make beds for the poor cows; and they pick up the fir-apples to light the fires at home, or to sell in the towns. Such useful children cannot well be spared to go to school. In summer time they only go in the morning from six to eleven o'clock. How early they must be up to go at six, when some English children can hardly get to school by nine! In winter time there is not so much to do out of doors, and then the children are longer at school.

I cannot say the cottages are very pleasant. The lower room is the cow's stable. This would be well if the upper room were clean; but it is not. As the women are so much out of doors, they do not keep the house clean. There is a dresser with shelves, beds with curtains, and a stove; but not neat, nor comfortable. There is no pretty garden blooming with flowers, but only a yard with straw for the cattle.

DRESS.—The poor people wear different kinds of dresses, in different places. In some places, they wear little white caps fastened to the back of their heads, and in others black caps; in some places they wear handkerchiefs on their heads, and in others large round straw-hats, with little crowns. This last is a good custom,

because those straw-hats must shade the poor creatures from the sun, when working in their gardens, or vineyards. There are parts in Germany where the women wear nothing at all on their heads, not even in winter: though, when it is very cold, the old women are obliged to wrap a handkerchief over their poor grey locks.

But what should you say to see women ploughing all glittering with gold and silver? Yet in one part of Germany women wear caps of gold with silver tassels, blue bodices worked with silver, and red petticoats.*

And what should you say to men wearing artificial flowers? Yet in one part the poor men wear artificial flowers in their hats, with red waistcoats, and silver buttons, blue jackets, and handsome leather belts.

The little girls wear their hair plaited in long tails, and hanging down their back.

In winter it is very cold, much colder than in England, but not so damp. The gentlemen may be seen walking about in blue cloaks with fur collars, and the cape is often turned over their heads, and a pipe is sticking out of their mouths, and they look very curious figures.

The ladies have cloaks lined with fur all over. The poor boys have warm gloves tied round

* Near Munich, in Bavaria.

their necks, ready for them to put on when they like it; and I believe their fingers would be frozen if it were not for this plan.

FOOD.—The Germans get up very early, and have breakfast at six or seven o'clock, but they are content with a cup of coffee, and some dry bread; and they usually drink a glass of cold water before they begin.

In the middle of the day they dine, and at seven they have supper. They have some curious dishes never seen in England. The chief of these is "sauer kraut." It is made of cabbage, which has been cut up very small indeed, and afterwards packed close in barrels. It is kept in the house, and a little at a time is boiled, and served up for dinner. Soup, salad, and sausages are much esteemed; as well as all kinds of fruits and vegetables. Of all fruits, cherries seem to be the favourite; cherries are on every table as long as they are ripe; and not only cherries just gathered from the tree, but cherry pudding, cherry pie, cherry cheese, cherry sauce, cherry wine; so that if any one did not like cherries, he would sometimes have nothing to eat.

The Germans live upon the fruits of their *own* fields, and orchards, not upon foreign dainties. Tea they scarcely ever drink. Coffee is thought a treat, and is not seen in the cottage. But cider made from the apples in their orchard is stored up in the poor man's house and offered to every

visitor. Wine made from their own vineyards is common at the tables of those who are not quite poor. By living upon their own things, the Germans spend much less money than the English, and surely they act more wisely.

APPEARANCE.—Many of the Germans are stout, tall, fine-looking men. The women are fresh, and fair, with round smiling faces, light hair, and blue eyes. They have stout figures and short necks, and are very strong and healthy. But there are many different kinds of faces and figures in Germany, and dark eyes and hair are often seen.

Rich people very seldom live in the country; they prefer living in the towns; so that it is rare to see those pretty country houses, so common in England. Near the towns there are gardens where anybody may walk, and there crowds of people often meet, and talk, and drink milk, and eat ices.

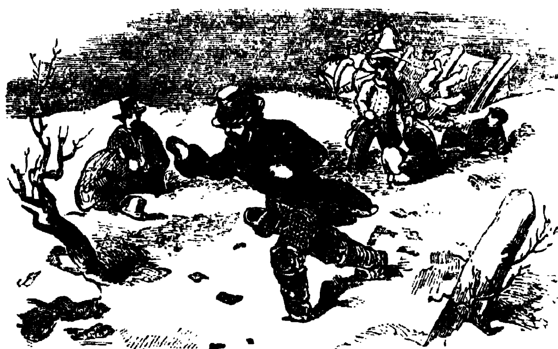
The ladies are very industrious, and wherever they go they take their knitting. They are as fond of their knitting-needles as the gentlemen are of their pipes. The number of stockings they make would surprise you. How much better to knit than to smoke! When they are at home, the ladies spend a great deal of time in cooking; they also spin, and have a great deal of linen of their own spinning locked up in their great chests. Can they do nothing but knit, and

cook, and spin? Yes, they can embroider very beautifully, and they can play on the piano and the harp, and sing very sweetly. But many are not as fond of reading as English and Scotch ladies are. When they read, too often they read novels—histories of people who have never lived. It would be better to read nothing than such books.

In winter the people delight to ride in sledges. The children have their little sledges. A very small one may be bought for a shilling. In such a one a little boy will sit, and slide down the hills for a couple of miles. I wonder the young creatures are not afraid of going so fast, and so far. The children move their sledges with their heels; but the men and women have sledges drawn by horses, and as large as carriages, only without wheels.

I have heard of an accident once happening among the hills to a party in sledges. They were going by a steep place where the snow lay very thick on the side. The horses suddenly took fright, and one of the sledges was overturned. The people fell out, and rolled down the hill among the deep snow. There was a little boy of four years old in that sledge. The driver was his father. Oh! how much troubled he was to see the child roll out! He ran to the edge of the hill, crying out, "My child! my child! my child! my child is killed!" Then

he plunged down the side of the hill amongst the heaps of snow. There he found several



Overthrow of Sledge.

people creeping out of the snow, shaking it off, and very angry with their driver. But he did not care for that, he only said,—"My child, my child! where is he? he is smothering in the snow." Soon he caught sight of a red worsted glove;—he knew it was his darling boy's. He seized hold of it—he pulled—he drew out his child by the arm. The rosy face was now black and blue, and presently the little nose began to bleed, and then the child opened his mouth, and cried very loud indeed. The father was glad even to hear him cry, because it showed he was alive. The little fellow had hurt his nose and eye against a stone;—but that was all: he was

not killed, and his father's heart was glad. Oh! how much parents love their children, both in Germany and in England, and all over the world! Do the children love their parents, and try to please them?

At Christmas time, the parents please their children by getting a little tree, and sticking lights all over it, and hanging sham fruit and little figures upon it, and by laying presents on a table near it. The tree is never seen till it is lighted up,—and then all at once the door is opened, and the tree is seen shining in all its splendour, and the children set up a cry of delight. But very naughty children are not allowed to see the tree, or to have any presents. Even the poor people have a tree in their cottages, and buy penny dolls for their children.

You would very much like the way in which the Germans keep their birthdays. The father and the mother, as well as the children, remember their birthdays. Perhaps the papa, when he comes down to breakfast, finds several pretty presents placed by his plate to surprise him. Soon afterwards a friend comes in with a garland of sweet flowers and green leaves; the papa hangs it up in his room, with those that his children bring him. At supper there is a cake in the middle of the table, and a number of lights burning round it. How many? Thirty-six, perhaps. Why? Because papa is thirty-six

years old that day. If he were forty, there would be forty lights. A child of four would only have four lights placed for him.

CHARACTER.—You must have seen already that the Germans are very kind and pleasant in their families. They are affectionate. They are careful also, and cautious. They do everything very slowly, that they may not meet with any accident; and when they begin to work, they go on, and never give up, however hard the thing may be: for they are persevering. They do not try to look grand, and to seem rich, but are content with the plain and simple things they can get.

Many of the men are very fond of reading, and are very sensible and clever, and write a great many books,—more than in any other country.

The Germans are like the English in making well many useful things, such as guns, knives, and watches. They take so much pains that they are sure to find out the best way of doing whatever they try to do.

RELIGION.—Those little images of the Virgin stuck in the front of the cottages, in little niches, show that Roman Catholics live there. Yet there are some parts of Germany where the people are Protestants.

Happy are those parts, and blessed are those people! In going into a Protestant church in Germany, you would see all the men sitting on one side, and the women on the other. Some-

times a babe is brought in to be baptized in the presence of all the congregation. It is brought when so very young that it cannot sit up, therefore it lies upon a cushion. A muslin covering beautifully worked is thrown over it. The nurse carries it into the church; but when the time comes for it to be baptized, a little girl holds it in her arms: sometimes it is the baby's sister sometimes its young aunt, or cousin.

The Protestants are very respectful and affectionate to their ministers; when the minister enters the church, all the people rise to receive his blessing. When the minister walks out, sometimes the children raise their little hands as high as possible to reach his, and to shake it heartily. They know him well, for they are taught by him on Sunday afternoons, when he walks up and down amongst them in his church, dressed in his black gown. Very often a knock is heard at the door of the minister's house, and a poor woman comes in with a basket of fresh butter and new-laid eggs, or red cherries, or rosy apples: it is a present for the minister's wife Such tokens of affection are very acceptable.

The Protestants have followed one of the evil practices of the Roman Catholics. They are in the habit of going out in parties of pleasure on the Sabbath, and even of doing business on that holy day.

It is true, most of the shops are shut. But

what are the shopkeepers doing? Some are gone to spend the day in the woods, and some are busy at home looking over their goods. They send out parcels of goods on Sundays for gentlemen and ladies to look at; they dance,—they play,—and the women go on knitting as usual. What time have they for reading the Bible? What time for teaching their children about God? Sunday would be the best day of all, but they often spend it as if they had no souls to save, no Saviour to serve.

GOVERNMENT.—Germany does not belong to one king. It is divided into a great many parts, and there are dukes who reign over some parts, and kings over other parts.

THE RHINE.

This river runs between France and Germany, and is one of the most lovely rivers in the world. Its banks are high and steep, adorned with trees and old castles.

FRANKFORT ON THE RHINE.

This city is full of rich people. A great many of them are Jews. Once the Jews used to be

despised and ill-treated in Frankfort. Once they were obliged to live in dirty streets all together, and were shut in by gates at night. But now they may live anywhere. The houses in Frankfort are very handsome, and look like the palaces of kings, and fine carriages with footmen in gay liveries are rolling about the streets.

HAMBURGH ON THE RIVER ELBE.

A number of ships from many countries come here, especially from England. If you did not know a word of German, you would not be at a loss, so many people understand English.

It is a very curious town in one respect. It has a lake in the middle of it. The best houses are built on the sides of this lake. I think that these lake-houses must be prettier than a square in London.

DRESDEN is famous for its beautiful china, and its collection of fine pictures.

MÜNICH has a magnificent palace, where the King of Bavaria lives.

TREVES.—Here the Roman Catholic priests keep a piece of brown linen, which they say once belonged to the Lord Jesus. They call it the Holy Coat, and they have got a great deal of money by showing it in a glass case in a church; but one of the priests wrote a book to persuade

the people not to believe in this holy coat. Indeed this priest was right. Though he had once been a shepherd-boy, he was too wise to believe the lies that some of the priests had told. A great many of the Roman Catholics have become Protestants, since they have found out the trick about the "Holy Coat."*

AUSTRIA.

ONE part of Germany is called Austria. The Emperor who reigns over it has a great deal of power. Yet he is very kind, as you will think when I tell you, that on a certain day every week any poor person may come and make his complaints to him, as to a father.

The people of Austria are called Germans, as well as Austrians, and as I have told you so much about the Germans, I need not say much more.

Many of the Austrians have large farm-houses, and perhaps you would like to visit one of them. The farm-house looks something like a castle, for it has buildings all round the court-yard. You

* Chiefly taken from Howitt's "Rural and Domestic Scenes in Germany."

must enter through a narrow doorway. It is pleasant to see a sentence out of the Bible written over the door. When you go in you will find texts even on the plates. There is one large room in which all the family dine, and where the women sit and spin. Round it are the bed-rooms, and there are a great many, for, counting men and maids, forty persons live in the house. All these rooms are down-stairs: up-stairs, there is a grander room for visitors, full of pictures of grandpapas and great-grandpapas, and plenty of spare beds with very gay quilts. The Emperor has sometimes visited this farm-house. In the chests up-stairs the farmer's wife keeps her best dresses, her black spencer, black silk gown, and her cap of otter skin with its star of pearls.

Then there are the store-rooms, where the fruit may be kept dry. The chests are full of plums, of apples, and of pears. The farmers' stables are full of fine horses and cows. But it is the pigsties which would surprise you the most. In a large shed, there is a row of boxes made of stone or wood. These boxes have no covers. Inside each box there is a pig, who gets plenty of fresh air, and he is kept quite clean, and eats his meals by himself. In this way he gets very fat. There are no pigs so comfortable as those of Austria.

VIENNA.

The largest city of Austria is Vienna. Here the Emperor has his palace. It is round, and it has high walls, and a deep ditch outside.

The houses are crowded together, and the streets are narrow; but as soon as you get out of the gate, you find yourself among beautiful green walks, for no houses are allowed to be built close to the walls. Here the children come and play, and the old men sit on benches, and rest their weary limbs. Beyond these pleasant walks there are a great many houses, and broad streets, and large gardens. Would you not rather live in those airy places, than in the midst of the town? yet most people like best to live in the crowded city. I believe the reason is, that they like having a great deal of company. There are no people so fond of parties as the people of Vienna. Morning, noon, and evening, they are thinking of treats and holidays, of music and dancing. They are fond also of eating nice things. They have very fine dinners, with plenty of game from the forests, and fish from the river.

The streets are full of carriages driving along very fast, and it is very hard to get out of their way, because there is no pavement to walk on. When the carriages are driving round a narrow

corner, the frightened people sometimes jump upon the carriage, rather than be run over by it, so that you may often see carriages with people clinging to them before and behind.

Where are the carriages going? Many are going to the Prater, the most beautiful park in the world. It belongs to the Emperor, but he allows anybody to go there, and he goes there himself. It is full, not only of trees, but of houses, where people sell things to eat and drink. The Germans would not like it much if they could not get some refreshment.

Crowds of people go out on Sundays by the railways, to spend the day in visiting the beautiful hills and woods in the country. But we cannot wonder at this, as the Austrians are Roman Catholics.

No city has such large houses as Vienna. They look like palaces; one of them holds two thousand persons, and another has twenty staircases. A great many families live in them. If you were to go and see a friend, you would be puzzled how to find him, unless you knew which room he lived in.

The streets are kept very clean, yet there is a black stream in the middle of the city which is very unpleasant, and makes the place unwholesome. A great many people have coughs in Vienna, because the east wind blows very cold.

Among the shops is one where monkeys and parrots are sold. The monkeys are apt to die of coughs after they come to Vienna. The parrots are kept in dark cages, that they may learn to talk before they are sold.

THE DANUBE.

This is a very beautiful river, and the largest in Europe. It runs outside the walls of Vienna, but a small stream runs through the town, called the Wein; and this is why the city is called Vienna.

There are some curious animals to be seen on the banks of the Danube. There are beavers. These little creatures cut down young trees with their teeth to build their houses. They have two rooms; one is close to the water, the other room is on the dry land, and there they live and sleep. It is very hard to catch them, for if they hear the least noise they plunge into the water. One gentleman laid a great many traps, and he caught two; but the rest of the beavers must have heard of it, for he never could catch but one more, and then the beavers went away, and nobody could find out where they went. They are harmless little creatures, and eat nothing but the bark of trees.



Chamois Hunting.

The Mountains of Styria.—In one part of Austria, called Styria, there are very fine mountains, and wild creatures like deer, called chamois, leaping among the rocks. There are hunters who spend their time in trying to catch the pretty chamois. Once upon a time a hunter found a chamois with two very little ones in a hole on the top of a high rock. The little chamois were sporting by their mother, and she was watching to see that nobody came near to hurt them. The hunter, holding by both hands to a rock, peeped at the happy family. The old chamois caught sight of him, and ran at him in a fury, and with her horns tried to push him down into the deep place below. The hunter pushed her away with his feet, and still went on

coming nearer to the little ones. The poor chamois rushed back to them and showed them how to leap from their hole unto another rock; but the little creatures were too young to jump so far. What would become of them? The hunter with his gun was creeping very close. At last the mother thought of a plan. She made her body into a bridge. She stretched her fore-feet as far as the rock beyond, and looked back at her little ones, hoping they would know what to do. And they did. They sprang upon her as lightly as cats, and reached the other side; and then all three were off like the wind, and were soon out of reach of the hunter's gun.

What a clever chamois that was, and what a tender mother! Oh! what will not a mother do to save her little ones from perishing?*

BOHEMIA.

THIS is a pretty little country in Austria. Once it had a king of its own, but now it belongs to the Emperor of Austria. You might have thought it never could have been con-

* Taken chiefly from Kohl's "Austria."

quered, for all round it there is a wall of mountains. It is like a saucer in shape; for the inside is flat and the edges are high. It is a very healthy country, because it is high and dry; for it is not deep like a *cup*. There are no marshes in it, or great forests, to make it damp; and it is not cold, because the hills keep off the wind. Many people live to a hundred, and some to one hundred and fifteen years.

In the woods a kind of people dwell whom you have often seen in England, in little tents by the roadside—I mean "Gipsies."

Perhaps as you passed along the road in Bohemia, some little gipsies might come out of the woods with very dark skins, and dressed in shirts almost as dark as themselves, and play tricks and antics in hope of getting some money.

ANIMALS.—There is only one wood in Bohemia in which any bears are to be found. A poor man walking along saw a little bear playing on the grass. He took it up, intending to carry it home, when suddenly he observed the old bear hurrying after him. Quickly he threw down the young animal, and set off running as fast as he could. The old bear was so angry that she pursued him still, and would soon have overtaken him, had not the poor man seen the

gate of a farmyard open and got into the house. The fright, it is said, turned his hair quite white.

DRESS AND APPEARANCE.—The women of Bohemia are tall and stout, with round and rosy faces; and they wear gay bodices and gowns of some other gay colour, with a bright handkerchief on their heads of red, yellow, or blue.

CHARACTER.—The Bohemians are a merry people. They are very fond of music, and they often carry little harps in their hands. They sing together as they return from their labour in the fields. They are very curious, and ask a great many questions. When they meet a stranger they say "Where do you come from? Where are you going? What are the names of your friends?" and sometimes they get no answer.

Their religion is the Roman Catholic. Often as you pass along the road you may see a man walking with a hymn-book in his hand, singing; and two boys dressed in white behind; and then a train of people, so gaily decked that they seem like a bed of tulips. Where are they going? To a village church to worship an image there! They do not know that God abhors idols, and that He loves those who worship Him in spirit and in truth.

PRAGUE.

A river runs through it as broad as the Thames, but not so smooth, for in one place it runs very fast. It is said there once was a waterfall, which the Bohemians called Prags, and so the city is called Prague. Over the river Moldau there is a bridge, and on the bridge a number of idols. One of these has two lamps, and another has five burning before it. It is the image of Christ that has two. And which has five? The image of John of Nepomuck. This man is more thought of in Prague than the Lord himself. He was a bishop who lived a long while ago, and was cruelly thrown into the river from the bridge. And why? Because he would not tell a secret to the king.

In the cathedral of Prague there is an image of him on his knees, all of silver, with silver angels round him. There are no such images to be seen any where else. A number of people who have travelled far are always bowing to the great idol, kissing it with much respect. Yet thieves have sometimes been so bold as to get in at night; and three times they have stolen the splendid golden lamp which hangs over the silver saint. Now a great fierce dog is shut up in the church every night, to frighten away the thieves. If that silver image cannot take

care of the lamp as well as the dog can, how can he help those foolish people who kiss his feet?

HUNGARY.



Hungarians.

HUNGARY is a much warmer country than Germany, because there are high mountains which serve as a screen against the north and east winds. Look at them. They are called the Carpathian Mountains. They are of the same kind of use that a high folding-screen is when spread round the chair of an old lady.

In Hungary a great number of beasts are to be seen feeding everywhere. In Germany it is

quite different—there the beasts are in their stables. The Hungarians are a much wilder people than the Germans; they are not industrious; they do not know how to make things; most of them cannot read or write.

There are so many wolves in Hungary that the people often make a strong hedge of pricking thorns all round the village to keep them out. It is dangerous to walk about at night in lonely places.

A soldier one night was going on a message, and the snow was falling fast, when he heard the howling of wolves at a distance. At first he paid no attention to it, but soon, hearing the wolves coming nearer, he climbed into a tree. The hungry animals crowded round the tree, looking at him, and trying to spring at him. He fired his gun, but he did not kill any of them. He was afraid lest they should climb up into the tree; so, to frighten them, he managed to light a small fire in the branches. The fire soon went out, and the soldier grew so cold that he was afraid he should drop off the tree into the wolves' mouths. What could he do? Try and think. He tied himself to one of the branches. He grew colder and colder—so cold that he lost his senses. Next morning soldiers found him in the tree—the wolves were gone away—but the poor man's legs were frozen. He was carried home; he grew

better, but he would have died after all, if his legs had not been cut off.

The Forest and the Marsh.—If you were to travel in the forest of Bakony, you would see a great number of pigs feeding on the acorns under the trees. The name Bakony suits the forest well, as pigs' flesh can be made into bacon. The men who take care of these pigs are called swineherds. They have not such a pleasant employment as shepherds have. Who could like so well to take care of dirty, greedy, grunting pigs, as of clean, soft, bleating sheep?

These poor swineherds know nothing, and many of them are robbers. They do not rob the poor; but sometimes they join together to rob rich lords in their castles. Very often they are caught and killed; but they are not ashamed of stealing; they think it a fine thing to be a brave robber. You may guess what meat they eat,—it is pork—nothing but pork. They have plenty of fruit to eat with it, especially chestnuts, which they roast; and as for drink, they have the beautiful wines of Hungary—as much as ever they like. They dress in large woollen cloaks, with flowers worked on them in red thread, and in their hands they carry a small hatchet to cut wood. But I advise you, if you go to Bakony forest, not to go too near the pigs, for they are very

fierce. The swineherds say they wish them to be fierce, that they may fight the wolves and the shepherds' dogs: so these swineherds teach them to kill young dogs and to eat them, and then to eat older dogs, till the pigs are afraid of neither dogs nor wolves; but the wolves are afraid of the pigs, and very seldom dare to touch them. The swineherds, when they please, can make their pigs attack men and tear them to pieces.

I have told you of a forest in Hungary. I will now speak of a marsh, called Hansag; for there are marshes in Hungary. Bohemia is in shape like a saucer; there are high places around, but no deep place in the middle; all is high and dry; but Hungary is like a cup and has a low part in the middle. The water from the mountains makes this part wet. It is unwholesome to live in such a place, but plenty of grass grows there. There are great numbers of oxen fattened in the marshes of Hungary. The ground is so wet, that when the men want to drink they put a reed in the ground and suck up the water. They feed on beef, as you may suppose, and they cover it with pepper. They live in huts made of reeds, built in the shape of an extinguisher. These huts are very uncomfortable. The fire is made in the middle, and the

smoke goes out of a small hole at the top; the beds are of straw, and the pillows are blocks of wood covered with sheepskins; the wet earth is the floor, and as the poor creatures turn in bed they feel the soft ground shake under them. Would you rather live with the pigs in the forest, or with the oxen in the marshes?

It was in Hansag that a wild boy was once found. It is said he was caught in a net by some men who were fishing in one of the lakes. He was a strange-looking creature, and wore no clothes; but his whole body was covered with a hard skin like the scales of a fish. He would eat nothing but grass, hay, straw, frogs, or fish. He was taken to the castle of a great lord, and there pains were taken to teach him to speak, but he would never learn. At first he would tear off his clothes, but he was made to keep them on, and he learned to turn the spit in the kitchen. The name of Han Istok was given to him, which is in English Marsh Stephen. Han did not like the kitchen as well as he did the bogs; and one day he ran away. No one could find him again. Once or twice afterwards he was seen by the fishermen amongst the lakes, but not near enough to catch him.

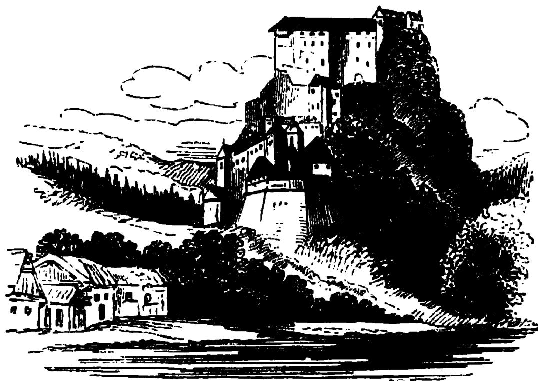
FOOD.—In Hungary there is plenty of meat, because there are so many animals. There is abundance of the finest fruit. Melons are so

common that two may be bought for a penny. Gourds also are eaten by the poor. One of them is sometimes as heavy as a big boy of twelve years old. The people cut them in slices and roast them. The poor are very fond of cabbage, and often boil enough at once to last a week, and then eat some every day. There are fields of cabbages to be seen. There is one dish which appears at every table, whether of the poor or rich. It is dumplings in curdled milk.

THE PEOPLE.—The poor men wear broad-brimmed hats, with blue jackets, and wide trowsers, and sheepskin cloaks ; and their long black hair is plaited, and hangs down their backs.

The Hungarians love fine dress. In some parts of Hungary the poor men wear in their hats large bunches of flowers, which are gathered out of the fields and gardens ; and sometimes they wear artificial flowers : but, as if flowers were not fine enough, they stick among them the feathers of peacocks, and even of ostriches. The women, of course, wear fine head-dresses too : they adorn their hair with quantities of lace and ribbons. The Hungarians are thoughtless and merry, and delight in dancing to the sound of music. When they dance the men wear silver spurs, and are covered with silver buttons and silver chains,

while their hair hangs in small curls over their cheeks.



Castle of Arva and Huts of Hungarian Peasantry.

Almost every one in Hungary is either very rich or very poor. The rich people have such magnificent castles that there are none like them to be seen in England. There is a prince who has thirty-four castles, and one of these castles has three hundred and sixty rooms for visitors. But the poor live in huts made of sticks, without even mud to keep out the cold air and the rain; and some live like wild beasts in dens under ground, while their little children, neither washed, nor combed, nor clothed, play all day at the door in the midst of pigs, goats dogs, hens, and ducks. The poor people have fields of their own; but their lords oblige them

to work for them without wages two days in every week—and besides this, they take away part of their corn and wine. To show you how cruelly the lords treat their labourers, I shall tell one anecdote. An Englishman was once riding with a lord of Hungary. They passed through a group of labourers, who were amusing themselves with country sports. The lord fancied that one of these men did not bow to him respectfully. He ordered a servant to seize him, bind him, and beat him. The shrieks of the poor sufferer filled the air. The Englishman, struck with horror, entreated the lord to release the innocent man. The lord, offended, replied,—"What! do you care for that brute? Here, my lads, give him twenty lashes more in honour of the stranger." God will not always suffer such wickedness to go unpunished, for he hears the cry of the poor, and he abhors the cruelty of the oppressor.

Religion.—It is the Roman Catholic. The people's heads are filled with foolish stories about saints, and ghosts, and all kinds of wonders, which are not true. But there are a great many Protestants; their chapels are very small and low, but in them the Bible is read, and the way to the heavenly mansions by Jesus Christ is shown.

Productions.—There are few countries in which so many things are to be found as in

Hungary. The best wine in Europe, called Tokay, is made from Hungarian grapes. The fruits are delicious. The geese supply a quantity of bed-feathers; the skins of beasts are sold to be made into leather; even gold, and copper, and iron, are found in Hungary. The sands of the river Danube are often mixed with gold, and the gipsies sift the sand, and sell the gold to the king. But very few things are *made* in Hungary, except wine, and soap, and tobacco-pipes.

BUDA AND PESTH.

Hungary has two capitals, and they are near each other. The broad river Danube rolls between them. But these cities are very unlike each other. Buda is built among hills covered with vines. Pesth is on flat ground, and has a great deal of trade with the ships up the river.

Buda is poor; Pesth is rich. Buda is old; Pesth is new (at least the greater part). Buda is full of gardens; Pesth of handsome buildings. Which would you like best? The people at Buda and Pesth do not like each other; they are envious of one another. Yet what would the people of Pesth do without Buda? From it they fetch their excellent wines and delicious

fruit. What would the people of Buda do without Pesth? From it they fetch all the things that come from foreign countries. I cannot tell you how much they value a piece of English cloth, or even a paper of English needles!

At Buda there is a grand castle. Once the Kings of Hungary lived on that spot, but now there is no other King of Hungary but the Emperor of Austria, and he lives at Vienna.

In the castle at Buda the Archduke lives, who governs for the Emperor. If you were to visit Buda, you might get leave to see the castle. A traveller, who went there, saw a spinning-wheel in the room of the Archduchess, and, what is much better, he saw a Bible there.

But though the Hungarians cannot have a king of their own, they have a CROWN, and they think as much of this crown as if it were a living creature. It is kept in the castle, in an iron chest with five seals; the iron door of the room is fastened with three locks, and there are no windows, but only little holes to let in the air. Two soldiers sit constantly in the next room; not the *same* two, for there are sixty-four soldiers who take turns to watch. This golden crown is very old, and many who have worn it have been very unhappy: but no one wears it now; and perhaps no one ever will.

PRUSSIA.

If you were travelling along the high road, you would know immediately when you came into Prussia, for you would see a very high pillar, with a black eagle carved upon it. The bird has yellow legs, a crown on its head, a sceptre and a sword in its claws. That great eagle is the sign of the King of Prussia. If you were to go another mile, you would see another pillar with a black eagle. The milestones are all of this kind.

The King of Prussia keeps a great number of soldiers to guard his kingdom, and he thinks he needs them, because the sea does not surround his country, as it does our happy island; neither do mountains surround it, as they do Bohemia. The country lies open almost on every side; besides this, it is mixed up with Germany. Part of Prussia is on the bank of the river Rhine. I think no king in Europe would like to change his kingdom with the King of Prussia.

Prussia is not a pretty country. It is full of sandy plains, and ugly bogs, and low fir-trees. Neither is it a healthy country. The east wind blows very sharp, and the ground is very damp. Yet in one respect it is a good country, for the

religion is Protestant. There are also many good laws, and the poor people are taught to read. It is a pity there are so many soldiers. Many of the poor labourers are obliged to go to be soldiers for a few years, and they return home to their villages worse than they went, for they have learned to be idle, and to drink brandy, and to do many wicked things. As so many men are soldiers, the women do a great deal of the hard work in the fields, and they soon grow old, and look very ill, with their red shawls twisted round their heads. All the gentlemen are soldiers.

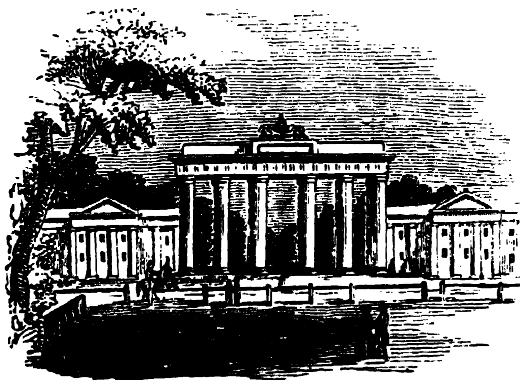
FOOD.—The Prussians are not fond of eating, like the Austrians. They are content with bread and butter. If they stop at an inn, they order bread and butter.

They are fond of potatoes, and have a way of making potato-cheese, by mixing it with the curds of milk. They also like beer-soup. It is made of boiling beer, mixed with eggs, cream, spice and sugar; but I think this must be very unwholesome.

Though the Prussians are not fond of eating, they are too fond of drinking drams. They say they have no good beer or wine. That is true; but could they not find something better to drink than brandy, which makes their faces pale, hurts their health, and causes many quarrels?

They like coffee very much; but the poor people cannot well afford it, and they have found out how to make a drink from acorns, that is very much like coffee, and very wholesome. They keep the acorns a little while, cut them up small, and roast, and grind them.

BERLIN.



Brandenburg Gate, Berlin.

The chief city of Prussia is Berlin. It is built on a sandy plain. All at once you see a very handsome gate just before you; there is hardly one like it in all Europe. There are five door-ways. The middle one is the widest.

It is for the king and royal family. There are two for people walking, and two for carriages. Why two? One for those going out of the city, and one for those coming in. Therefore, people can never run against each other by accident.

When you have passed through the gate, you enter a very fine street. It is the finest in Europe. There is an avenue down the middle, of lime-trees and chestnut-trees. Here people walk while the carriages pass on each side. The houses in this street belong to great lords. At the end of the street, which is nearly a mile long, there is a great square all of sand, without any grass. On one side is the king's palace.

Do you think you should like Berlin? I have not told yon yet of the kennels, or ditches, which are found in every part, even near the king's palace, and which are so black and dirty that the whole city is quite unpleasant in summer-time. The Prussians think nothing of it, and say, "Are not all cities like this?" The river itself is not much better than a large kennel. The river Spree is a lazy river. The water hardly flows at all. It is not deep, and the boats can only just float in it; yet still it is useful, for a great many boats come up from other countries laden with goods. I need not say that the black river and the black kennels

are very bad for the health, and many more people die in Berlin than in London.

You will see soldiers at every step you take. They crowd the gin-shops. These are very handsome buildings, with looking-glasses on the walls, and beautiful lights hanging from the ceiling, and rows of bottles of all colours to tempt the foolish to buy. Here the poor soldiers waste their little money, for they have only threepence a day.

I am sorry to say that, though Prussia is a Protestant country, the people do not keep the Sunday holy, but even go to the play in the evening.

POTSDAM.

Though Berlin is so flat, there is a place, twenty miles off, that is very beautiful. People now go there by the railway. They find themselves in a moment among green hills and woods, and by the banks of a sweet river. Upon the hills are built many beautiful palaces, which everybody may see. In one of the palaces there is a room where a very wicked Frenchman once lived. His name was Voltaire. The walls of this room are covered with pictures of monkeys and parrots. It was

done by the order of a king, who said Voltaire was like a monkey and a parrot. Voltaire has written a great many books, which have taught people to despise God and to serve Satan.

In one of the palaces there are many garlands of leaves hanging on the walls. They were given to the king and queen on their birthdays, as signs of the affection of their people. Do the Prussians still love their king?

CHARACTER.—The Prussians are like the Germans, and, indeed, they are Germans, for most of Prussia is called Germany. But they are more lively, and not so slow, nor so steady. They are not so fond of company, or of feasting, as the Austrians. They like music, but they like reading also. Everyone smokes, both rich and poor, and even boys begin very early to imitate their fathers in this idle, disagreeable habit. The gentlemen and ladies are very polite and fond of paying compliments; but the shopkeepers are uncivil, and do not seem to like to take the trouble of showing their goods. The Prussians are very careful of their money, and that is one reason they so often eat bread and butter, instead of finer dishes. They are obliged to pay so much money to the king for the soldiers, that they have very little left for themselves.

PRODUCTIONS.—The Prussians make beautiful china, which is much admired in other countries. They also make necklaces and bracelets, for ladies, of iron. Perhaps you think such necklaces cannot be pretty, but they are; and you may be sure they are very strong, for this iron is also used for bridges.

There is one part of Prussia where flax grows, and where the women spin as they walk along, not with a spinning wheel, but a distaff, that they hold in their hands; and the linen they make is very beautiful.

The vine grows in Prussia, but the grapes are not fine, and do not make good wine.

THE CHRISTIAN VILLAGE.

There is a village in Prussia which is spoken of all over the world. It is called Hern-butt, or the watch of the Lord.

If you were to see it you would say, "This is a very quiet village, but it is very much like other villages. Why do people talk so much about it?" The reason is, because so many good people live there. A hundred years ago a very good lord, named Count Zinzendorf, allowed

these poor people to settle on his estate. They came from a part of Germany where the Roman Catholics treated them ill. They built a neat village near a great wood. The wood is very pleasant and is full of walks. In the village the women who are unmarried live in a house together, and so do the unmarried men, but the families live in their own houses. Every day the people meet together to sing hymns, and all day long they are very busy—the men in the fields and the women working at home. They dress very plainly. The women all wear neat muslin caps; but they do not all wear the same coloured ribbons. The young girls wear deep red; the young women wear pink; when they are married, blue; and the widows wear grey.

There is a picture in this village that you would like to see. It is in the hall where the men meet to pray. In the midst of this picture is seen the Lord Jesus Christ, and all around him people of different countries worshipping him. There is the poor Negro slave, and there is the little Greenlander in his sealskin dress, and there is the wild Indian, and there is the stupid Hottentot. What does the picture mean? It was painted to keep in memory how people of all countries have turned to the Lord and Saviour. The people of Hern-hutt go out to preach to the heathen, and they have converted a great many. Does not this picture put you in mind of the place in the

Revelation, where it is said—"I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and people, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands"? Rev. vii. 9.

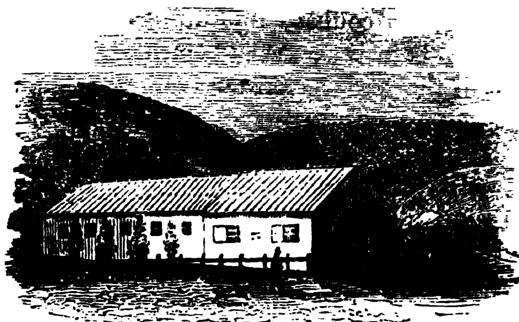
There is a beautiful burying-ground at Hernhutt. It is on the side of a hill. You might take it for a garden. There is a green hedge on every side, and broad straight walks with hornbeam-trees in rows, and green arbours at the end of the walks. In the midst of this burying-ground is the tomb of the good Count Zinzendorf.*

The people in this village are called "The United Brethren." †

* See the history of Count Zinzendorf, in a little book for children, called *The Banished Count.*—Snow.

† Taken chiefly from Howitt's *Germany.*

POLAND.



Polish Inn.

What a change it is to go from Prussia into a country that joins it! It is the people that are so different. In Prussia the poor men give a kind nod as they pass, and say, "Peace be to you;" but in Poland a poor man, when he meets a rich man, bows to the ground, and says, "I throw myself at your feet." Then, in Prussia the children are neatly dressed, and go to school but in Poland they are ragged and dirty, and little beggars run after the carriages calling out, "Kleba, kleba!" which means, "Bread, bread!"

To whom Poland belongs.—Poor Poland has no king of her own. She has been torn to pieces by three great countries—Austria, Russia, and Prussia. They have divided Poland between them. This was very wrong.

Poland has a great white eagle as her sign. There is no country in Europe which has so many lords in it as Poland once had; but now most of the lords have been sent out of their fine castles, to go where they can.

Cottages.—These are miserable places, made only of trunks of trees piled one upon another, with a little hole cut out in the side to let in light and to let out smoke. There is no bed but straw laid upon some boards. Near the cottages are no trees; before them, no gardens; but only an ugly pond of mud, in which children dabble with the ducks and pigs.

Country.—You may go a great way without seeing anything pretty. Poland is a plain of sand. When the wind blows hard, the sand gets into your eyes and mouth. Sometimes the ground is soft, and the carriage can hardly get along—it is passing over a marsh. Sometimes you will see large forests of tall, thin fir-trees, and sometimes fields of corn, but without hedges. There are bells tied to the horses' necks, as in Russia.

Animals.—There are wolves in the forests, and even bears, with plenty of poor frightened deer. It is the custom in some places, when a

poor man has killed a wolf, for him to take round the dead body to every house in the village to ask for a reward. At one house he gets a handful of flour, and at another a piece of bacon. Afterwards he sends the head to those who rule for the king, and he gets a piece of money.

The Poles are very fond of horses, and they have a great many. A poor man lets his horse live with him in his hut. Wheelbarrows are not much used, because they must be drawn along by men, and the Poles are too lazy to take the trouble. They prefer carrying their goods in carts. Very poor carts they are, with wheels made of one piece of wood, (like those in the carts in the toy-shops,) and like the wheels in Portugal.

The poor people keep cows. Very often in the middle of a town you will see a square. In the evening a whole herd of cows comes home from feeding on the plains. The women and children drive them home—and now a cow is standing before each door, and a woman or a child is milking her. At night the cows sleep in the middle of the square.

FOOD.—You see that the poor can get milk because they have cows. But their food is not very good. Potatoes and cabbages and barley-gruel—they are the chief food. The drink is beer and spirits. The Poles are a great deal too fond of spirits.

One night a traveller, as he lay on his straw bed at an inn, saw the men packing up cabbages for the winter. How they cut and chopped the cabbages at the table, and then thrust them into great jars ! They pressed them down by stamping and jumping on them; one of the men smoked his pipe all the time, and the other played sometimes on his fiddle. The traveller did not like their way of pressing down cabbages. Do you ?

DRESS.—The poor men wear loose white woollen shirts reaching down to their feet, with wide leather girdles round their waists. Their shoes are made, not of leather, but of the bark of trees, and their hair hangs down over their shoulders.

The women often wear short pelisses trimmed with fur, over a petticoat much longer than the pelisse. In some places they wear caps with long lappets hanging down behind; in other places they wear their own long hair in plaits and white handkerchiefs on their heads; but in every place they are very unneat and untidy. Yet the Poles are pleasing in their looks. Generally their eyes are dark, and their figures are tall.

CLIMATE.—It is very cold in Poland. Why ? Look where the mountains are. Those mountains, which make Hungary so warm by keeping off the north wind, are of no good to Poland. There are no mountains there to keep off cold winds. These winds come rushing down from the north

till the poor people are glad to wrap their sheep-skin cloaks tight round them. The sea and the rivers often overflow and make Poland very damp. Can it be a healthy country? No. There is a dreadful disease which is not known in England. It is called the Plica. A person feels a headache and pains in his limbs; after a few days the hair becomes sticky, and twists together, and feels quite tender and sore. Would it not be best to cut it off? No; this might kill the poor creature; you must wait till the new hair grows; then you may cut off the old hair. Sometimes people have this sad disease all their lives. Very few clean people have it; yet sometimes they catch it. It is said that no one with light hair ever has it. As most little English boys and girls have light hair, they will be glad to hear this.

THE JEWS.—All children who have read the Bible know that the Jews were once called Israelites, and that they once lived in the land of Canaan. Where do they live now? In all lands; but more Jews live in Poland than in any other country. You might know them in a moment by their long black muslin gowns and their long black shining beards.* They have eyes like the hawk, and noses like its beak. They are fine-

* In 1847 the Emperor of Russia forbade the Jews to wear their own dress any more, and this cruel law cost the Jews many tears.

looking men—such as you might imagine David and Solomon were.

The rich Jewesses wear bright turbans adorned with diamonds and rubies. But all the Jews are not rich. Some are miserably poor. If you were to see the cellars in which they live! Why do not the rich Jews help their poor brethren?

The Jews are not idle like the Poles, but try in every way to get money. It is they who keep all the inns—and wretched inns they are, because the Jews are very dirty. See that large shed under which horses and carts are kept. At one end there is a sort of house. It is the inn. Go in at that low-covered doorway, taking care not to hit your head (unless you are only a little boy or girl). The floor has no carpet, not even boards—no, nor bricks—it is the bare earth. There are boards in one corner with some straw on them. Would you rather sleep there or in that little dark room behind? Look in; it is full of dirty beds, and children of all sizes. In that dark room the old Jew, who has been selling beer all day, often sits up at night and lights his lamp, te read his old books.

The Jews are very troublesome in Poland. They follow travellers about, offering to help them, and will not go away when they are told. Even the little children carry baskets about full of pretty things, and entreat people to buy. The Poles speak very rudely to the Jews, and think

themselves much better than they; but the Jews bear rudeness with great patience, because they are accustomed to be ill-treated.

When will the Jews believe in Him who came into their land eighteen hundred years ago? It is because they do not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, that God allows them to be so unhappy. But we cannot forget that the Lord Jesus himself, when he lived down here, was a Jew.

"It was a Jew who shed His blood
Our pardon to procure;
It is a Jew who sits above
That pardon to ensure."

CHARACTER.—The Poles used to be called the "Proud Poles." It is written in the Bible, "Pride comes before a fall," and the proud Poles have fallen very low, for they have lost their king, and many have lost their fine houses and parks.

The nobles treated the poor very cruelly. A lord often took away a poor man's cow, and the poor man in return cut down the lord's tree. All the Poles are either great lords or poor people. It is the Jews or the Germans who buy and sell. The gentlemen in Poland are too proud to work. How foolish that is, when Adam worked in the garden of Eden! Surely none of us are as great as Adam was before he sinned! Some of the lords are so poor that they are glad to get into

the houses of other lords and be fed there; but they will not work for their bread.

The Poles are fond of fine dress. They used to wear the most beautiful dress in Europe, but they are not allowed to wear it now. Still you may see they love finery, by the gold brooches and chains on the necks of the gentlemen. The Poles love talking, and they speak so loud they almost scream; and they are proud of this, and say that the Germans are dumb.

THE SALT MINES.—The most beautiful sight in Poland is the great salt mine. There is no such mine in all Europe. There are stairs cut in the salt; but a child, I think, must be let down by a rope, tied to a canvas seat. When you get down you go from room to room—each room is as large as a church. The salt is not white, but dark grey with streaks of white. But this dark salt shines when the candles are lighted. Men hold candles in their hands and show you the way. There are five stories or sets of rooms, one under the other, with stairs between. It is said there are more than a thousand rooms; no one knows the way over them all. There are men below breaking the salt with their pickaxes, and filling barrels with the large blocks of salt. There are horses below to draw these barrels along, and there are stables and mangers made of salt; for when once the horses come down they never go up again. How do they get down?

Not by the stairs; they are let down in a basket. At first they struggle, but when they are in the dark they get quiet. The men do not sleep in the mines, except the stable-men—the rest go up every night to breathe the fresh air.

RELIGION.—The Roman Catholic is the religion, except in that part which belongs to Russia, and there some of the Poles are of the Russian religion, which is called the Greek Church. It is easy to find out whether a town is Roman Catholic or of the Greek Church. If there are images set up to worship, then you may know it is Roman Catholic; but if there are only pictures or crosses, then it is of the Greek Church.

Often you will see in Poland crosses as high as a small house, with figures of Christ upon them, sometimes covered with rags, and sometimes decked with flowers. What a sight! How unlike are these images to that glorious Saviour who sits above at God's right hand, pleading for His people!

In the Roman Catholic churches there are several organs, sometimes two and sometimes five. In all countries but Poland, one organ is thought enough, but there the organs answer one another, and then join in one chorus.

WARSAW.

This is the capital of Poland. It is full of soldiers. They are Russians, sent by the Emperor to keep the poor Poles in order. There is no king living in the palace. Houses where lords once lived stand empty.

There is a very curious way of numbering in Warsaw. In London and other cities each street has its own numbers; but in Warsaw all the houses are numbered one after another. The palace is number one, and the numbers run on to above five thousand. In London there would be hundreds of thousands, if the houses were numbered in that way.

Is Warsaw a beautiful city? It is a grand city built upon a hill, with a river at the foot. Yet it makes one sigh to look at it, because it has been conquered by the enemy.

CRACOW.

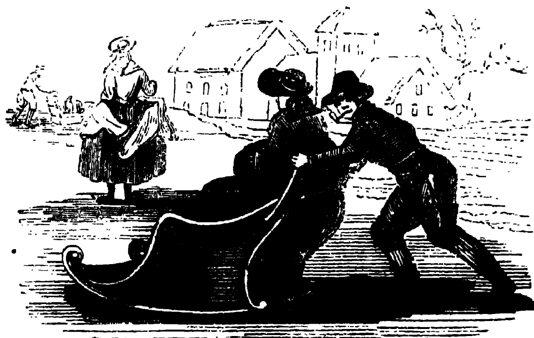
This is the prettiest city in Poland, but it is a small city. Why is it so famous? Because the kings of Poland used to be crowned there, and buried there. On a high rock stands a church. A steep road leads to it. How many kings have gone up that road—first—very much pleased—to be crowned, and then—silent and cold—to be buried! There are

statues of the kings in the church. What a day it will be when all those kings rise out of their tombs to be judged by the King of kings!

THE VISTULA.

On this river both Warsaw and Cracow are built. Its banks are low, and often the water overflows and covers the land.*

HOLLAND.



Dutch.

THERE is no country in the world as damp as Holland.* There is so much water that every

* Taken from Spencer, Stephens, and Kohl.

place is wet; indeed, people could not live there at all, if it were not for the pains they take to make it a little more dry. They dig ditches all over the country, and let the water run into them. Even the cows are often made sick by the damp.

You would be surprised to see how many windmills there are in Holland. If you look round, you see windmills on every side; perhaps you can count sixty at once. What can they be for? To grind corn? No. The windmills are a kind of pumps, to pump water out of the wet ditches into broad streams of water called canals. These are much prettier than the wet ditches. Willow trees grow by the edge of the canals, and boats full of people float along. In winter they are covered with ice, and men and women, and children, may be seen skating to market with their baskets on their heads.

You must never expect to climb a hill in Holland. I think a little Dutch boy would be frightened to see a Scotch boy run down one of his hills. Sometimes you will see fine trees, and parks, and corn-fields; but more often only canals and marshes with cows.

APPEARANCE.—The damp air makes the children's cheeks fresh and rosy. It is said there are many stout people in Holland, and very few thin and tall. Generally they have light eyes and hair, and round faces.

They dress very much like English and French people, except in some parts. In one part the women wear gold plates on their heads and long golden ear-rings—and even poor girls will sometimes wear as much gold as would buy two cows in England.

CHARACTER.—There is no people in Europe as clean as the Dutch. If they did not rub and scrub a good deal, the damp would cover all their brass pans with rust.

It is pleasant to go into a Dutch kitchen. What a white marble floor! What bright copper kettles and saucepans! What a neat brick hearth! What pretty shining tiles on the walls!

The poor children at school are much cleaner than English children.

The Dutch are very industrious. The king will not allow big boys to stand idle in the streets. The policeman take up idle ragged boys, and send them into ths country to drain the marshy grounds; so there are very few thieves, and hardly any beggars.

Though the Dutch are fond of getting and saving money, they are kind to the poor, and take care of orphans and old people.

At church you will see a man with a long stick and a black velvet bag at the end of it, and a little bell instead of a tassel. What is it for? To collect money for the poor. With this stick the man fishes for money.

But no money is given to any poor people who do not send their children to school. Is not this a good plan?

The Dutch children do not make as much noise at school as English children do. You hear no noise outside the school-house, and when playtime comes the scholars go out quietly. They cannot help making some noise with their feet, as they wear wooden shoes,—and wooden shoes, I think, they must need to keep them out of the wet.

Would you like to peep at one of the schools? What neat rows of boys and girls sitting together, while their teachers are drawing on the black board! There are no little monitors. None but grown-up people teach the children. In one school the scholars are allowed for one hour every day to draw pictures on their slates. This is a great treat.

Perhaps you think that the Dutch do not like their wet land. Ah! they like it quite as well as you do England, and would not change it for any other. They call it their Faderland; and they love to sing about their Faderland and their king; for they have a king of their own, whom they serve faithfully.

Gardens.—The Dutch are very fond of their gardens. The trees are sometimes cut out into shapes, and one is like a fox, and another is like a cock. This is a pity, for nothing can be so

beautiful as the natural shape of a tree. The Dutch often place images of animals as ornaments in their gardens, and paint them different strange colours. Blue dogs and red lions must look very curious. The walks are straight, and covered with sand, for there is no gravel to be had in Holland. There is not a leaf to be seen lying on the ground, nor a weed in the beds, and the flowers are very gay and beautiful, especially the tulips, crocuses, and hyacinths. Yet an English garden, though not so neat, is much prettier than a Dutch garden, for it has winding walks, and sloping lawns, and shady nooks, among the spreading trees.

FOOD.—The Dutch are very fond of eating eggs boiled hard, and pickles. They eat them both together. They do not think six or eight eggs too many to eat at once.

Their favourite drink is coffee, which is very cheap. Everybody drinks some about eleven o'clock in the morning. Yet there is a great deal of gin made in Holland; it is called Hollands.

Poor people cannot afford to buy meat, so they are satisfied with a mess of cabbages and apples stewed together, or a mess of potatoes mixed with lard and vinegar.

There is also plenty of milk in Holland. There are little round cheeses, about the size

of a baby's head, which are sent to England, and called Dutch cheeses.

You may be sure there is fish in Holland. In no country are there such good herrings. The ships go out on the 15th day of June to catch them in the sea near Scotland. As soon as they have caught some in their nets, they kill them, salt them very quickly, and pack them up in barrels—and the FIRST barrel they send as a present to the KING. The fishmongers' shops are decked with garlands of flowers when the new herrings are sold. But the Dutch do not boil their herrings as we do,—they eat them raw.

ANIMALS.—The favourite bird in Holland is that bird with long legs, a long neck, and a long beak, called the stork. It is just fit for Holland, for it eats frogs, and it can wade along in the marshes with its long legs, and poke its long beak into the soft ground. The Dutch are so fond of it, that they forbid anybody to shoot it. What they like best is to get a stork to build its nest on the top of their houses, or on a tree close by.

A stork may often be seen walking in the street with its little ones. But before the winter comes, the storks set out in large flocks to fly to Africa, that they may be warm during the winter. But there are some tame storks that never go away.

RELIGION.—Are you not already sure that there is a good religion in this country? The Protestant is the religion. In the church you will often see a very handsome pulpit of black wood, and a fine organ. In the middle there are chairs with seats of rush, and there the women sit, and on the sides there are benches of wood for the men. As the churches are cold in winter, the ladies have found out a good plan for keeping their feet warm. They have fire-stools. These are little footstools which will open, and which hold burning peat. There is no smoke from peat, and the heat is kept in a long while. This peat is easily got in Holland. It is the soft earth on the top of the marshes. The Bible is read in church, and hymns are sung, and a sermon is preached, and the people behave in a proper manner, and look as if they were joining in the prayers, and attending to the reading; but God alone, who sees the heart, knows how many are really worshipping him.

The Dutch do not take their pleasure on Sundays as the Germans do, though they do not rest as much as they ought. They keep the Sabbath in much the same manner as the English.

PRODUCTIONS.—In damp countries rich grass grows for cattle, therefore the Dutch dairies are famous. Much flax grows in the fields. Flower-

roots are wrapped in paper and stowed in boxes, and sent to all countries.

AMSTERDAM.

This is the capital of Holland. There is no city in which there is so much danger of being drowned, for it is full of canals. The houses are built in a row, and instead of there being a row of houses opposite, there is a row of trees, and a canal. There are nearly three hundred bridges.

There are a great many rich people in Amsterdam, and the way they get rich is by sending ships laden with goods to other countries, and bringing them back full of other things, and selling them to all who will buy. Amsterdam is full of merchants. It is a great pleasure to the merchants to see their ships returning from their long voyages, and stopping in that part of the canal which is just opposite to their own doors. As they look out of their drawing-room windows, they can see the men taking out the great bales, and packets, and chests, and carrying them into the warehouses. Where are the warehouses? They are on the ground-floor, or in a court behind the houses. If you wish to pay a visit to the lady of the house, you must

mount up a long flight of stone steps to the door.

But though there is so much water in Amsterdam, there is very little water fit to drink, so that the people either buy water of men who bring water-carts, or they drink rain-water. Still the water is very useful for keeping the city clean. The servant-girls may be seen in the morning in their wooden shoes, pouring buckets in the street, and dashing water against the sides of the houses. But, notwithstanding all this washing, the city is considered the most unhealthy in Europe.

ROTTERDAM.

This city is built on a broad river, called the Maas, that joins the great river Rhine. You may sometimes see a cottage built upon a large raft, and floating on the river. In it there lives a man who buys all kinds of jugs and basins in Germany, and sells them in Holland. His goods are piled upon the deck of his great boat. How neat his cottage looks, if it can be called a cottage, when it contains a dining-room, and drawing-room, as well as bed-rooms, and a kitchen. There are clean white curtains to the windows, and balconies filled with the gayest flowers. Many little children are born in such a house

and live there all their days. What a strange kind of life they must lead! If they could draw, what pretty pictures they might make of the castles and woods that they pass by in Germany; but when they get to Holland, there are no high banks to the river, and no beautiful scenes.

BROOK, OR BROCK.

This is only a village, but it is reckoned the cleanest village in the world. It is built near a great pool of water. The cottages have gardens, full of fine flowers; the gateway is green, tipped with gold; the narrow walk up to the house is neatly paved with small bricks; the door is painted light green, and the shutters outside the same; the steps are yellow, and the walls are white. The people must be very often painting, to keep them as neat as they are. But you might walk through the village without seeing anybody. Why? Because the people go in and out at their back-doors, in order not to spoil the fresh look of the front.

There is no room for a carriage in Brock. There are only narrow footpaths between the gardens.

There is a neat little church in the middle of the village. The stone floor is well scrubbed,

and the seats and the pulpit shine from rubbing. But what is far better, there are a gaeat many large Bibles in the church belonging to the old people, who come there on Sunday.

It is very amusing to see the dairies of Brock. The dairyman lives in the same house with his cows, and goes in at the same door; but instend of his house being like a cow-house, the room for the cows is like a parlour, or at least a kitchen, for it is washed every day. The cows also are kept very clean, and their tails are tied up, to keep them out of the mud when they are in the fields, as they are in summer-time.*

BELGIUM.

I SHALL not say much about Belgium, because it is so like the countries on each side. Which are they? France and Holland. Belgium, like Holland, is very flat, though not as flat or as damp as that curious land. It is like France, because it is full of corn-fields. The people are in some things like the Dutch: they are steady, sober, and industrious: but in some

* Taken from the *Tour* of Mr. William Chambers.

things they are like the French; they are quick and lively. They speak the French language, though some of the people speak a language of their own, called Flemish; but the names of the trades over the shops, and the names of the streets, are written in French. If you know French, you can travel as pleasantly in Belgium as in France.

There are a great many neat little farm-houses among the fields. Each farm is not larger than a good-sized field, that is, about six acres; yet on this small piece of land the whole family live comfortably. How industrious they must be! Yes, not one in the family is idle. The father sows wheat in one corner of his field, and in another rye, and in another clover for the beasts, and in another flax to make linen. The wife spins the flax, and then has it woven into clothes for her family. The children have plenty to do in collecting food for the two cows, which are kept in the stable. There is a pig in the sty, and a goat in the yard, and a few fowls roosting in the poultry-loft. The farm-house is a comfortable cottage, with a large clean kitchen and very little rooms on each side that can just hold a bed a-piece, and up-stairs a sleeping-room for the children; and though they are not quite so clean as the Dutch rooms, they are very comfortable.

The farmer works very hard, for often he has no plough, and no cart, and no horse. Therefore he digs his land with his spade, and wheels along his barrowful of hay. This is slow work, but it is the only way these poor people can manage. They live on common food. As soon as they get up (and it is with the cock), they take a piece of rye-bread and a cup of coffee. At nine, they have a comfortable breakfast of bread and butter, and cheese; and then at noon, there is a dinner of potatoes and onions, with a slice of bacon; and for supper, salad with bread. They drink very little beer, but they have plenty of milk. Their dress is plain and coarse, and their shoes are made of wood, and are very cheap and strong.

I told you the cows were kept in the stable. Sometimes for a treat these cows have nice warm soup, not made of meat, but of potatoes, peas, beans, and hay. The farmer's wife must know how to cook for the cows as well as for the family.

Do you not hope that these industrious, honest people, love to read their Bibles in their pleasant cottages? Ah! you will soon see that they know very little about God. Alas! they worship idols. They are Roman Catholics.

BRUSSELS.

This is the chief city of Belgium. The meaning of the name is Bridge-town, for there is a river winding round the city. It is built on the sunny side of a hill, and is a very handsome town. The houses of Brussels are of stone, and many are painted white, and have white blinds, so they look very clean. There is a pretty park in Brussels, but it is more like a garden than a park. The walks are broad and straight, and the trees are large and spreading. In the middle there is a pond full of gold and silver fish.

Brussels is famous for its lace. Women make pretty sprigs, and then fasten them on the net.

There is an old church which has a very curious pulpit. Under the pulpit the figures of Adam and Eve are carved in yellow wood, as large as life. The pulpit is in a tree covered with wooden fruit and birds, and this tree comes up higher than the pulpit, and overshadows it with its branches;—and there is an image of Christ as a child, and of his mother Mary, and there is the serpent winding among the branches, and Mary helping her child to crush the serpent with his foot. What do you think of this pulpit? It must be pretty, but it is a foolish plan to make images round a pulpit. Would children listen

so well to the preacher when they saw his face peeping out among the branches and the birds?

But the preachers in that pulpit do not speak the truth, as it is written in the Bible.

There is a fountain in Brussels, and a brass image of a boy near it. This brass image is called "The Mannikin." This image has a servant to wait upon it and to dress it up very fine on holidays. The Mannikin is a rich little fellow, and can well afford to keep a servant, for many people have given him money; and as he wants no food, what could be done with his money, except to buy clothes and to pay a servant? Many kings have given presents to the Mannikin. One gave him a soldier's dress. You are ready to laugh at the people of Brussels, and to call them very silly; but they are sensible in many things, only they do not understand the Scriptures, and so they honour Images.

Once a great number of people assembled in Brussels to see a golden crown placed on the head of the Virgin Mary's image. This golden crown was adorned with nearly a thousand jewels. Eight young ladies, dressed in white bore it to the foot of Mary's throne, and then the priests placed it on Mary's head while the musicians played. In the arms of this image there was another of Christ, with a silver crown on his head. How strange to give a golden crown to Mary, who is only a woman, and a silver one to

Christ, who is God! But Christ does not want crowns of any kind to be put upon his head by *men*. His Father has given him glorious crowns, that he will wear when he comes again in the clouds.

The King of Belgium allows good missionaries to go about and read the Scriptures to poor people. Do you not hope they will persuade them to throw away their idols? *

SWITZERLAND.

THERE is no country in Europe so beautiful as Switzerland; it is the land of high mountains, and deep valleys, and bubbling streams, and roaring waterfalls. People come from all countries to see Switzerland. But if you are afraid of going up steep paths, you had better not go there, for you would have to travel in high places, by the side of terrible precipices. There are very steady mules that would carry you up on their backs, and men called guides who would show you the way.

Some foolish people have tried to go over the mountains without guides—you shall hear what became of one of them. In the midst of the

* Taken from Chambers's *Tour in Belgium*, and Massie's *Summer Ramble*.

mountains a great stone is seen like a grave-stone. What is written on it?

"Travellers, it is necessary to have a wise and strong guide. Do not go far from him. Mind what he says."

Why was that stone put up?

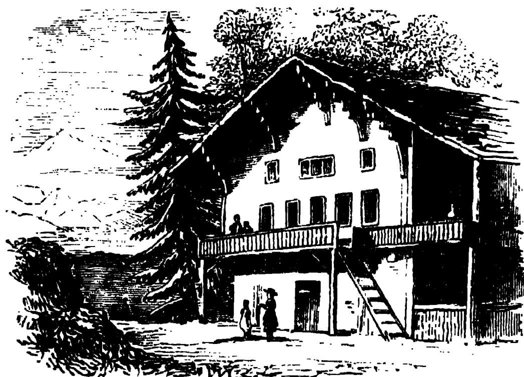
Because a traveller lost his way near that spot, and was found dead in a cavern.

Some travellers have fallen over the precipices, and some have sunk into the cracks of the snow, because they had nobody to show them the way. Some have been frozen in the snow, and would have died had they not been found by the good dogs sent out by the monks of Mount St. Bernard. A man goes with these dogs; for dogs are not always to be trusted by themselves.



Dogs of St. Bernard.

There are many pretty cottages to be seen amongst the mountains. A Swiss cottage is not quite like an English cottage. It has a roof that comes beyond the cottage; and stairs outside, and a balcony up-stairs by which to go into the house. And what is the reason the houses are built in this way? It is because of the



Swiss Cottage.

snow, which rolls down the mountains and settles on the roof. That deep roof shelters the house from the wet; it is like an umbrella to the house. Then the lowest room is so damp that it is used as a stable for cows, and the stairs are the way into the upper room where the family live, and the balcony serves as a passage. It is very pleasant to see on some of the Swiss cottages a board over the door, with a text of Scripture carved upon it. What text

would you like to have written over your door, if you had a house?

There are very few rich people in Switzerland; but riches do not make any one happy. See that cottage. A weaver lives there. He has a loom on which he weaves silk and ribbon. His wife can weave as well as he, and the little children can help to wind. But the weaver is not always at his loom; he is often digging in his garden, or attending to his cows, sheep, and goats. When it is wet he weaves, but when it is fine he digs. This is a good plan, for it keeps the poor man in health. His cows give milk, and butter, and cheese, for his family; his garden provides them with plenty of vegetables; and the money he gets for weaving buys bread and coffee, and sugar, and a little meat—and he wants no more food than this. Instead of beer he drinks cider, which he makes from his own apples. His wife spins hemp into coarse clothes, as she sits at the door.

In some places the Swiss children make toys to sell. Perhaps you will see sitting round a cottage table several boys and girls; one is cutting pieces of good with a knife to make it into animals; another is painting the little birds and beasts, making the canaries yellow, and the squirrels brown, giving the robin a red breast, and the tigers handsome stripes; another child is gluing green paper on long pegs to make

trees; while another is covering an egg-shell with the inside of rushes, to make it into a box. It must be pleasant to see these industrious children earning bread for themselves and their poor parents.

But there are a great many idle little beggars, who run after the travellers as they go slowly up the mountains. These are dirty little creatures, with hands unwashed and hair uncombed.

As you pass through the villages you will often see poor children sitting by the wayside, with their heads bent down, by their eyes rolling and their mouths open. What is the matter with these unhappy creatures? They are idiots. They have hardly any sense. Yet their parents love them even more than their other children. Do not mock or despise them, for they have immortal souls, and some of them can pray to God, though they cannot work or read. Some years ago a kind doctor took pity on them; and he built a large house on a hill-side, where the sun shone bright, and he filled the house with idiots; and he taught them, and tried to make them sensible, and he has made them much better and much happier than they were.

RELIGION.—There is not ONE king over all Switzerland. No, there are a great many people who rule over it, and some rule over one part, and some over another. Neither is there ONE language spoken in Switzerland; some speak

French, and some German, and some Italian. Neither is there ONE sort of face: some have a face like the Germans, round and rosy;—some like the French, with merry black eyes;—and some like the Italians, with high noses and tawny skins. Neither is there one sort of *character:* the mountaineers are simple, honest creatures, but those who live in the valleys are



Swiss.

more cunning and clever. Neither is there ONE sort of dress: in every town a different kind is seen; in one place the women wear broad-brimmed hats, and in another high-crowned caps. Neither is there ONE *religion:* in some parts it is the Roman Catholic, in others the Protestant. You may easily tell what is the religion of any place, by seeing whether there are crosses and images by the road-side; or whether there are none.

The Protestants follow one of the bad customs of the Roman Catholics; they amuse themselves on Sunday. Some go in boats on the lakes, some go out shooting in the woods, and some play and sing in the town. Even the poor men among the mountains go to the public-house on Sunday evening and drink wine; and though they do not get drunk, they act wrong in going there at all. On Sunday a poor man should read his Bible, and teach his little children. I am glad to tell you that there are some good men, called "Colporteurs," who climb the mountains with packs at their backs full of Bibles, and who sell them to the poor people.

BERNE.

This is the capital of Switzerland. It is built on a hill, and it has a most beautiful prospect. But when you have passed through the gates of the town, you find yourself in a long narrow street. You need not fear the rain, for the upper story juts out over the pavement. If it is market-day, there is a great crowd, and a great noise too. Do you see that stall in the market with bells as large as dinner-bells? What are they for? The farmers are buying them to tie round the necks of their cows. In each herd one is called the leader, and she has a large bell hung round her neck, that the rest may follow her.

The bear is the favourite animal at Berne. There are two great images of bears placed on the pillars of the gates, and in the city there is a bear-pit, where bears are shut up as a sight.

A little while ago a very dreadful accident happened in this bear-pit.

It was divided in two; and in one part there was only one bear—but a fierce one, as you will see. An English gentleman was leaning over the low wall to look at the bears beneath,



Bear-pit at Berne.

when he fell over and broke his arm. He found himself in the deep pit with the great bear. He could not climb out; he could only cry out for help. The men at the top went to look for ropes; but they were an hour before they brought them to the pit.

All this time the poor English captain was sitting in the pit feeling great pain in his arm, but more fear in his heart, for he could not tell when the surly old bear would run upon him.

Strange to say, that old bear did not come near him!

At last the ropes were let down, and the Englishman was lifted up. He was already halfway up—in another moment he would be out of danger—when the old bear sprang up towards him, seized him, and dragged him down into the pit. There for a long time the man and the bear struggled; and at last the bear prevailed, and the man was killed.

We may be sure that the bear was not allowed to live after this fierce act; but it was a pity he was not shot before he had done the deed.

This is a warning for children not to go too near the wild beasts in the Zoological Gardens.

ZURICH.

It is built by the side of a lake. It is a happy town, for the people are honest and industrious.

The prison is not large, and sometimes it is empty. The people of Zurich are much fonder of reading than those of Berne, and they have a large library.

GENEVA.

It is built near one of the most beautiful lakes in the world. There are many clever people living in it.

Watches are made here. There is a school in which boys are taught to make watches.

Mount Blanc is reckoned almost the highest mountain in Europe. No one can climb to the top in one day. Those who try to get up, sleep one night on the way.

MOUNTAINS.—When people go to Switzerland for the first time, they often think, "How happy should I be to live in a cottage here, to look down upon those sweet lakes, to hear that grand waterfall, and to gaze upon the snowy peaks of those high mountains!" But very often a great lump of snow, as big as a house, rolls down the side of a mountain, and, making a noise as loud as thunder, crushes a cottage that lies on the side! O, what a terrible disaster! But I am going to tell you of a worse. What do you think of the side of a mountain getting loose, and slipping down, with all its

trees, and cattle, and cottages? Yet such a thing once happened in Switzerland.

There had been a great deal of rain that summer, and the wet had loosened the earth. It was on the second of September, 1806, about five o'clock in the afternoon, that the earth began to slide. Very slowly it went at first. A young man felt the ground giving way, and called out to an old man to come away; but the old man, who was smoking his pipe by his door, said, "I have time to fill my pipe once more," and he went back; the house fell upon him and killed him; but the young man, running as fast as he could, though he fell down often, escaped.

How many men say, "There is yet time, we will not seek God yet!" What if *they* should perish for ever!

I am now going to tell you of a child of only five years old. Her name was Mary Anne, The maid, Fanny, took the child by the hand and was crossing the room to go out, when suddenly the house seemed to spin round, as if it were a teetotum, and the maid and the child were torn violently fom each other, and then tossed up and down in the dark,—sometimes their heads seemed uppermost, and sometimes their heels. At last all was still, and poor Fanny found herself with her head downwards, squeezed very tight in the ground, covered with bruises and full of pain. She struggled to get

free, but could only get her right hand loose, to wipe the blood from her eyes.

Where was little Mary Anne? Fanny heard some faint groans. She knew the child's voice. "Where are you, Mary Anne?" she cried. "Lying on my back amongst stones and bushes, which hold me fast; but my hands are free, and I can see some light, and something green. Will no one come to take us out?" Fanny thought it was the day of judgment, and that every one was destroyed; but she was not unhappy, for she hoped she should soon die, and go to heaven. Then Fanny prayed to God, and the poor child prayed with her. How earnestly they must have prayed! Their hearts went with their words. At last they heard a bell; —it was a church-bell, and soon a village clock struck seven. Then Fanny knew that the world was not come to an end.

The little girl now began to cry for her supper; but her cries became fainter and fainter, till all was silent again. Fanny felt her feet getting very cold, and perhaps she would have died, if she had not been able to get them free; now she was more comfortable, but still she could not get out, and she did not know whether Mary Anne was still alive. At last she heard her sorrowful voice again, for the child had only been asleep.

Soon a noise was heard above,—it was like

the sound of digging,—then there were sad cries of a person in great distress. It was the father of Mary Anne. He had got away before the house fell down, and had carried two of his children in his arms, but his wife had stayed behind with the baby, that she might call Mary Anne. And now the father had brought his spade, and was digging among the heap of ruins, and he had seen a foot peeping out of the ground, and he had dug and found his wife quite dead, with the baby in her arms, and now he was crying over their cold bodies. Mary Anne heard his voice, and called out, "Father." Then the spade was heard again, and soon Mary Anne was set free, but,—poor child,—her thigh was broken. She told her father that Fanny lay very near. At last she also was found, but almost dead. She could not see, she could scarcely move. In a few days her sight was restored, and her health was better; but as long as she lived, she used to think of that terrible night, and often felt frightened when there was nothing the matter. But I trust she never forgot the goodness of God in hearing her prayers, and sparing her life. More than a hundred houses were destroyed in the fall of the Rossberg, and four hundred and fifty people.*

* Taken chiefly from Chambers' *Travels*, Alexander's *Switzerland*, and *Children's Friend*, for January, 1847.

DENMARK.

I SHALL tell you very little about Denmark, because it is so much like England.



Danes.

The language is a good deal like English. In old times, the Danes used to come often over to England, and no doubt we learned some of their words. The Danes are also, like the Dutch, a steady, quiet, people, but they are not such a busy, money-getting nation.

Denmark is flat, but not nearly as flat as Holland, nor as damp, nor as ugly. As you travel, you will pass by many low hills, and clumps of beech-trees, with nightingales sing-

ing most sweetly, and rose-bushes blooming around.

There are no rivers in all Denmark; there are small streams, but none wide enough to be called a river. There are, however, little lakes.

ANIMALS.—Denmark is a country full of rich grass. The is an abundance of fine cows yielding excellent milk. In some farms, two hundred cows are kept, and a thousand cheeses stored up. The milk-maids may be known by their dress, a dark petticoat with red and yellow stripes, and a straw-hat with a broad brim, which shades them from the sun.

There are very fine horses. The carriage horses have long tails, which look very graceful.

COPENHAGEN.

This is the capital. It is built on a large island, called Zealand, and it stands by the sea-side. As you come near it in a ship, you are struck with the fine buildings. There is not so regular and handsome a town in all Europe; but as the ground is flat, it cannot be as beautiful as Edinburgh.

If you like a quiet city you would like Copenhagen. It is so still and so silent, that you might almost think there was nobody in it.

There are several palaces very near each other, in which the king lives, and his relations.

There is a large burying-ground near Copenhagen. The walks are broad and straight. Each grave is in a little square place, with railings round it, and a little mound in the midst. A shrub is planted at the top of the mound, and in the corner of the little square flowers are planted, and narrow walks are made among the flowers.

Here the relations often come, and sit upon a green chair, inside the rails, and dress the flowers, and take away the weeds with a little spade and hoe. Servants often come to visit the graves of their old masters.

There is one very sad sight to be seen in Copenhagen: criminals working in the streets. They are dressed in jackets half black and half white, and they wear an iron chain round their legs, while a soldier stands over each band with a loaded gun. In this way the wretched men work, sweeping the streets and carrying burdens. The sight ought to make men pray to God to keep them from crime.

DRESS.—A common dress of the poor women is a blue petticoat and a red apron, with a lace cap, and a large gold comb covering all the back

of the head. The women are generally short and fresh-coloured, with small features and fair complexions. The men are also fair, and soon get very stout; and, as they have very good appetites, this is not surprising.

CHARACTER.—The Danes possess a great many good qualities, but they are too fond of feasting and amusements; yet they are not drunken, like most northern nations. A traveller who spent some months in Denmark, said when he left it, "I never saw in this land a cripple, or a beggar, or a drunken person, either in the day or night." This could not be said by a traveller through England.

The religion is the Protestant.

There is a school in every parish, so that all the children learn to read.

Bnt there are many shepherd boys who cannot be at school all day. They come to be taught at noon, when their sheep are resting quietly in the heat of the day. Then they hear of the good Shepherd who makes his sheep to lie down in green pastures.*

* Taken chiefly from Bremmer's *Denmark.*

ICELAND.



Icelanders.

WHAT sort of country is it? Its name just suits it. The first person who found Iceland, called it Snow-land, because he could see nothing but snow; but the next person called it Ice-land, because of the large heaps of ice floating near the shores.

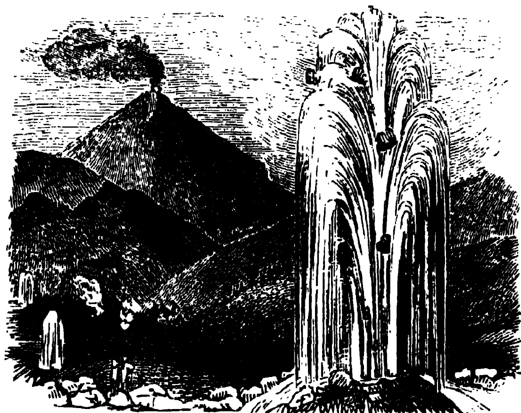
Yet you will be surprised to hear that there is more hot water in Iceland than in any other country. What is the reason? There is fire underground, which makes the water hot. There are many hollow places in the ground, like basins, full of hot water. You must take care not to fall into one of these basins, for your poor

little legs would be scalded. But you would find this hot water useful if you wanted to boil a pudding—you need only put the pan upon the water, and the pudding would soon be ready for dinner. You would not need to boil the kettle to make tea—there would be hot water all ready for you. Some of the water, though very hot, is not scalding; you might wash your clothes in that water. And some water is only just warm, and you could bathe there. Sometimes the Icelanders do bathe in the warm basins—not as often as they should, for they are a dirty people—even their hands are so dirty that you would not like them to touch you, or help you off with your things.

There is some hot water in Iceland that you would be afraid of approaching. There is a spring called the Great Geyser, which means—the great fury. It spouts up from the earth, and makes a noise like thunder, and it rises in the air as high as a church steeple. It is beautiful to see it playing—there is no sight quite like it in the world. There are many other springs that boil in a furious manner.

Have you heard of the great mountain Hecla? It is a burning mountain. Sometimes the hot lava pours down on all the country round, and kills every one who cannot get out of the way quickly enough. Sometimes the mountain is quiet for years together, and then all at once

breaks out in this terrible manner. So you see Iceland is not a very safe island to dwell in.



The Great Geyser and Mount Hecla.

There are not many people in it, nor many trees. You may travel for miles and miles and see only bare mountains, and boiling springs, and deep caverns in the hard lava. There are little trees as high as this room; but a fine spreading oak would be a strange sight.

FOOD.—Iceland is so cold that very few plants will grow in it. Corn will not grow, except a little rye and a little barley—only a very, very little. How, then, can there be bread? There is very little. The poor people are obliged to do without it. They can get plenty of fish, and they dry it, and eat it instead of bread. Rice and sago are brought from other coun-

tries, and are used for puddings. There is grass in Iceland, and there are cows and sheep to eat it; so the Icelanders have milk and butter, and curds and whey. They milk the sheep as well as the cows. They kill the sheep sometimes and have mutton—and now and then they have beef, but not often. They cannot often get vegetables. There are a few little gardens with cabbages, and turnips, and potatoes; but a garden in Iceland is quite a curiosity. There is no fruit at all.

How much surprised an Icelander would be to walk in one of our kitchen gardens, and to see our peaches and our pears! And you would be just as much surprised to see a garden in a hot country, and the grapes growing in the fields.

The Icelanders seldom drink anything but milk and water, or sour whey. They are very fond of butter, and mash up their fish with rancid butter, and when they cannot get butter they eat tallow. You may see the little Icelanders sucking lumps of tallow, as if it were barley-sugar.

Dress.—Warm clothes are necessary in Iceland. The wool of the sheep is made into cloth. The women like to wear very handsome clothes. This is one kind of dress,—a blue cloth petticoat and apron, a scarlet bodice lacing in front, a black tippet, and a ruff of black and red

velvet. The dress is ornamented with gold lace and silver chains. The hair is hid under a high white head-dress, with a coloured handkerchief at top. Little girls dress just like their mothers, only they wear gay caps instead of high head-dresses. The boys, too, wear very smart caps of blue silk and gold lace, with a tassel at the top. The men dress in loose cloth clothes, with sheepskin cloaks in winter.

HOUSES.—There are no houses in the middle of Iceland: all the people live rather near the sea, that they may get fish.

There is only one town in all Iceland, and *we* should call it a small village. Its name is Reikiavik, and it is built by the sea-shore.

In the country, as you travel along, you will often see a farm-house, with a church, and a few huts near. The farm-house looks neat outside; but it is very low, and it has only two windows in front. The doors are painted red. What are those green hillocks before the house? The hillocks were made to grow grass for the cows. All that grass is to be cut and made into hay to feed the cows in winter.

If you go into the house, you will soon wish to run out again—it is so dark and dirty. If you grope along the dark passage, you will come to a room at the end full of beds, and full of litter. The people heap wooden dishes, spinning-wheels, and old clothes, in confusion

upon the beds; and they never dust the furniture, nor scrub, nor even sweep the rooms. The little windows in the roof, not bigger than your hand, will not open. The house is never aired. What an unpleasant place!

CHURCHES.—It is pleasant to see so many little churches in the island. Large churches would be of no use, for there are so few people in each place. The congregation come from far on horseback. Having got off their horses, they wait for the minister at the church door. When he comes, he kisses all the people, as well the grown-up men as the little children, and then they all go into church together. There they sing, and say prayers, and the minister reads the Bible, and preaches a sermon. The religion of Iceland is the Protestant.

It is a pity the churches are not kept cleaner and neater. The farmer often turns the church into a lumber-room; sometimes there are so many boxes piled up in it, that the minister preaching behind them can only just peep over them at the people. The farmer keeps his best clothes in the church, if he likes; and what is much worse, he lays by his dried fish there, and this fish gives the place a very unpleasant smell; and as the windows will not open, I think it would almost make you sick to go to church in Iceland.

There are no inns in Iceland, and travellers

often sleep in the church. The ministers are very poor, and some of them dress like beggars; others wear a sailor's dress, and others wear neat black clothes. There is one bishop, and he wears a black velvet suit, and a black silk robe over it, with white cuffs, and a white ruff. The people have very little money to give their minister, but they do what they can, and in the autumn they fetch home his lambs to their own houses, and feed them all the winter, and then in spring they bring them back. It must be a pretty sight to see the men with the fat young lambs under their arms, bringing them home to their minister. It is the minister's place to feed the lambs of his people,—I mean the children. Christ desired his ministers to do so, for he said to Peter, "Feed my lambs."

ANIMALS.—The horses are nimble little animals, and very gentle. They will stand still if their master leaves them, and quietly eat grass while he is away. I do not know what the Icelanders would do without them, because the paths are so rough and hilly, that men would soon be tired of walking. The women have a saddle like an elbow-chair. It is impossible to go in a carriage in Iceland, for there are no roads. When people travel, they tie several horses together, the head of one to the tail of

the other, and load them with their baggage. Sometimes you may see thirty horses all in a string. Yet these useful horses are turned out in winter to get food as they can, for there is no hay for *them*. The cows and sheep have all the hay, and the poor little horses must go without any; and sometimes they die of hunger.

There are no pigs in Iceland. It is not a country that would suit a pig; there is so little for it to eat.

There are some reindeer, but they are not tame; they wander about the middle of the island.

There are grey and white foxes. There are also flocks of black swans. Many of the sheep are black, and others are black and white.

Only one bird sings. There is no nightingale, nor robin, nor linnet to be heard. The snow-bunting has all the singing to himself. This pretty little fellow has light brown and black feathers, and in winter his brown breast turns quite white like the snow, while his back is still black. No doubt the children are as fond of the snow-bunting, as you are of the robin-redbreast.

But the most curious bird in Iceland is the eider-duck. He has very soft covering on his breast, called down, and with it he builds his

nest. The Icelanders like the eider-ducks to build their nests near their houses, and even inside; but why do they like it? That they may take away the down and sell it. When the poor duck finds the soft down is gone, it plucks off more, and lines its nest afresh. It is not wrong of the Icelander to take the down away. I cannot call it stealing, for beasts and birds are made to be useful to men, and the down is of great use to us. Beds are stuffed with it, and they are very light, and very warm, and are laid over people instead of blankets. The eider-down is sent in ships from Iceland to other countries. The Icelanders have not much to send, and they want a great many things to be sent to them, such as flour, and rice, and sago.

WAY OF SPENDING TIME.—The Iceland winter is long and dark. How does the Icelander spend it in his uncomfortable dwelling? Very happily. He does not lie in bed in the morning. At six o'clock he rises, though it is quite dark. One goes to feed the sheep in the stable, and another the cows, and another goes to the smithy to make shoes for the horses. During the long dark days the family sit together in their long bed-room (each sitting at the bottom of his own bed), working and reading by lamp-light. The women pick the feathers and straw out of the eider-down, or else they prepare the wool

for spinning, or they make their clothes. The men make ropes, or shoes, while one reads out aloud; for there are books in Iceland,—histories of old times, and of storms, and shipwrecks, and of fierce bears, and fiercer men. Sometimes the Bible and other books about God are read. Often there is a little library in the church, and the books are exchanged on Sundays.

In the spring the Icelanders are very busy. The farmers go and live in huts by the seashore, and catch fish, while the women remain at home to make butter. When the summer comes the grass on the hillocks is cut, and then a feast of milk-porridge is given. When all the hay on the hillocks has been stored up, than a better feast is given, where a fat sheep is served up. But at these feasts there is no drunkenness nor riot.

The last business before the winter sets in is to gather the scattered sheep. The Icelanders meet together on the hills, and then go forth every day, two and two, to look for the wandering sheep; and when they have found them, they drive them into a large fold. There are great rejoicings then; but those are sorrowful who have lost any of their sheep. Each man takes home his own sheep to feed them near his own house.

GOVERNMENT.—Iceland has no king of her

own, though she once had. She belongs to Denmark. The king of Denmark appoints a man to rule over Iceland. He is called the governor. The Danes are more like gentlemen than the Icelanders, but they are not so sober and steady. A great many Danes live in Reikiavik, and they have made the place much worse than it used to be. They set the example of drinking too much wine and brandy.

CHARACTER.—There are very few people as harmless and quiet as the Icelanders. They are dull and slow, but they are honest and true. They are fond of working and reading, and not fond of riot and folly. You would find them very kind if you were travelling; sometimes they would come and offer you some milk and water, or some mutton and rice, without expecting any money in return.

They are never idle when they can help it. It is a pity they do not spend a little of their time in keeping their houses and themselves sweet and clean.

Every one can read and write, yet the children do not go to school. Their parents teach them in the winter. There is one school in Iceland for big boys, but only one; all the ministers have been to that school, and have learned Latin, and even Hebrew. Many a poor minister who dresses in rags can speak Latin quite well.

The women in Iceland are not treated with much respect. They wait on the men at dinner, and do not venture to sit down and dine with them. It seems strange to see an Icelandic lady bringing in the dishes, and then changing the plates. When the company rise up, they turn round and make a bow to the lady who has waited.

There is one prison in Iceland, but sometimes there are only six people in it. Stealing sheep is the crime most often committed. Murders are seldom heard of. Once a man committed a dreadful murder, and was sentenced to be hanged; but there was no one in Iceland who would undertake to hang him, so a man from Norway came over for the execution.*

* Taken from Sir George Mackenzie's "Travels," inserted in "Chambers's Journal."

SICILY.



Mount Etna.

THIS country is an island. Iceland also is an island, but how very different these two islands are! Which is the larger? Look in the map, and see. Iceland is much the larger. It is about as large as England, while Sicily is smaller than Scotland—almost as small as Wales.

Which should you think was the pleasenter country? Sicily, a great deal. Iceland is the coldest country in Europe, and Sicily the warmest (except, perhaps, some little islands, too small to be reckoned countries). Iceland has a very

short summer, Sicily has a very short winter. Even at Christmas time, it is so warm that you might sit out of doors in the evening, and not feel cold; and there the poor women do sit and spin. In the middle of the day in summer it is so hot, that no one dares go out into the streets; even poor people lie on their beds at home, and sleep, if they can.

How different are the plants in Sicily from those in Iceland! In Iceland, wheat will not grow at all, while in Sicily there is the finest corn. There are no fruit-trees in Iceland, but in Sicily you may buy twenty oranges for a penny.

How different are the animals in Sicily and in Iceland! Instead of nimble little horses there are in Sicily tall asses, of a dove colour, on which even gentlemen ride. They are combed and rubbed as carefully as horses, and look very smart, adorned with knots of ribbon. There are mules, too, in Sicily, and travellers ride up the hills upon their backs. Those who cannot ride, hire a curious carriage; it is a sedan-chair, with a mule before and a mule behind, and the sedan swinging between, while the bells on the mules tinkle merrily. A carriage with wheels could not go over the rough mountain-paths. In this respect Sicily and Iceland are alike: there are no roads fit for carriages.

But it is the people who are so very different

in Iceland and Sicily. The Icelanders are a gentle, quiet, honest race, while the Sicilians are fierce, violent, and cruel. In the prison in Iceland there are sometimes scarcely any thieves, while in Sicily the robbers are so bold, and so many, that it is a hard matter to catch them. Gentlemen are so much afraid of the robbers, that they do not like to take any of them up, lest the rest should be angry. I have heard of a Sicilian prince who lived in the mountains, in a fine country house. He knew that the caverns were full of robbers. The prince hired men, *not* to seize the robbers, but to guard his house. The guards sat round it at night, wrapped in their cloaks, with dogs by their side, and guns in their hands.

Poor people, who cannot keep guards to defend them, are quite frightened to go along the path. Sometimes as men are cutting stones by the way-side, a band of robbers will burst out, beat them well, and then leave them tied to trees, while they run off with their tools. You would not like to live in a country house in Sicily; it would be better to live in one of the towns.

What is the religion of Sicily? It is the Roman Catholic. The people are taught to think the priest can forgive sins. They are not afraid of sin. A traveller once asked a prisoner who was working in chains, what he had done. The man said, "Almost nothing." "But what

was it?" inquired the gentleman. "I killed a man." "But why?" "I quarrelled with him, and put my knife in him." How horrible! yet the man called this—"almost nothing!"

Another murderer was asked whether he was not afraid of going to hell, and he replied, "O no; the priest will pray for me."

There is only one Priest whose prayers can save the soul, and this Priest has shed his own blood for men. When He gives his Holy Spirit, murderers repent of their sins. This Priest is the Lord Jesus Christ.

Once a-year, a great machine is carried about the street. At the bottom, a figure of Christ is seen lying, and from the top little children are hanging, pretending to be angels in the sky. It hurts the children to be pulled up and down by the ropes, but next day they have a reward. This is the reward. They are carried about in sedan-chairs in all their angel dress of wings and white robes, and at each house some money is given them. These poor little creatures are taught to pretend to be angels, but it is far better to learn the way of becoming *really* like angels.

Almost every poor person in Sicily begs. How different is it in Iceland, where even poor people offer a draught of milk to the stranger!

It is the monks who set the example of begging. Dressed in a coarse robe, with a girdle for a

sash, their heads shaven, and their feet bare, they go out begging among the villages, and return to their convents with a bag hanging behind, full of the presents they have got.

MOUNT ETNA.—There is a burning mountain in Sicily, and a much larger one than Hecla.

Etna is a very tall mountain. Though only two miles high, yet you must travel more than twenty miles to get to the top. People ride up on mules. At first the way is pleasant, through villages and vineyards. Afterwards you come to a great wood; and when you have passed through that, you find yourself in a land of brown lava and white snow. Here you stumble about among the great stones. At last you see a steep-pointed place. Up that you must climb, for no mule can carry you. What do you see at the top? A great, deep black hole, always smoking and grumbling. Take care, do not stay too long lest the mountain should throw out its boiling contents. Great stones are always spouting up in the air, and falling back into the hole or crater; but sometimes the lava comes pouring down in a wide stream, destroying everything before it.

The mountain of Etna is of great use to the Sicilians. How can that be? It is their great ice-house.

The Sicilians like nothing so much as iced water to drink. It is very cold near the top of

Etna (though it is hot inside), and there is always plenty of snow there, and people go up with their mules, and pack the snow in panniers, and cover it with straw, and bring it down to the shops to sell. There is such a bustle in the shops to get the fresh snow. Some take it home to cool their wine, and their water, and their milk ; while others can only afford just to spend a halfpenny in a cold draught. Even the beggars drink iced water. It is so much better for them than the gin of which English beggars are so fond.

FOOD.—Macaroni, hard-boiled eggs, and salad, are the favourite food. Wine is more common than milk is in Iceland. Oil made from olives is much liked. There is one food common in all islands—it is fish.

DRESS.—The gentlemen and ladies dress as they do in England. The poor men wear a loose cotton shirt, and drawers, with a red silk sash, and a brown or red woollen cap on their heads, while their feet are bare. They throw over all a large brown cloak, with a hood covering their heads. There are many murderers, who have need of a hood to hide their faces. Often there is a sharp dagger under the cloak. The women in some places wear black silk mantillas, and in others, white cloths over their heads, hanging down half over their faces, and down to their feet.

COUNTRY.—It is beautiful to travel in Sicily. There are such fine mountains, and such exquisite fruit and flowers—such as we see in hothouses here, but which grow wild there. Many villages are built on the tops of the mountains, and they look very pretty perched so high. But the mothers are so much afraid of their children tumbling down the rocks, that they often tie them to the posts of the doors. When they are four years old they think they have sense enough not to go too near the dangerous edge, and they leave off tying them up.

Sicily is an unhealthy country—and why? Because many streams have been dried up, and their beds are left damp and marshy. And why are the streams dried up? Because the trees have been cut down that shaded the water. What a pity? Why do not the princes of Sicily plant more trees? This would be better than spending their money in fine feasts.

GOVERNMENT.—Sicily, as well as Iceland, has no king of her own.

MESSINA.

This is the port by which people enter from Italy. It looks beautiful from the sea, with its

white houses, and red roofs, and its high hills behind, clothed with vines and olives; but when you come near, you find narrow, dirty, ill-paved streets.

PALERMO.

This is a beautiful town, and larger than Messina. There are many fine churches here with handsome silver images. The churches of Sicily are very unlike those of Iceland. They are large and handsome, and often hung with yellow silk; not like those poor little sheds full of lumber and stock-fish. Yet in those sheds the word of God is read, but nowhere in Sicily.

All the houses on the ground-floor are shops. Even a duke lives in a house with shops underneath. It is common to have the kitchen at the top. There are balconies to all the rooms. The women delight in standing there, and looking at the gay shows which pass beneath. The rooms of the rich are very beautiful, the ceilings are painted and the floors are made of marble, or ornamented with shining tiles. There is a great deal of dancing, and card-playing, and singing, and acting in Sicily, instead of reading and working, as in Iceland.

SWEDEN.



Swedes: the younger woman in a bridal dress.

THERE is a large piece of land in the north that seems like the arm of Europe, as Italy looks like the leg. This arm is divided into two countries—Norway and Sweden. A long chain of mountains runs between them.

But though they are two countries, they are one kingdom. One king now reigns over both, though it was not always so. Both these countries are very cold; but in many respects they are very different, as you will see.

Sweden is rather a flat country—not quite

flat like Holland or Poland; for there is rising ground, but not many high hills.

If you want to fancy the sort of country picture to yourself a wood of dark fir-trees; below, see a pretty little lake edged with trees; near it a green spot where cows feed, and scattered over it great rocks, and heaps of stones, and grey wooden cottages. Is that like England? No; a lake is not often seen in England, nor rocks, nor heaps of stones.

The lakes are very useful to the poor Swedes, because they are full of fish.

There is one very large lake in Sweden called the lake Wener. There are large ships upon it. You might almost think that lake was the great sea.

FOOD.—The Swedes have a curious way of dressing their meat. In England meat is boiled or roasted, but in Sweden meat is often only smoked. You would not like smoked salmon or smoked rein-deer flesh. But how should you like rough salmon? It is salmon not cooked at all. Yet the Swedes eat it often, mixing with it vinegar and pepper. Milk soup is another dish, and beer soup is another.

Even poor people eat five meals a-day.

There is a bad custom of eating some food at a side-table, before sitting down to dinner: this is called getting an appetite for dinner, but I should think it was taking it away.

There is a much worse custom, of drinking a glass of spirits before meals three times a-day. This habit is very bad for the health, and shortens the life.

In the north of Sweden the poor are often obliged to eat bark-bread. They grind the bark into meal, and if they can, they mix rye with it. Bark-bread is dry and bitter, but it is tolerable if eaten with plenty of butter.

Strawberries are the commonest fruit. They grow wild on the rocky banks, and children pick them and sell them to travellers.

CHARACTER.—Almost every one can read. The parents often teach their children both to read and write, and to repeat a catechism. The Swedes are very fond of reading. In every little town there is a bookseller's shop, and sometimes there are more booksellers than butchers. It is never so in England, as you will see if you observe.

You are ready to think the Swedes are a wise and good people. Not so. There is no country in Europe where so many people are put in prison.

I do not mean to say that there are as many robbers in Sweden as in Sicily; there the robbers are seldom punished at all: in Sweden they are punished; but yet the rest of the people go on stealing. Travellers think the Swedes honest, because they do not steal their trunks; but I

suppose they know they should be found out if they did, for the king has a great number of men watching to take up thieves. The Swedes swear also in a dreadful manner, the gentlemen as well as the poor people. They get drunk also very often.

But are there no people who love God in Sweden? I will tell you of some.

Once a traveller in the north of Sweden went very early in the morning to the river-side to fish. The spot he chose was a quiet place, hid by the banks from the sight of those who passed by. He was much surprised to see about eight people sitting round a man who was reading the Bible. When these poor Swedes saw the stranger they seemed frightened. Why? They were afraid that he would tell. Yet the religion of Sweden is the Protestant. May not poor people meet together in a Protestant country to read the Bible? There are ungodly Protestants who say they may not. But we know that God desires all men to hear his book. There is a set of people called Readers, who go about reading the Bible to their poor countrymen. It is only lately they have begun to do it. Do you not hope that the Swedes may turn from their sinful ways when they hear the verse, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God?"

The great people in Sweden set a bad example

to the poor. There are many lords and ladies who spend all their time in dressing, and dancing, and singing foolish songs. The shop-keepers also neglect their business and waste their time.

The Swedes are very polite. If you give a little footboy some money, he will say, "Tak," and kiss the back of your hand, and then bow gracefully. Even the beggars will show their gratitude by kissing your sleeve or the skirt of your coat. But what is politeness compared to truth and honesty?

COTTAGES.—In the south of Sweden the cottages are uncomfortable. They are so small that, to make more room, the beds are placed one above another, and you must climb up to the top bed, and when there, take care not to fall out. As you go along the road you will observe broken windows, unswept yards, torn thatch. It seems as if the people were idle, and cared not for their houses. But in the north there are many pretty neat villages—where all the cottage-windows are furnished with muslin blinds, and are adorned with gay flower-pots. Here the women are very industrious. They are always at their looms weaving flax and wool into clothes for their families, while their husbands are ploughing and sowing.

There are large forests, in which lone cottages are found—many miles from any town. The

poor people come to church on Sunday, though some have to travel seventy miles. They are obliged to set out on Friday, and to take shelter with their horses in sheds near the church. They cannot go so far every Sunday, but every three Sundays there is a sermon, and then they go. These poor foresters are not as wicked as the rest of the nation.

GOVERNMENT.—There is a king, who makes the poor people do whatever he likes. In England, anybody who pleases can learn to be a tailor or a shoemaker, but in Sweden no one can be an apprentice without leave, and when he has learned a trade he may have to wait many years before the king allows him to keep a shop.

The farmers are obliged to send their horses to the inns for the use of travellers; often they want their horses to carry their hay home, yet they must send them, or they would be punished.

STOCKHOLM.

This city is built on the side of a lovely lake, and upon some pretty islands covered with trees. The palace is the most beautiful in Europe: it is white, and stands by the side of the lake.

People live in large houses,—each family on one floor. The rooms are built round a court.

The Swedes do not care as much for comforts as for ornaments. They have fine looking-glasses, and sofas, and chandeliers, and pictures, but they often do without basins, jugs, chests of drawers, curtains, and other useful furniture. Nothing useful is well done in Sweden. The carpenters and the blacksmiths are very clumsy in their work, but the musicians play beautifully, and the sculptors make fine statues.

PRODUCTIONS.—Though the ground does not produce the best corn, it contains the best iron. This is the riches of Sweden. The forests also are full of fine trees, useful for timber. Tar is another very useful article. What is tar? The poor people take the bark off fir-trees and leave the trees to die. After a few years they cut them down, and they find the rotten wood is become tar. They pack the tar in barrels, and float them down the streams, and throw them down the waterfalls, till they reach the sea-side, whence they are sent in ships to other countries.

THE SWEDISH SHEPHERD BOY.*

Once upon a time, there lived a little boy in a cottage by the side of a great lake in Sweden. When he was six years old, a very sad accident happened. In the middle of a cold winter's night the cottage took fire. The little boy's father was not sleeping at home that night, and there was nobody in the house but women and little children. There was the mother, who was weak,—the grandmother, who was infirm,—a little brother four years old, and a baby sister in the cradle. How could they put out the fire? The mother tried, but could not, though she threw pails full of water upon the roof. There was no cottage near, no one who saw the flames, or heard the cries of the children. The mother pulled out of the house as much furniture as she could, and was half killed by the fatigue. What a sight for the father when he returned home! his comfortable cottage a heap of ashes! He built a little hut with the trunks of trees, and lived it till he could build a new cottage.

But the fire made him so poor that he was obliged at last to sell his cottage and his land. He tried to earn bread by working as a car-

* Extract from a little book of this name published by the Religious Tract Society.

penter, but very few people would buy his tables and chairs, though he moved about from one town to another, in hopes of getting work.

His eldest boy was a great comfort to him. He loved his parents, and was grieved to think he could do so little to help them. But when this boy was ten years old, he got a place as a shepherd boy. At the time he got this place there was a famine in the land, and the poor were forced to eat hard bread made of the bark of trees. When the boy set out to go to his new master, his kind mother walked with him part of the way. When she said she must return home, her little boy threw his arms round her neck, and sobbed bitterly. His mother prayed to God to bless him.

In his new place, the shepherd boy rose at four o'clock, and went out with his cows and sheep, to look for fresh grass. The summer was hot and dry, and often there was nothing but burnt-up grass to be found. Then the shepherd boy was severely scolded by the farmer. Very little food was given to him, a cup of milk, with bread made of chaff and oats, was his breakfast; and meal porridge, with the same kind of bread, was his dinner and supper. He spent many hours in the woods with no companions but his flocks and herds. Sometimes he was alarmed by the sight of a wolf. He feared lest these fierce creatures should carry off

his lambs, knowing how much he should be punished if they did. But God preserved him from this trouble. When a violent storm arose, he found it very difficult to take care of his cows and sheep. He often ran round and round, trying to keep them together, but the frightened animals would escape on one side while he was on the other, and then he had to go in search of them amidst the pouring rain and roaring thunder. Yet he passed some pleasant hours in warm summer days, lying beneath a tree, reading. It was not often he could get get a new book, and so he read the same over and over, till he knew it by heart.



Swedish Shepherd Boy.

But when the summer was gone, the farmer wanted his shepherd boy no longer; for the

cows and sheep are kept in the stables during winter.

What could the child do now? Must he return to his parents, who had no bread to spare? He determined to beg from door to door, till he could get work. The first night he arrived at a small village, and asked for a place to sleep in. But every door was shut against him,—no one would let him in, or give him supper. At last he saw an open door; he looked in, and perceived on the kitchen table a piece of oaten cake. There was no one in the room, and he was hungry. He longed to eat the dry morsel—he took it in his hand—but he remembered the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal;" he put it down, and he left the cottage hastily. That night the shepherd boy slept in a barn upon a little straw. He awoke in the morning cold and hungry, and with a bad cough. He had hardly strength to return home, but when he got there his parents received him with open arms, and shared with him their dry crusts.

What was to become of the boy during the long dark winter? He who feeds the ravens pitied this child.

One day a sledge stood at the door, a farmer got out, and said, "Neighbour Hans, you have a son, who can both read and write well; my

children can do neither; what do you say to letting him stay with me during the winter?"

The shepherd boy coloured with joy, and before Hans, his father, could reply, cried out, "I will go with you, and I am ready to go at once." He soon made up his little bundle, and set out with the farmer. How was it the shepherd boy could read and write so well? He had never been to school, but he had been taught at home by his kind father when he was quite little. How glad he was now that he had taken pains to learn.

Some children may think it pleasant to be a tutor, instead of a pupil; but the shepherd boy found it very unpleasant to teach boys much bigger than himself, who hated their books. The farmer wished him to be teaching from morning to night, while the boys themselves wished to be playing. It was more difficult to manage these foolish youths than the stupid cows and sheep.

When the winter was over the tutor became a shepherd boy again.

In this manner he passed every year till he was seventeen years old, and then he was so much tired of teaching that he asked his father to show him how to make tables and chairs. His father willingly consented. When the boy had learned the business, he travelled from

town to town as a carpenter, but could get very little employment. Then he determined to be a tailor, but neither could he get employment in this trade, and he was often obliged to follow the plough, or to handle the flail, to earn a morsel of bread.

Are you not glad to hear that at last his great desire was granted, and he went to a place where young men are taught, called a university? He had saved a little money, but not enough to support him. How did he get food while at the university? There were in the town seven families, who, by turns, kindly invited him to dinner every week. Thus he got a dinner every day, but went without breakfast and supper. As for his clothes, he made them himself in the night.

After many troubles he became a clergyman; yet even then, when he first preached, he did not teach people the right way. He thought we could be saved by our own goodness, till he heard a poor man speak of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ in dying for sinners. He had often heard of Christ before; but now he believed in him and loved him. At last he became a missionary, and went to a hot country, a great way from Sweden, to teach the ignorant heathens.

NORWAY.



Norwegians.

The Country.—Is there a more beautiful country in Europe than Norway? Switzerland is more beautiful, but Norway is the grandest country in Europe. There are mountains, waterfalls, and lakes, with such forests as are seen nowhere else. It has been said, that fir-trees grow in Norway as hair grows on a man's head.

In the forests, the bear, and the wolf, and the enormous elk wander at liberty. There, too, strawberries and raspberries grow wild,—yes, in this very cold country; and why? because the summers, though short, are very hot. Among

the snow on the mountains most beautiful flowers bloom for a little while. These flowers are called "rein-deer flowers," because they grow where the reindeer feeds on his green moss.

Along the coast of Norway there are more little islands than you could count.

A traveller sailing among the rocky isles, was once obliged to stop a whole fortnight at one of them. No one lived there but an old woman and her husband, and generally the old woman was alone, because her husband went fishing. She had four companions—a cow, a goat, a cock, and a magpie. Many people complain of want of company who have much more than this old woman, and she never complained.

PEOPLE.—What sort of people live in this wild country ?

They are called Norwegians. The men are tall and strong ; the women are handsome. They are a simple people—kind and goodnatured, and particularly honest. In summer nights, which are quite light and very hot, the people leave their doors open, and no thief comes in, not even in the towns. Bars and bolts are of no use in Norway. A gentleman having slept in a cottage, went away in the morning. He had not gone far before he heard somebody calling after him. It was the cottager, bringing four silver spoons that had been left behind.

The greatest fault of the Norwegians is drunk-

enness. They are too fond of a spirit called finkel—something like gin, only it is made from potatoes. On every little farm there is a machine, called a still, for making it. O, who can say how much mischief is done by those stills!

The poor are ignorant, and not fond of reading, though they can read. They are not like the Icelanders, who drink little and read much.

HOUSES.—Most things in Norway are made of wood, because it is so plentiful. The wooden houses are painted—white, or green, or yellow; but they are not as pretty as the cottages in Switzerland.

There is always a storehouse in the yard, and this is filled with food for the winter; and the women are going backwards and forwards all day long to this storehouse. In it are stowed away barley-cakes, and dried salmon, and eggs, and cheese, and flour. There is another room in every house for the loom. The women sing as they weave. At every spare minute they fly to their loom.

The poor people have a strange plan for keeping themselves warm in winter at night. There is a large chest in the cottage with one broad deep drawer; this drawer is filled with eider-down. At night all the family sleep in this drawer, leaving it just enough open to give them room to get in.

The inns are generally very wretched. There

is only one room for strangers, with two wooden cribs in it, a straw mattress or else hay, coarse sheets, and a sheepskin or cowskin for a counterpane. The cups and plates are very few. In one house the old woman had no more than a single spoon, and this she could not find. She went to the cupboard and cried out, "Well, I am sure there was a spoon here. Where can *the* spoon have got to, I wonder?" So the traveller was obliged to eat his egg and drink his tea without one.

DRESS.—There are many different ways of dressing in Norway. Often both men and women wear their hair in long tails on their shoulders. In many places people have no shoes and stockings. The women often wear jackets of leather. A green jacket with a red waistcoat, and a green petticoat, is a dress for a poor woman. A man looks well dressed in a grey suit, with a red cap, and large silver buttons, and buckles on his shoes. But it is when a woman marries that she dresses in all her finery. What do you think of a head-dress of feathers stuck all round like a crown, and gay ribbons hanging down; a silver chain round the neck, and large silver brooches and bracelets, silver rings round the waist, and silver buckles in the shoes, with red gloves, and red stockings! This was the dress of a farmer's daughter on her wedding-day. Silver

is found in Norway, and is the chief ornament of the poor.

FOOD.—People who love dainties must not come to Norway. Barley-cakes as thin and round as plates, or rye-bread, with some coffee, may easily be had. There is also the best butter in the world. But there is very little meat to be had, and no fruits except the wild fruits of the wood. There cannot be much meat where there is so little food for animals. But the rivers are full of fish. This is the chief food. One traveller wondered what made his room so unpleasant, and at last he found there was a great well full of fish in the floor just covered over.

There are often famines, and then sawdust is mixed with the bread, and the poor cows are fed on a sort of paste made up of rubbish of various kinds.

CUSTOMS.—As the snow is very deep all the winter, the Norwegian cannot work in the fields for many months. All he can do out of doors is to saw wood. He feeds the cattle in the barn, and in the house he makes his own shoes and clothes, while the women weave and sing. During these dark days he does not amuse himself by reading, like the wise Icelanders;—he prefers smoking and drinking.

Summer is the busy time in Norway. Then people work even in the night,—indeed the night

is the best time for working, because the day is so hot that the labourer is often obliged to lie down and sleep, as in Italy.

In summer the cows and sheep are sent to the mountains. The children have the care of them, with the help of some clever and brave dogs to frighten away the wolves. An Englishman in walking over the mountains once came to a log-hut, and found in it a girl of sixteen, with her little brother of eight years old, and a dog. There they lived with the sheep and cows, day after day, till the winter came on.

Sometimes an old woman takes care of the cows. Tired with climbing, a traveller found a bowl of milk in a hut; he drank it up, and left a few halfpence in the empty bowl. The old woman came up just then, and thanking him heartily for the money, begged him to drink as much as he pleased without payment.

The women can row boats, because most of them live by the water-side. They can manage an oar as well as a needle.

Two poor girls were in the habit of going every morning and evening in a boat to milk their cows. One evening, as they were returning with their pails of milk, the wind blew hard and drove them far from their home out to sea. The wind continued to blow till it took them to Scotland, and all the time they had nothing to eat—only milk to drink. Very, very cold and

hungry they were, when they reached Scotland. There they were well treated, and sent back in a ship to Norway. How glad the parents of these poor girls were to see them again, for they had given them up for lost!

RICH PEOPLE.—There are a few rich people in Norway, and they are very kind to strangers. Over the door of a country-house was written, "Velkommen," which means Welcome. The family could speak English quite well. They had not such a breakfast as we have, but two instead (if that can be). Very early they took a cup of coffee and a biscuit; then later they went to the sideboard, and ate smoked salmon and cold meat and drank brandy.

They dined at one—and the children dined downstairs with their parents. At table every one was pressed to eat more than he wished. After drinking a great deal of wine, the company rose up from dinner, shook hands with each other, and the visitors said, "Tak for mad," or thanks for dinner.

The ladies not only help to cook the dinner, but also to wait on the gentlemen. This they do with great good humour; but Englishmen would rather wait on the ladies than let them wait.

ANIMALS.—The cows, and sheep, and horses, are all little creatures.

The Norwegians are very fond of their pretty

little horses, which may be called ponies. They are generally white, or of a cream colour, very sure-footed and obedient. Nothing grieves a Norwegian more than to see a stranger drive his pony too fast. He knows it cannot go fast without being hurt, for it lives only on grass or hay, and never eats corn.

There is a bird which has a bad character in England for chattering and stealing, but which is respected in Norway. It is the magpie. He is the favourite bird.

Strangers like to visit Norway for the sake of catching salmon in the rivers. Many of these great fishes are as long as a child of eight years old; they struggle hard when they are caught by a hook and often get away at last.

There is a beast in the river of which all the



Seals in a Stream.

fishes are afraid. It is an animal with a head like a man and a tail like a fish, and is called a seal. When the fishes know that a seal is near, they hide themselves instantly in the holes in the water; yet seals can easily be tamed.

In every house the skins of bears and wolves are hanging up ready for any one to put on. It is very comfortable to be wrapped up in these skins when riding over the ice in a sledge.

The savage bears come down in the night from the rocks where they live, to kill the cattle, and also to eat the corn. There is no food to spare for these creatures, and a reward is given for killing them.

GOVERNMENT.—Norway has no king of her own. The king of Sweden rules over her. Unhappily the Norwegians dislike the Swedes, and wish they belonged, as they once did, to another king.

There is a parliament called the Storthing. Farmers and merchants, and soldiers belong to this parliament—not quite a hundred in all. They meet once in three years at Christiana, and they stay together three months. One of the laws they have made is that there shall be no lords in the land.

RELIGION.—It is the Protestant. Yet if you were to enter a church you would fear that it was Roman Catholic, because at one end there is an altar with small images upon it of the

Virgin and of the saints. The. minister, too wears a gown with a great cross on the back, and when he first comes into the church he kneels down before the altar with his back turned to the people. Yet you would soon find out that there is a better religion than the Roman Catholic, for the prayers are not said in Latin, nor are images worshipped. The people sing five psalms during the service; the minister reads a few short prayers, and a few verses of Scripture, and preaches a sermon.

After service the Sabbath is not kept holy. There is dancing and drinking, and merry-making. No wonder, therefore, that most people are very ignorant.

The poor fishermen cannot often go to church, even if they wish it; for the way is generally by water, and when the wind blows hard they dare not go on the rough sea among the sharp rocks. What can they do at home? If they had Bibles they might read them; but Bibles are scarce and dear in Norway. Some good people from England have gone to Norway to give Bibles. They gave two fiddlers one a-piece; and those men left off fiddling on Sundays, and began to meet in a cottage and read the Scriptures with the same people who used to dance. There are many cottages where the Bible is now loved instead of brandy.

When it is known that a poor man has a

Bible, his neighbours flock to his hut on Sunday to hear him read.*

There are four chief towns in Norway;—Christiana, Bergen, Christiansand, and Tronjeim. This last is the most northern large town in all Europe. There is no inn there, but there is a cathedral.

The chief mountains are the Dovre-fiel—and the highest of these is the Snow-hatten; yet it is little more than half as high as Mont Blanc in Switzerland (8000 feet; Mont Blanc is 15,000).†

LAPLAND.

THERE is one people in Europe who wander about from place to place, yet always keep among the mountains of Norway or the plains on the north of Sweden. These people are called Lapps. They have no lands, but instead of lands they have reindeer: they have no houses, but dwell in tents. They wander about that they may find pasture for their deer.

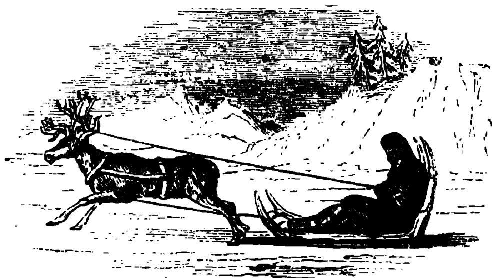
Very little will grow in Lapland; *corn* will not; *vegetables*, will not, except a few beans and small potatotes, with great care; *fruit* will not,

* Bible Society Report, 1847.

† Taken from Milford's "Norway," and "Two Summers in Norway."

except raspberries and black currants. Therefore the Lapps have nothing to eat but their reindeer, except a little bread they get from Sweden, and a kind of bread they make of moss. Milk also they have in abundance from their deer; and it is a great comfort to them, for it is very rich and sweet.

Some travellers were very desirous to see these Lapps. Would you like to accompany the travellers on their visit?



Reindeer Sledge.

There were a large party—four Englishmen and four other men, besides the Lapp who showed the way.

By the side of a lake they saw a very little wooden church, where the Lapps sometimes meet to worship. There was a table at one end covered with blue cloth, and a silver cup upon it. Here the poor wanderers sometimes partake of the Supper of the Lord Jesus. There was

a velvet robe for the priest; yet there was no paint on the walls or benches—all was plain deal board. In the churchyard there were graves with crosses near them. It is only about once a-year that a minister visits this place, but some poor man generally reads and prays there every Sunday.

Amongst the barren mountains the travellers first caught sight of two dark tents. One of them belonged to the Lapp who showed the way. He ran before to tell his countrymen that strangers were coming; for the Lapps are careful, and will not let strangers into their tents till they know that they will do them no harm. As the party approached, a herd of reindeer, driven by a man, a boy, and a dog, came up to the tents.

The door of the tent was so small that it was hard to get in; yet once in, the visitors found themselves very comfortable, for each of the family shook them heartily by the hand, and made room for them to lie on skins by the side of a blazing fire in the midst. In this tent there was a man named Johan Neilson, and his wife, and his old mother, and four children, and a woman who lodged there. The hut would scarcely hold the eight strangers and the family too—they were as closely packed as sheep in a fold.

The kind people offered a large bowl of rein-

deer milk to the hungry visitors, and began also to boil a salted leg of reindeer for their supper.

The travellers, as they lay on the skins, looked around at the curious place. There was no chimney; where the poles met at the top the smoke went out, but not before it had blackened all inside, and particularly the faces of the Lapps. A number of useful articles were hanging up on the sides of the tent,—cheeses, and dried pieces of reindeer. The man was dressed in leather, from head to foot, with boots of reindeer skin. The women wore dark woollen cloth, and a girdle with a silver clasp. No doubt they had put on their best clothes, to receive the company. The women, as well as the men, had their pipes, and nothing pleased the old grandmother so much as some tobacco from England. They were all much astonished at the sight of lucifer matches. As for them, they had no candles, but when they wanted a bright light, they held up a piece of burning wood taken out of the fire. Neither had they any clock, but found out the time by the sun and stars. There were other articles that these Lapps had not, which they were better far without,—that is, finkel and brandy; but when a glass of finkel was offered to them, they drank it off so gladly, that it was

plain they were as fond of drinking as their countrymen.

When it was time to go to sleep, the master lighted his pipe, and laid down with it in his mouth. Reindeer skins were the coverings. One of the children coming in late, the old grandmother lifted up the skin where she lay, to let the boy in. One of the family watched by turns all night, by the side of the reindeer, lest the wolves should devour them.

At five in the morning the travellers arose, and ate for breakfast reindeer's flesh; and they drank reindeer's milk, and found it even nicer than cows' milk. They then went out to see the herd. There were three hundred, all of which belonged to Johan Neilson, and his neighbour Peter Johnson, and to the lodger. The beautiful creatures had sleek skins and branching horns, covered with down, as soft as velvet. They were as gentle as they were beautiful, as useful as they were gentle; so that it is not surprising that their masters loved them, and treated them as if they were their own children. Every morning and evening they were driven to the tents to be milked. Neilson's eldest son, a boy of sixteen, threw a rope over the horns of one of the deer, to keep her still, and then milking began.

The travellers went away that morning, not



Milking Reindeer.

wishing to spend another night with the family lying on the skins. But first they gave a few skillings to each of the little boys, and that was not much; for a skilling is only a halfpenny, The Lapland family charged the eight strangers no more than tenpence for their food and lodging during their visit.

Do you wish there were reindeer in England? They could not live in so warm a country. It is in snow the reindeer delights, and in the sweet moss which grows beneath it. Even Sweden is too warm for the reindeer in summer. They would faint and die, if the Lapps did not lead them in hot weather to the mountains of Norway, covered with everlasting snow.

It is no wonder that the Laplander loves his reindeer. But he has some affection to spare for his faithful dogs, that help him to manage his reindeer.

These clever little creatures are not afraid when the wolves come. The timid deer run up and down the mountains, not knowing how to get away from the howling wolves; then the dogs drive them all together, and standing round them, keep off their enemies. Therefore, when the Lapp returns home tired in the evening, he shares his soup, and his meat, with his brave guards. If you saw these dogs, perhaps you would take them for foxes; but they are not like those sly animals in their dispositions. I will relate an anecdote of a Lapland dog, which will make you love it better than ever.

On a winter's day two little boys went to the mountains to fetch some grass. They took their nets in their hands, and after walking seven miles, they reached a spot covered with snow. Under this snow they knew they should find fresh grass. They scratched up the snow, filled their nets with grass, and turned their steps towards home. But as they were going down the mountain, a vast heap of snow from the mountain-top, came rolling after them, and suddenly buried them beneath it. Their little dog, which had run on before, soon

missed his young masters, and turning back scratched up the snow so diligently, that at last one of the boys crept out. But where was the other? His brother began to dig up the snow, hoping to find him, but he did not go to the right place. The dog was wiser than the boy. He dug at the right place, and at last found the poor child, lying on his face, unable to stir.

When the boys came home, they related the whole history. Do you not think this little dog must ever after have been a favourite and a pet?

THE MESSENGERS OF CHRIST AMONG THE SNOWS.

For a long long while the Laplanders were heathens; and though now they call themselves Christians, they are very ignorant, for they have been taught very little.

There is, however, a missionary amongst them. He is a Swede, and his name is Tellstrom. He was a poor man in Stockholm, working hard in painting houses, when it came into his heart to go to Lapland. But he did not know the Lappish language, nor did he know any one

* **Taken from Milford's "Visit to the Lapps."**

who could teach him. However, he had heard that a Lappish grammar had been printed. He inquired for it in all the booksellers' shops, but could not meet with it. At last he obtained leave to search for it amongst a number of old books stored up in a warehouse; and to his great joy he found it. In all his spare time (and he had not much) he studied it; and he made great progress, for he looked to God for help. He soon got a Lappish Testament, and learned to read it.

But *how* was he to go to Lapland? He knew a good gentleman in Stockholm, named Mr. Scott. He went to him and told him his plan. Mr. Scott was surprised, for only a short time before he had received some money from England, with this message, "Spend the money in doing good to the poor Lapps." "Now," thought Mr. Scott, "this is wonderful; the money comes first, and then the man who wants to do good to these Lapps; surely God sends both the money and the man."

Mr. Scott consulted with his friends respecting the painter's plan; and they all talked to Tellstrom about it.

They asked him, "Have you learned that difficult language?"

"Yes," he said, and he told them how he had found the grammar.

"Can you bear the cold?" said they.

"Yes," he replied; and he told them how he had tried whether he could bear cold by walking on the stone stairs in winter without shoes or stockings.

"Can you bear hunger, and can you live without bread and vegetables?"

"Yes," he replied. "I have accustomed myself to fast. Every Sabbath I have fasted, because I would not work, and I had not money to buy food without working."

"Can you bear to be without a friend in a country where true Christians are very scarce."

"Yes, I can bear even that; for Christ has said, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'"

Mr. Scott and his friends agreed that Tellstrom was fit to be a missionary; but they thought he ought first to gain more knowledge. So they said, "We will give you money to keep you without working, that you may have time for study."

Therefore Tellstrom left off painting, and spent his time in reading. Yet he refused to accept any money. How, then, did he live? He had a silver spoon; his godmother, a noble lady, had given it to him when he was baptized; he sold it for food. He had never sold it while he was a painter, though he had often wanted food; because a spoon given by a great person to a poor one at his baptism is considered a

treasure; but now he sold it for the work of God.

At last the time came for Tellstrom to go to Lapland. A Missionary Society was formed. There are many in England, but this was the first in Sweden; and Tellstrom was the first missionary sent out. He went to Lapland in the year 1835. Just before he went a friend gave him a silver spoon,—a friend who knew nothing of his having sold a spoon. Tellstrom was surprised. He thought he saw in this little gift a sign that the Lord would give him back *all* he had given up for his sake, and therefore he had these words of Christ engraved upon the new spoon:—

"There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."

Upon Tellstrom's arrival in Lapland he hired a room, and preached at first in the Swedish tongue; and God was with him, and the people heard him gladly, and so filled the room that he began to preach in the church. But he did not long preach there, for the Lapps are a wandering people, because their deer are wandering creatures, seeking moss where they can find it. Therefore Tellstrom became a wanderer too, that he might gain the more souls. He learned

in summer to pick his way through the marshes on the roads made of pine-trees, that shake under the traveller's tread; and he ventured in winter to cross the frozen plains where no foot of man is to be seen, and once he nearly lost his life amidst the snowy deserts.

He longed to instruct the little ones, and he took eighteen of them under his care, and fed, and clothed, and taught them for two years; then sent them home with little books in their hands, and sweet hymns on their lips, to cheer their parents' huts with prayers and praises.

Then he received another company of children into his house, and in two years he sent them forth to make room for yet another little band. In this manner he taught a great number of children; and many parents, through the children, have turned unto the Lord.

How pleasant it would be to visit one of the huts where these pious families live, and to hear them thanking God for sending his servant to tell them of Jesus!

TURKEY.



Turks.

THIS land is very different from all the other countries in Europe—and this is the reason: it has a different religion. All the other countries are called Christian, but Turkey is a Mahomedan country. What is that?

Once there was a man named Mahomet, who told people he was a prophet sent from God; but he was a false prophet, and a wicked man. He wrote a book called the Koran, and filled it with foolish stories, and absurd laws, and horrible lies.

Mahomet died a long while ago. A maid

mixed poison with a leg of mutton in order to see whether the prophet would find it out: but he never did; he ate the mutton, and from that time he began to waste away, till he died three years afterwards. Jesus, whom we worship, could not be deceived. He knew why Judas gave him the treacherous kiss. He died because he chose to die. Where is Mahomet now? Among the dead. Where is Jesus? At God's right hand. He hears our prayers; but Mahomet hears nothing.

The places where the Turks worship are called Mosques. They are very much like churches, only there are no seats, but carpets are spread on the marble floor. The chief day for worship is Friday instead of Sunday. There are men called Imams, who read the Koran in the churches. O how different is a Turkish Friday from a Christian Sunday!

One of the rules of Mahomet is to pray five times a-day—and this the Turks do. Wherever they are, or whatever they are doing, when they hear the man in one of the towers of the mosques calling out the time of prayer, they stop and bend and mutter their prayers. If you were talking to a Turk in the street, and the time for prayer came, he would leave off talking and fall on his knees and begin to pray. It is much better to shut the door and to pray to our Father which seeth in secret.

You will say that the Turks are very much like the Roman Catholics in their ways, and so they are. But the Mahomedans know less about Christ than the Roman Catholics do. There are some Roman Catholics who really love him, but no Mahomedans can love him. They hate Christians, and often curse them as they pass.



Dancing Dervish.

There are some Turks called dancing dervishes, who pretend to be very holy, and one of their holy exercises is whirling round and round, like tops. Strangers go and see them twirl. It would astonish you to see how fast they turn round in their full white petticoats, which look like so many white umbrellas. On their heads they wear brown caps, in the shape of sugar-loaves. While they dance, their arms

are stretched out wide, and their eyes shut. When they have done dancing, they fall flat upon the floor.

There is another sort of dervishes, called howling dervishes, and they howl till they foam at the mouth. Sometimes they only bark like dogs. Suddenly one falls down and cries out with all his force, very slowly,—"Allah! Allah! (which means God.) Mahommed, Mahommed!" This he howls till he can howl no longer, but lies quiet. Then another begins to howl, and then another. I need not ask you which you would rather see, the dancing or the howling dervishes. It must be so horrible to hear the howling, especially of the name of God. How different is the sweet sound of Hallelujah (praise the Lord), which is sung by saints on earth, and angels in heaven!

Once the howling dervishes used to cut themselves with spears and daggers, but one of the Sultans forbade this practice.

VISIT TO A TURKISH HOUSE.—The Turks are allowed to have four wives, if they please. They hire a great many slaves to wait upon their wives. Most Turks have only one wife for it costs a great deal to keep four. The wives are not allowed to be seen, except by women; and when they go in the streets they wear thick veils.

An English lady once got leave to visit the

house of a Turkish nobleman. He was called a Pasha, which means a governor, and he was considered a very great man. He had only one wife, and she was the adopted daughter of the Sultan, or King of Turkey. She was called Sultana, or princess.

Two negroes showed the English lady the way into the house. When she reached the foot of the stairs, two women received her, and led her up. They were very polite, and kissed her hands, and the hem of her dress. They brought her into a very large room. The upper end, called the divan, was higher than the rest, and was covered with two splendid shawls. Nothing could be seen through the windows, for instead of glass there was a close wooden lattice.

The lady was made to sit down on a pile of cushions, for there were no chairs. Presently about fifteen young slaves came running into the room, laughing and talking. They were come to stare at the visitor. They were all dressed alike, in loose silk jackets, a short one above and a longer one underneath, with long loose trowsers and yellow slippers. Their clothes were of the gayest colours, and in their hair a silk handkerchief was twisted.

Presently a noise was heard in the passage, and the Sultana entered. The young slaves placed themselves in rows as she passed by

She was dressed very magnificently in light blue silk trowsers, and a red robe covered with gold embroidery,—so long as to sweep the ground. A rich shawl was bound round her waist, and a brown satin pelisse, lined with fur, hung over her shoulders, while a silk handkerchief wrought in gold adorned her head; but what rendered her most splendid, were the diamonds which sparkled on every part of the dress. Yet all this superb attire did not make her look beautiful, or even pleasing. Four negro boys went before her, and six maids followed.

The Sultana made her visitor sit down beside her on the cushions of the divan, and pressed her to smoke a pipe. The two negro boys brought in silver trays, with gold cups and crystal vases, filled with coffee, sherbet, and sweetmeats. There was an interpreter, so the English lady could talk to the Sultana. She found that this princess spent her whole time in sleeping, eating, bathing, and dressing. The Sultana's children were sent for. There were four of them; the eldest, a boy of six years old, was dressed just like his father the Pasha, with a turban, and pelisse, and even a little sword. The visitor praised the children so much (for they were fine children), that the Sultana insisted on calling her sister, and entreated her to accept a diamond ring. She then bade her tell the people of England that if they came to

Widden in Turkey, the Pasha's lady would be happy to receive them.

The visitor touched the Sultana's hands with great respect, and went out of the room without turning her back.

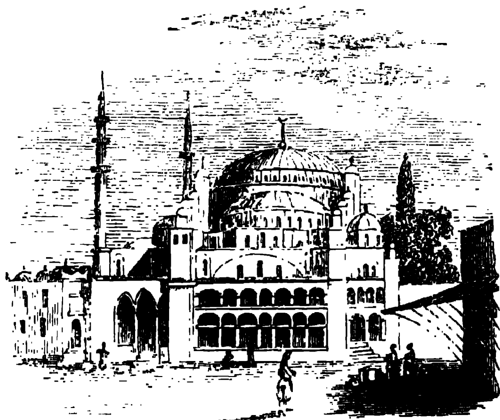
Who would like to be a Turkish lady—not even a Sultana, a king's daughter! What silly lives ladies lead in Turkey? They cannot read, and if they could, they have no Bible to read. They have never heard how they ought to spend their time. Are there no ladies in England who waste their time as much as these poor Turks? O yes, there are some who rise late, read novels, talk nonsense, and dress fine; but who never study the Bible, nor teach their children, nor visit the poor.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The chief town in Turkey is built by the sea. Like many other towns it looks beautiful at a distance, but turns out, when you arrive there, to be very unpleasant. Constantinople looks even more beautiful than Lisbon, or Venice, or Naples. The golden tops of the mosques, peeping and sparkling among the tall cypress-trees, and the gardens sloping down to the water's edge, make it appear lovely; but the narrow,

dirty streets disgust the stranger who walks in them.

The sea by which it is built is called the Bosphorus.



Mosque of Sultan Validé, Constantinople.

THE GRAND SEIGNIOR.—The king of Turkey is called the Sultan, or the Grand Seignior. He has a palace by the water-side, where his wives live. He will not call them his wives, because he thinks it too great an honour for any one to be married to him. They are all slaves brought from distant parts. Seven of the most beautiful are called the favourites, and the rest wait upon them as slaves. In all there are five or six hundred.

Are they happy? Oh, by no means. Can they

forget the countries whence they came, their parents, and their friends at home?

They live in a beautiful palace by the water-side, called the Seraglio. In the gardens of this palace the Sultan's favourites amuse themselves. No one is allowed to visit them, nor are they allowed to visit any one. How soon they must get tired of the marble halls and cool fountains, shady groves and lovely gardens! Their daughters are called Sultanas, or princesses. One of them used to spend much of her time, before she was married, in throwing oranges out of the palace windows into the boats that passed by. It was her amusement to try to throw them at the heads of the boatmen. What an amusement for a young lady!

The Grand Seignior does what he pleases. He orders any one who offends him to be killed.

After you have passed the first gate of the Seraglio, you will see a pillar, about the height of a table, with a silver dish on the top. What is that dish for? For a man's bleeding head. Yes; in that silver dish the heads of lords are often placed after they have been killed.

It is one of the wicked customs of this dark land to murder the boy-babies of the king's brothers. The little girls are suffered to live, but the boys are strangled as soon as they are born. The reason is lest, when they are grown up, any of them should try to make himself Grand

Seignior. You have read of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, and of Herod, king of the Jews. The Grand Seignior is like those cruel kings.

ANIMALS.—The beasts which draw wagons in Turkey are not horses or asses, but oxen and buffaloes. Horses are sometimes used for carriages and for riding. The carriages in which the ladies ride, resting on soft cushions, are drawn by a train of oxen.

Buffaloes are a good deal like oxen, only very ugly, with black hair hanging down between their black horns over their sullen faces. But their drivers try to make them look better by twisting smart ribbons in their dingy looks of hair.

Perhaps you have never seen a buffalo. Now I am going to speak of an animal that you saw before you could speak—I mean a dog. Is it one of your favourite animals ?

If you lived in Turkey you would not be fond of dogs. There is a number of hungry dogs roaming about Constantinople, and eating up all the dead things, or offal, lying in the streets. I will tell you an anecdote about them.

An English lady was walking one morning with her little niece in a burial-ground in Constantinople, amongst the shady trees and beds of flowers;—when suddenly she saw troops of hungry dogs approaching her from every quarter. The little girl grew pale with fright, and showed

her aunt a piece of bread she held in her hand. It was indeed for this the dogs were assembling. There they were on every side, with their sharp teeth, and glaring eyes, and noses snuffing the air, as if they smelt something very nice. Some of them were so large that a man would hardly be able to resist them. The lady knew not what to do. She took the bread from the child, who very readily gave it up; but she feared to throw it to the dogs lest those who did not get a mouthful should turn upon her with fresh fury, or attack her little niece. She tried to reach the gate, dragging the child after her while the dogs followed—howling and raging, and even daring to take her dress between their teeth. At last she came close to the door; then, flinging the bread as far as she could from her, she rushed through and escaped by a narrow path to the inn.

At night such troops of fierce dogs walk about the streets that people carry in their hand whips to defend themselves.

The favourite bird in Turkey is the pigeon. It is reckoned a holy bird, and flocks of pigeons are kept near the mosques. The stork is another bird that the Turks are fond of. The Dutch like them because they eat the frogs in the marshes, but the Turks like them for a different reason. Before the winter comes the storks fly away to a hotter country, and the Turks say

they are gone to the place where Mahomet was buried; so they call the stork a religious bird, and they show it great respect when it returns in the spring. They think it an honour if it build its nest in one of their houses, and they say that no plague or fire can come near that dwelling.

SLAVES.—You have already heard that there are slaves in Turkey. It is the only country in Europe where slaves are bought and sold. There used to be a slave-market in Constantinople; but it is now given up.*

When the Turks go to battle they seize their prisoners for slaves.

Soldiers have been seen riding towards Constantinople with large baskets on each side of their horses. And what were in the baskets? Little boys and girls stolen from the enemy. Some were so young as three years, just able to talk, while others were as old as ten. These thoughtless lambs were rejoicing as they rode along, little knowing the troubles they would suffer under cruel masters.

CHARACTER OF THE TURKS.—They are so grave that they look wise. But how can lazy people be really wise? They like to spend their time in eating opium, sipping coffee, and sitting still. They are so lazy that, though the land

* It was given up January 30th, 1847.—See *Wayfaring Sketches*.

is very fruitful; they do not sow corn enough for their own bread, but send for corn to other countries. They read scarcely anything but the Koran, which they learn by heart. Yet in one respect they are to be praised. It is this,—they bear troubles well.

I have heard of a pasha, or governor, who was in high favour with the Sultan, but at last he had the misfortune to get into disgrace. The Sultan had made him rich, but now he took away his riches. The poor pasha had nothing to support him. What could he do? Instead of fretting or begging, he bought a few lemons and sold them at the corner of the bazaar, or market. One of his friends came to buy some of his lemons, and as he bought them said, "Do you not feel very much the sad change in your fortune?" "Not at all, not at all," replied the lemon-seller. "Allah is great—Allah is good. He gave me all that I once possessed, and he has a right to take it away again." Was not this a good answer? It is almost the same as the answer of Job,—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." But though the Turk answered like Job, the Turk did not feel as Job did. *He* felt that God had a right to do as he pleased: but Job knew that God *loved* him, even while He was taking all away. The Turks do not know that God so loved the world that he gave his

only-begotten Son to die for our sins. *We* know that God is like a kind father who corrects his children, but who would much rather give them treats and rewards.*

GREECE.



Greeks.

COUNTRY.—Greece is one of the lovely countries—*perhaps* it is the *most* beautiful—but we cannot be certain, for some people would say Switzerland.

But there is one beauty in Greece which is not to be found in Switzerland; this is—very fine old ruins, or remains of beautiful buildings.

* Taken from Madden's *Travels*, *Wayfaring Sketches*, *A Pastor's Memorial of the Holy Land*, and Dr. Walsh's *Travels*.

What is the reason? When the other countries of Europe were filled with savages, then Greece was filled with clever men. When our dear old England was covered with forests; haunted by bears and wolves, wild bulls, and boars; inhabited by people with painted skins; *then—then*—what was to be seen in Greece? All that was grand and beautiful:—kings and armies, ships and palaces, pictures and statues, temples and cities, gardens and groves.

But now, what is England? and what is Greece? The Greeks are not savages, but they are not as wise as the English. Their marble temples have fallen down, and the white pillars are lying on the ground or standing up half broken. As you ride along you see places where great battles were once fought—but all is silent now.

A Night in a Cottage.—If you travel in Greece, rise very early in the morning. Get a sure-footed horse, not soon tired, to carry you along the steep mountain path. At four o'clock on a summer morning the air is so fresh that the travellers' horses prance with delight. But before noon the sun pours down such burning rays that the stones in the path become too hot to be touched. Then it is pleasant to see the shepherd leading his sheep to the green pastures. He goes before them, and they follow him, and listen to his voice. Who can see him

without thinking of the good Shepherd who laid down his life for his sheep? The kind Greek shepherd, seeing travellers, and knowing how thirsty they must be, takes hold of a large flat wooden bottle, hanging by a leathern strap from his side, and offers them some cool sweet milk.

Whichever way the horses wander, you are sure to see some lovely prospect, and to find some old tomb or ruined temple among the dark green brushwood.

A party of English ladies and gentlemen, mounted on horseback, went to see a place where a great battle was once fought, called Marathon. It was by the sea-side. Thousands had once been killed in that place. Great had been the noise on that day—shouts and shrieks; —but nothing can be heard there now except the waves roaring, as they did when that battle was fought.

Near the plain of Marathon there are the ruins of a temple. No one durst go near those white columns, for a huge snake lifted up its crested head on high, as it twined round the broken pillars. Had any one disturbed the creature, its forked tongue would soon have been seen shooting out between its poisonous jaws.

Night came on. There were no houses to be seen. All was silent. There was no path. It

was quite dark, and the travellers had lost their way. They tried to get through a thicket of myrtle-bushes. Suddenly the horses stopped and neighed aloud. They were at the edge of a large piece of water. What was to be done? Must the travellers sleep there? The ground was damp—the air was cold—and, worse than all, at a distance the howling of jackals was heard. Yet the horses were too weary to go much further, and their riders were ready to drop off their backs.

Just then one of the servants cried out joyfully, "I see a little twinkling light afar off. It must be a village." The party set out again. Soon the barking of shepherd dogs was heard. and presently a group of poor Greeks came out of their huts. There was a dispute among them who should lodge the strangers in his hut. At last it was agreed that the shepherd who had the best hut should have that honour. He led the way in triumph, and the strangers gladly followed.

This best hut was made of wood, and had only one room. A large fire blazed on a square stove at one end, and sheepskins were spread on the clay floor. The travellers were invited to sit down on the sheepskins. By the light of the fire they saw the family of the shepherd, who were sitting opposite—his wife, his daughter, and her husband. A little beyond there were an

ass and a pig, both of which were displeased at being driven from the fire to make room for strangers. It would not be easy to say how many cocks and hens were perched on the rafters, or were flying from one corner to the other. The travellers' horses also were admitted into the hut with the servants; so that the place was much crowded.

Greatly were the shepherd's family astonished when the strangers opened their packages. When they saw the silver forks and spoons, they wondered how money could be made into such articles, for they had never seen any silver but dollars. They could not make out how cushions could be filled with air, and almost feared their visitors were conjurers, when they saw them filling their pillows with their breath. They were surprised to see them comb their hair, for they themselves only took that trouble once a-year, at Easter.

All the while the travellers were at supper, a number of poor Greeks were peeping in at the door. As soon as it was over, the poor people inside told the crowd to go away. Then they lighted a small lamp that was hanging up before a picture of a saint, quite black with smoke. Kneeling down before that picture, the peasants said their prayers. But what are prayers offered to pictures? Of no use at all; —they are worse than of no use; such prayers

are sinful; for God has forbidden us to bow down to the likeness of anything. Before the poor people wrapped themselves in their sheepskins for the night, they politely wished the travellers sound sleep and pleasant dreams. But how could travellers either sleep or dream, with a pig grunting and an ass braying in the room? At three o'clock in the morning the travellers rose to pursue their way.

PRODUCTIONS.—Greece is a very fruitful land. There are olives, and almonds, and green figs, cool water-melons, and enormous grapes. There are so many grapes and vineyards, that the dogs may go in there and eat heartily. Are not grapes strange food for dogs?

The nights are so warm in summer that the poor people often sleep under the trees, instead of in their huts; but they take care never to sleep under an olive-tree, because snakes are often found hid in that tree. But under a mulberry-tree the people like to sleep. And who do you think sleep in the huts? Worms. Yes, the people give up their huts to worms. But of what kind? Silkworms. These industrious little creatures deserve to be well treated. A great deal of silk is made in Greece. It is very amusing to see the young girls winding the silk off the yellow balls the worms have spun.

GRECIAN WOMEN.—The dress is different in

different places. This is one dress. A full petticoat, an embroidered bodice, a girdle, loose slippers, and stockings of various colours; on the head a small red cap, and a yellow handkerchief; the long hair being plaited in two tresses, reaching almost to the ground. When the ladies go out they wear a long muslin veil, fastened on the back of their heads and falling over their faces.

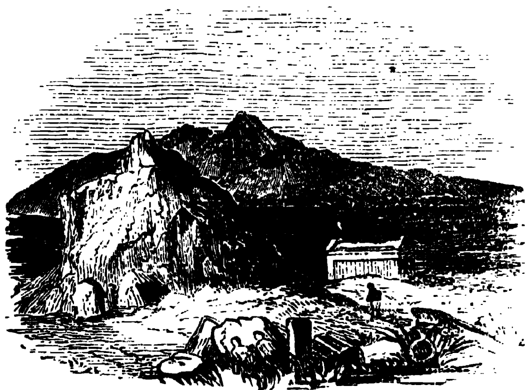
The Grecian ladies are handsome, with black hair and eyes, fine features and figures. If their hair is not quite black, they dye it. To make their eyes look blacker than they are, they paint their eyelids with a little brush. They are fond of adorning their persons, but their minds are left empty. Few can write well, but many can work well at embroidery. The young ladies are seldom seen; they sit with their maid in a room by themselves.

The cap of a young girl is often covered with pieces of gold and silver money. This money is her fortune. Whenever she gets a present, if she does not spend it, she sews it on her cap.

ATHENS.

This is a very old city indeed, much older than London, or Edinburgh, or Paris—older even than Rome. It was all in ruins, till a king came from Germany, called Otho, and built a new city. There are squares in Athens now, and streets, and thirteen churches, and twenty wells, and a palace, and a prison, and a college, and there are hotels where you might sleep and live comfortably.

There is one place in Athens a Christian would like to see better than any other. There is a spot outside the city where once a preacher stood, and told the people for the first time



Mars Hill.

about Jesus the Son of God. The place where he stood was called Mars Hill. The name of the preacher was Paul, and it is about eighteen hundred years ago since he preached. Should you not like to see this stony hill? You may read the sermon in the seventeenth chapter of Acts. When Paul was there, Athens was full of images of false gods. Now the people say they worship Christ, but they do not worship Him in the way that He approves. Paul would tell them so, if he were now on earth, and if he were to go to Athens.

THE SORROWS OF THE GREEKS.—It is dreadful to hear of all the poor Greeks have suffered from the Turks.

There is a beautiful little island near Greece, called Scio. This may be called the island of oranges. Far off upon the sea, the sweet smell of the orange-blossom can be perceived. This lovely island was once full of people,—now it is almost empty. The cruel Turks suddenly landed on the island, and immediately began to burn and to destroy. They killed more than half the people, and they took many prisoners, and sold them to be slaves in Constantinople, and other large cities. Only a few people escaped to the mountains.

You shall hear of a visit made to this island. Two gentleman arrived one evening in a ship at

Scio; one was a stranger, and the other had been born in the place. The first town they saw was all burned to the ground. There was scarcely a room standing. The only people to be seen lived in little sheds. The travellers went to the house of a Greek archbishop. Perhaps you think an archbishop must live in a fine house. This house had once been fine; the stone steps at the door still remained, there was still a large hall, but one side had fallen down. In a small room the poor archbishop lay sick in bed. The rain came in through the ceiling, and the bed had often been moved out of the way of the rain. But the sick man was thankful that he had any place to rest in. He begged his guests to eat their supper in the hall. Two young priests waited upon them. One of them had long black hair hanging down his shoulders. He had a pewter jug, from which he poured water over the visitors' hands into a basin, and then wiped them with a towel. The supper was a lump of bread and a glass of water for each, with some black olives and sweetmeats. This was all. After supper the hands were washed again, and then coffee and pipes were served.

The visitors slept on cushions placed on the high part of the floor called the Divan, and each was covered with a quilt.

The next morning they set out on mules.

They came to the village where the Greek had once lived. They found it quite silent, for the people were dead, or gone away. They passed many fine houses with high walls round the large gardens. At last they stopped at a stone gateway. This was the house of the poor Greek's father. No one lived there now. The garden was filled with orange, and lemon, and fig, and almond-trees; but it was also full of weeds entangled amongst the roses. The house inside was black with smoke, and the wind blew through the broken walls. The Greek spoke very little. He once looked at a fine vase, round which a sweet plant was twined, and said, "It is the same vase;" and then he looked at a tree, and said, "This is the only one I do not remember." How sad he must have felt to think of his murdered relations!

ROBBERS.—Once it was quite dangerous to go about the mountains, so many murders were committed there. But lately a great deal of pains have been taken to frighten the robbers. The king rewards every poor man who brings a robber's head in his hand. There was a famous robber, named Bour-na-ba. In English he might be called Barnaby. He chose a very strange hiding-place for such a wicked man. It was a chapel. There are little chapels built in all the lonely places of Greece—in caverns,

and on mountains, and tall cliffs—and a little silver lamp is usually kept burning in them. While Barnaby was hid in the chapel, another robber sat by the way-side with a gun, and when he saw travellers he made a sign, and Barnaby with all his band rushed out and bound them hand and foot. Often they killed the poor creatures as well as robbed them.

When the king determined to destroy the robbers, this Barnaby was afraid of being punished, so he offered to seize robbers and to bring them to justice. Barnaby was pardoned. He spent the rest of his days in hunting for his old companions. But his hoary head did not go down to the grave unpunished, for a young man, whose house he had entered to take him to prison, shot him dead.

CHILDREN.—The Greeks do not know how to bring up their children. I will relate an anecdote of one spoiled child.

An English lady was in a ship not far from Athens. When it grew dark she went down into the cabin. There she saw a Greek lady lying on the floor, twisting her hands in her long hair, weeping, and lamenting aloud, and crying out, "If the ship do not return to Athens immediately, I do not know what I shall do!" "What is the matter?" asked the English lady. "Oh," said she, "I have a little daughter of

seven years old, and she wishes to go home; and when we told her she could not, she began to scream violently, and is still screaming so loud that I fear she will go into fits."

The English lady tried to quiet the naughty child by giving her cakes and sugar-plums. This plan succeeded. If the child had not been spoiled ever since she was a baby, she would not have been so wilful and passionate at seven years old.

Now I will tell you of another child who was treated in a different manner, and yet in quite as wrong a manner as the other.

A missionary once visited a rich Greek named Budures. This Greek brought in a sweet child of four years old to see the missionary.

"She is an orphan," said Budures. "Ask her any questions you please, and she will answer them." The pretty little creature came up to the missionary, and, after bowing herself down to the floor, took his hand and kissed it. Then the missionary began to ask her questions.

"Where do you come from, my dear?"—"From the island of Crete."

"Where is your father, my love?"—"The Turks killed him."

"Where is your mother, my lamb?"—"They killed her, too."

"Where are all your brothers?"—"The Turks killed them all."

"Where are your sisters, my dear child?"—"They killed my sister, too."

"Where are your servants?"—"The Turks killed them all."

"And how did you escape, my dear?"—"In the sand by the sea-side."

This was quite true. The poor child had been found half-buried in the sand. Then Budures roughly said to the missionary, "She is very guilty of telling lies. She is also disobedient. What shall I do to her?" Then Budures turned to the trembling child, and said in a fierce voice, "Now mind; this is a priest; he will cut out your tongue, if you tell lies."

The missionary was grieved to hear the Greek talk in this way to the little orphan. He said to him, "Do not teach the child that God's ministers will treat her cruelly."

"Oh," said Budures, "she is always abusing the Turks for killing her mother."

"I am not surprised at that," answered the minister, for he knew the child had never been taught to forgive her enemies. He turned to the little creature, and said kindly, "Do you not remember what is written in the Lord's Prryer? 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

How severely this orphan was used! One child was spoiled, and the other child was ill-

treated. The missionary would not have brought up the little girl as Budures did.

CHARACTER.—The Greeks are very unlike the Turks. They are lively and warm in their manners, and fond of talking. They love singing, though they sing badly. They delight in dancing and merriment. They give way to all their feelings, crying one moment and laughing another. They do not bear troubles well; when they are unhappy, they scream like babies. When a friend dies, they cry so loud that all the neighbours hear, and they never leave off crying till their friend is buried. They are very obliging and affectionate, but not to be trusted.

PRIESTS.—A missionary once spent some days in the house of a priest. It was only a hut with a mud floor. There was a hole in the middle for the fire of fagots, and another in the ceiling to let out the smoke. There was but one room, and there lived in it the priest, his wife, his old mother, his three children, a horse, some cows, and many fowls.

What sort of a man was this poor priest? Was he pious? When did he say his prayers? While he was washing his face. At breakfast another priest came to see him. There was bread, and butter, and blackbirds on the table, or rather on the board lying on the floor. The grandmother was not allowed to breakfast with

the family—they thought her too old. Was that kind or respectful? There was plenty of wine at breakfast, and both the priests drank cup after cup. "Drink, drink," they said to the missionary. But he refused, saying, "Drunkenness is a sin." One of them replied, "That may be true; but I like drinking." What a sad reason!

But now let me tell you of a priest who, I hope, was better than these.



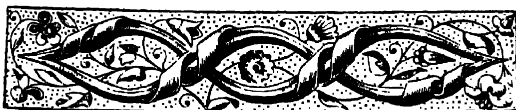
Greek Priest instructing children.

He was seen sitting under a spreading olive-tree in the heat of the day, dressed in his robes, and a large old book was lying on his knees. It was the Greek Testament. Nearly twenty children were standing around listening, with great eagerness and with beaming eyes, to the

priest's instructions. When strangers approached the children began to look about. The priest desired a little boy to read aloud a passage of Scripture. The child had long flowing hair, (a sign that he was to be brought up as a priest,) and his countenance was grave. He read aloud several verses in the Greek Testament.

We cannot like the Greek Church, but we are glad that some of the Greek children are taught to read the Scriptures. May those children become wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ.*

* Taken from "Wayfaring Sketches," Wilson's "Greek Mission," and Stephens' "Incidents of Travel."



CONCLUSION.

THE people in the north of Europe are happier than those in the south. And why? Because they are taught more of the Word of God.

Barren Iceland is better than fruitful Sicily.

Holland, flat and damp, is better than Bohemia, mountainous and lovely.

Bleak Scotland is a sweeter land than balmy Greece: and England, wrapt in fogs, is more to be desired than Italy with her blue skies.

Yet none of the countries are as happy as they might be, because there are none where all the people fear God and keep His commandments. When the kingdoms of the world shall serve the Lord, then they will be happy. Then there will be no more—

Slaves, nor beggars;
Prisoners, nor policemen;
Drunkards, nor gin-shops;
Robbers, nor executioners;
Persecutors, nor martyrs;
Proud lords, nor cruel kings;
Miserable hovels, nor crowded alleys;
Devouring beasts, nor venomous reptiles;
Plague, nor famine;
Earthquake, nor irruption;
Soldiers, cannon, nor ships of war;
Nor wandering Jews, nor idolatrous Gentiles;
Nor deceiving priests, with their pictures, images, and crosses,
Holy water, holy fire,
HOST, and POPE.

But instead of all these, what will there be? Search the Word of God and know.

"But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it. And many nations shall come and say, Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob. . . . . And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn

war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath spoken it."—Mic. iv. 1—4.

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them."—Isa. xi. 6.

And why such Plenty, Peace, and Piety?

Because SATAN will be in his PRISON and CHRIST upon His THRONE.—Rev. xx.



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